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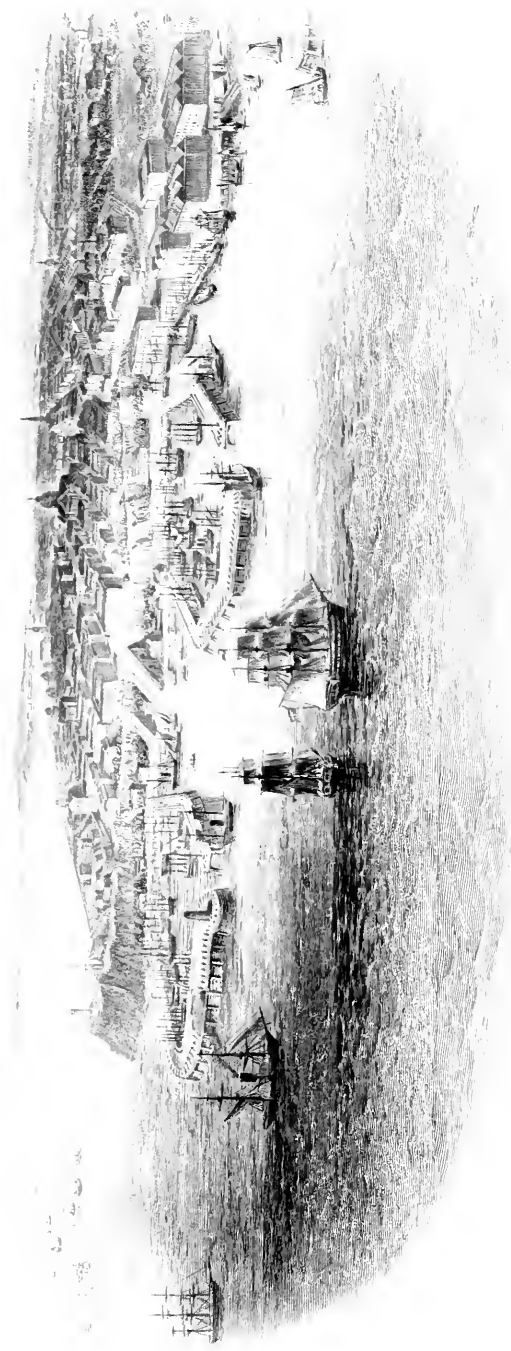
General Sir John Hope, G.C.B.
Lieut. Genl. of the Forces, &c. &c. &c.





Edo. and his family, 1840.

Portrait of a man, 1840, by Edo. and his family.

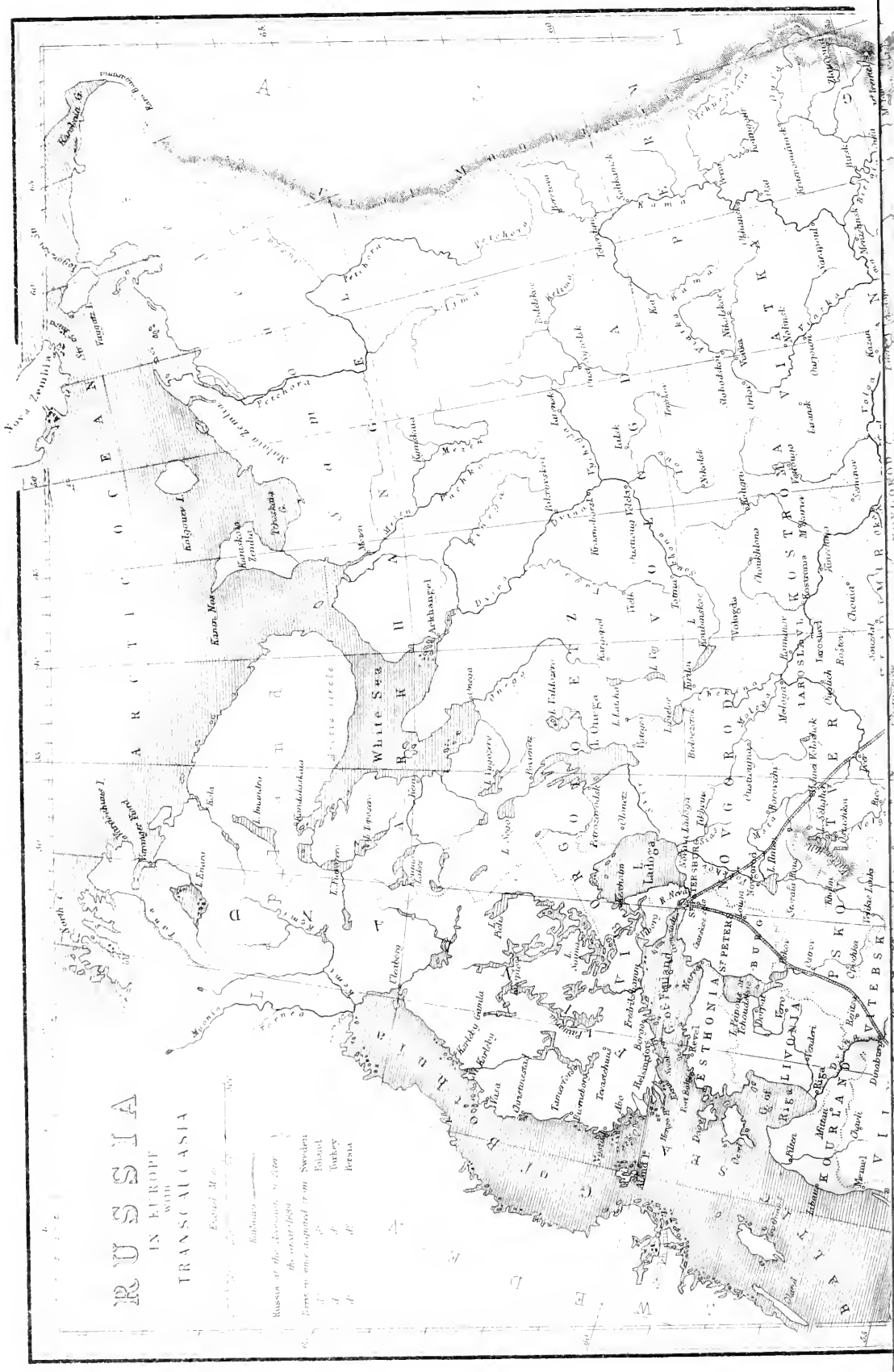


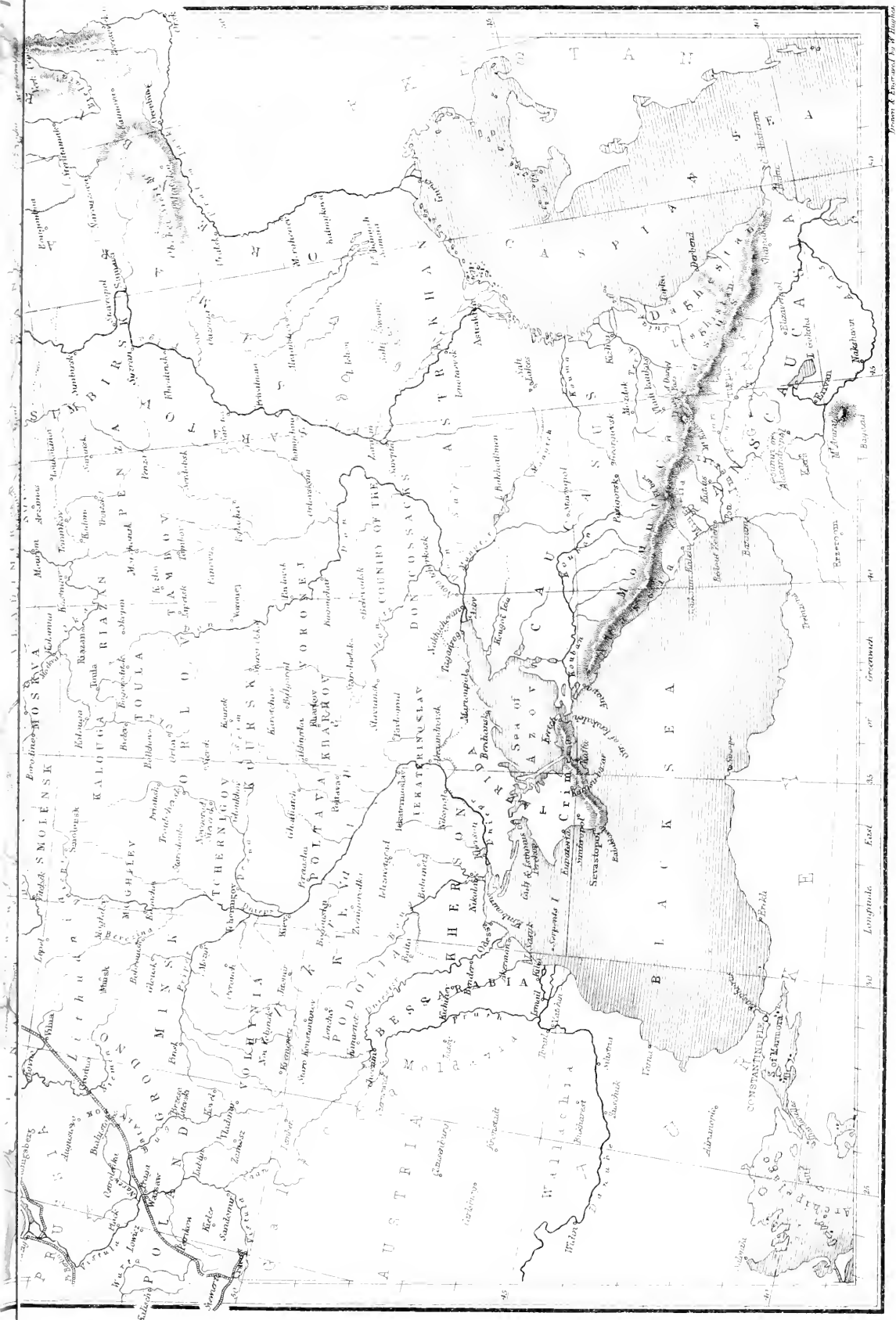




RUSSIA IN EUROPE WITH TRANSCASPIA

Russia at the close of the year
the great empire
Error in one original from Sweden
Poland
Turkey
Persia





division, but whether friends or foes it was impossible to discern. A tremendous fire was poured into our scattered division, and Sir George led them up the hill, cheering them at the same time, when he fell from his horse, a shot having passed through his head. Our poor fellows were surrounded, and great numbers were killed and bayoneted on all sides; but they gained the hill with the loss of 500 or 600 men. Brigadier-general Goldie here met with his wound, which the day following proved fatal. Lieutenant-colonel Swiney, 63rd regiment, Major Wynne, of the 68th, and Lieutenant Dowling, of the 20th, were also killed, with numbers of men and officers; Brigadier-general Torrens was also severely wounded."

The foregoing description by the subaltern of the 20th differs so little from that of the *Times*' correspondent, that it would seem as if either the subaltern was not in the fight himself, or could see nothing where he was, and preferred to take his account off-hand from the *Times*. Both accounts are, we believe, inaccurate as to the cause and way of Sir George's death.

Fighting against desperate odds, and falling fast at every step, these fragments of Sir George's division extricated themselves from the ravine, and drew up, shattered and dispirited, upon the crest of the hill.

The ill-success of this manœuvre paralysed the action of the Guards, who formed upon the slope, while the Russians, securing the two-gun battery, ascended to the hill above it, where portions of the 20th regiment, under Colonel Crofton, who had endeavoured in vain to support the 41st at the battery, had retired with that regiment; thither also the Guards fell back, and portions of the 47th and 68th regiments had also formed up. Here the battle was renewed with the old obstinacy. The British were nearly without ammunition—the Russians were well supplied; the British were a thin, broken, and scattered line—the Russians came in numbers like the locusts, and as if, like them, havoc was certain in their track. Resistance seemed in vain; yet there the brave English remained, struggling in the brushwood with the bayonet against innumerable foes—realising Scott's description of another conflict:—

"The stubborn spearmen still made good
Their dark, impenetrable wood;
Each stepping where his comrade stood
The instant that he fell."

At this juncture the heroism of the Duke of Cambridge sustained the fortunes of the hour. According to Colonel Hamley, he ran the gauntlet of the Russian fire as he galloped before the despairing British, calling on them to stand to their arms and fire. Such of them

as had ammunition promptly responded to the call, and the whole line, as if by an electric shock, caught the spirit of the prince. What a contrast to the scions of the imperial house of Russia! while the latter, sheltered even out of cannon range the greater part of the day, the grandson of a King of England, and the cousin of his queen, rode along the front of danger, inspiring the drooping spirits of the men by his own chivalry. His royal highness narrowly escaped a warrior's death—the Russians turned their muskets upon him with deliberate aim, one shot entered his sleeve, another slew his charger, and he was bruised by the fall. His staff fell fast around him; Captain Clifton's horse was killed by a round-shot, and he was himself wounded in the face by a splinter of a shell; Major Macdonald, also on the duke's staff, lost his horse—as he did at Alma; a third officer in personal attendance on his royal highness was killed. This was Captain H. F. Butler, brother of the hero of Silistria. He was a noble officer, and while imitating his chief in cheering the drooping courage of the men, received a bullet in his brain, and fell down dead at the feet of his leader. Truly, the father of these gallant Butlers deserves the sympathy of his country, and long will the memory of these intrepid officers remain green in the hearts of the brave. Brigadier-general Bentinck was about this time wounded. Brigadiers-general Adams of the second division, and Goldie, of the fourth, were mortally wounded, and Brigadier-general Torrens dangerously. In another direction Sir George Brown fell: he had behaved in the most heroic manner, surpassing in glory even his conduct at the Alma, when he received a bullet in the arm and side. Mr. Russell thus refers to the incident:—"Sir George Brown was hit by a shot, which went through his arm and struck his side. I saw with regret his pale and sternly composed face, his white hair flickering in the breeze, for I knew we had lost the services of a good soldier that day." The loss of so many officers is partly to be accounted for by the directions which the Russian soldiers received to direct their aim as much as possible at the officers, and partly to the chivalrous manner in which they exposed themselves for the encouragement of the men. Our troops now gradually retired from the hills at the right, fighting with their usual tenacity as they fell back. The Russians pushed forward their forces, and finding cover in the brushwood (about four feet high) on each side of the road leading to the post of the second division, they kept up an unintermittent fire. As our men fell back under the galling fire of this fusillade, the Russians, rushing from the coppice, charged them repeatedly with the bayonet, but were in every instance repulsed with heavy slaughter.

Still our men necessarily fell back—it was impossible for their remaining numbers to make head against the swelling flood of bayonet and flame which rose against them. All order was gradually lost—men and officers fought in crowds or groups, according to their numbers, and irrespective to a great extent of particular corps. Every clump of scrub and brushwood was the scene of close and bloody conflict. Separate combats were waging in this way along the whole line of defence. The great danger which now existed was the attainment by the enemy of the summit of the ridge, so as to give them room to deploy upon the plateau, and thereby bring the remnant of our stricken bands under a wider range of fire. This was at last about to be accomplished, for the English were slowly and sullenly retiring upon the camp; the enemy had gained the head of the road, and began to display their numbers in an effective position. All seemed lost; some of the men cried out for ammunition, some exclaimed “It is all over—it is no use!” still they fought in their despair, and fell with their faces to the foe. It was at this terrible moment that Bosquet and his light division arrived. That officer, having detected the feint of Liprandi, and prepared his guns to give the cavalry of the Russians a warm reception, should they come within range of the crags on which his force was posted, moved his light troops rapidly forward to the right flank of the English line of battle. The sun had now triumphed over the rain and mist, and the whole field was bathed in that rich and mellow light which immediately ensues when the sky is cleared after showers; the contending armies could see one another at last. The Russians had reached the plateau, and were on the point of deploying there; the English, wearied and reeling before the mighty masses hurled upon them, were still bearing a front with the most desperate valour, when the blast of the French light infantry bugles resounded along the height, and a battalion of Chasseurs moved between the English and their assailants. They were received with a storm of shot, shell, canister, and musketry which utterly astounded them, and they fell back upon the British, still more disheartening the latter. Before any fatal effects could follow this new disaster, General Bosquet launched two regiments, each numbering about 1500 men, upon the Russian flank. The Zouaves formed the first line, the Chasseurs Indigènes the second; they charged on to the two-gun battery, sweeping the dark battalions of the enemy before them with fire and bayonet; their *rivets* rang over the now illuminated heights, gleaming in the display of hostile steel, echoing with the shouts and tread of the rallying hosts, and reverberating with the sound of innumerable arms.

Through all the danger of the conflict, the battle-cry of the gallant French rose up distinct and clear—and gladly did the English catch the sound, and as they caught it, with simultaneous feeling their shattered line rallied, responding with British cheers. The French regiment in the road mingled with the rallying English, and became inextricably mixed up with them as all charged on together against the daunted and surprised enemy. The Russians ran from the battery, pursued by the nimble Chasseurs and Zouaves, and the dense columns which were deploying on the summit were stricken as if by a single stroke, and went reeling down before the rallied and inspirited soldiers they had with such difficulty forced back. It now became a massacre; the enemy was still far superior in numbers, but seemed to have no longer heart—they turned from the line of bayonets pointed so fiercely against them, and fled in every direction through the brushwood. Their retreat was ably covered by troops arranged for that purpose, but these also fell back, bravely preserving as much order as averted for the moment a complete rout. They were hotly pursued by fresh regiments of French until panic seized them universally, and they fled, flinging away their arms in their flight. Nothing could be more ignoble and dastardly than the manner in which the fugitives sought safety at the expense of one another, and cringed before conquerors to whom before they showed no mercy. Forty thousand Russians were chased from the field of battle by scarcely 12,000 British and French. On the left of the English line the resistance of the enemy was stouter. Two French regiments charged them in the ravine under Shell Hill. The fire of the Russians was for a few moments so terrible that these regiments showed symptoms of hesitation, but the English forming up in their support, the whole dashed upon the enemy with the bayonet, clearing both ridges of the ravine, and strewing its sides with dead.

The Russian guns on the heights—about ninety pieces, most of them pieces of position—now opened upon the conquerors with renewed fury, and many fell under this deadly cannonade. The camps of the second and light division were covered with shot and fragments of shell, and the tents were torn and shattered by the fire. This cannonade was preparatory to another attack; but, fortunately, Bosquet had brought up guns as well as infantry, and sent three field batteries to assist those of the English. A new “duel of artillery” now commenced, in which the Russians, from sheer weight of metal, would have had the advantage, had it not been for the two guns of position brought up by Gambier and Dickson. Captain D’Aigular now greatly distinguished himself in working these guns. They were fired

with slow but deadly precision against Shell Hill, until the enemy withdrew his batteries, leaving, as was afterwards discovered, 100 dead, two broken carriages, five broken tumbrils, and seven tumbrils in an unbroken state and full of ammunition. How many wounded they had borne away, and what works of *matériel*, could not be ascertained. During this cannonade, the Russian infantry were rallied by their officers with most creditable zeal and courage, but did not advance far—the fire of our fieldpieces breaking up their columns. Once more they were rallied, and the enemy threw forward his last reserves; but the musketry of the allies gave them a terrible reception—they did not wait for the bayonet, but sought safety in shameful and confused flight. When they reached the Tchernaya Valley their disorder and terror were pitiable. A marsh extended from the head of the harbour for some distance, which was made passable by a narrow stone causeway. As they crossed this in their flight, the French artillery made havoc among them—every shot told, and brought down numbers as it crashed into the dense masses of the fugitives.

General Bosquet had brought up his Chasseurs d'Afrique, who watched for an opportunity to charge, forcing their agile Arab chargers among the brushwood. They were followed by other detachments of the cavalry of our ally; but the ground was unsuited for that arm, and little was effected by them. The remnant of the British light brigade was also advanced to a position where it was supposed they might be of service, but their sabres were not employed; several officers and men were, however, put *hors de combat* by the enemy's cannon. During the latter part of the action, a portion of General England's division was of great service. The position necessarily occupied by that general did not give him the same chance of distinction as others; but no troops on the field were more eager to be forward in the van of war than the gallant third division; and their leader, Sir Richard England, was worthy of them. He had, however, a post to keep, which, until the proper juncture arrived, could not be left unguarded. At the right time, Sir Richard, with the portion of his division available, vigorously charged the enemy, and contributed to the fortunes of the day. The gallantry of the regiments of the third division was conspicuous on this occasion, and by the impetuosity of their charge prevented the enemy from rallying.

The following report of General England will disclose the nature of the service rendered by him and his division:—

*Camp, Third Division, before Sebastopol,
Nov. 7, 1854.*

SIR,—In conformity with your directions of yesterday, I have now the honour to acquaint you, for the information of his excellency the commander of the forces,

that on hearing musketry on the morning of the 5th instant, I ordered the third division to get under arms; and, finding soon afterwards that the fourth division had moved off to the scene of action, I occupied their position by half of the 28th regiment, under Lieutenant-colonel Adams, directing also the royal regiment of foot and the 50th, with two guns under the command of Brigadier-general Sir John Campbell, to proceed to the support of the first and light divisions. These I and the staff accompanied.

Meantime, Brigadier-general Eyre, somewhat reinforced, held the command of the troops in the trenches in our front, and the ground usually belonging to the third division, who was in like manner placed under the charge of detachments of different corps, which were in part employed on other duties, under Colonel the Honourable A. Spencer, 44th regiment. The demeanour of the enemy was at first of that character, and his number so great, that it was difficult to decide whether it was his intention to confine his efforts to an attack merely on the right of our line, or to assail generally and equally the left and centre of it—so that it was necessary to observe the whole space from the deep ravine on my left to the ground, upwards of two miles off, on which the light division was engaged; but I was glad to find myself soon enabled to give some very seasonable aid to the operations of Major-general Codrington in that quarter, as well as to supply the demand made for assistance by H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge.

Individually, I placed myself on the ground to the left of the enemy's main attack, and opposite to his right, finding that I could at that point best direct any movements in which the third division could be called upon to partake; and I remained there the whole day, with the exception of making one rapid visit to the positions belonging to us on the left, for the security of which I considered myself equally responsible. The vigilance of the officers, however, who I had left in charge of that ground relieved me as to all apprehensions for its safety.

The loss of the third division in these matters on the 5th instant amounted to eleven killed and twenty wounded, but to the present period of the siege they have lost (exclusive of the casualties just mentioned) seventeen killed, and eight officers and 103 sergeants and rank and file wounded.* The reference to these numbers will perhaps plead my excuse for taking this occasion of recommending to the favourable notice of his excellency the commander of the forces, the commanding officers of the brigades and regiments; and I beg to assure his lordship that on all occasions their conduct has entitled them to my highest commendation.

It would be presumption in me to attempt to describe the action of the 5th instant, but I can safely assert that the officers and men of the third division did their best to bring it to a successful conclusion, and that, as at Alma, all exerted themselves to give those proofs of loyalty and devotion, which indeed the whole army seems so desirous to evince; and thus I trust to be pardoned for mentioning the names of Brigadier-general Sir John Campbell,† Brigadier-general Eyre, C.B., Colonel Bell of the royal regiment of foot, Lieutenant-colonel Waddy of the 50th regiment (wounded), and Lieutenant-colonel Lowth of the 38th regiment; also of Colonel Cobbe† of the 4th foot (wounded at Alma), Colonel the Honourable A. Spencer of the 44th foot, and Lieutenant-colonel Adams of the 28th regiment. Further I beg also to mention in high terms of commendation Major J. S. Wood and Major the Honourable H. Colborne of the adjutant and quartermaster-general's departments respectively, and Captain Stewart Wortley of the latter; also Captain Neville, and the other officers of my personal staff, together with Major the Honourable C. Hope and Captain Daniells of the 58th regiment, the brigade majors serving with this division.

I beg to add that Doctor C. Forrest, deputy inspector-general of hospitals, has at all times earned my warmest approbation by the strict attention paid to the sick, and that Mr. Assistant Commissary-general de Fonblanque has discharged with great success the duties of his department.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,
R. ENGLAND, *Lieutenant-general.*

* There was some small increase to these numbers discovered afterwards.

† Since killed.

Sir Richard England, both at Inkerman and Alma, was placed in a position of great utility and importance, for which he received but little public credit. All military men of rank and talent have been prompt to do honour to the services of Sir Richard, but the popular mind is necessarily swayed by the more obvious aspect of matters; and, as at Alma and Inkerman, Sir Richard's division suffered very little, the general public supposed that he was less forward than other officers. At Inkerman the post occupied by General England prevented the left of our position from being turned. At Alma his division was in *support* (not in reserve, as was generally represented) of Sir De Lacy Evans' division, to which he rendered the greatest services in the hour of need. During the most critical portion of the struggle at Alma, General Evans sent to General England for the aid of his guns; the latter not only afforded the guns, but accompanied them himself, crossed the river, and exposed himself in the thickest of the fire. Let any of the detractors of this brave man ask General Evans how he behaved on that occasion. Sir De Lacy is too noble-hearted and gallant himself, and too justly desirous of the good opinion of his country, not to do justice to every soldier, whether fortune smiles or frowns upon him. The author has heard the friends of each of these officers speak in the highest eulogy of the other, as to their conduct at Inkerman and Alma. General Evans not only felt grateful for the promptitude with which Sir Richard sent forward the guns, but invariably testifies to the unostentatious gallantry of General England in offering his personal aid. The following letter will establish this fact:—

Bryanston Square, Feb. 14, 1855.

IN reference to your letter, I beg, in reply, to say that, as is usual in such cases, the generals commanding the three divisions principally engaged at the battle of the Alma (namely, the second, light, and third divisions) were required to transmit reports to the commander of the forces, relative to the operations respectively executed under their directions.

In my report, only a small part of which was published, there was a passage, I believe, nearly in the following words:—That towards the latter part of the battle, Sir Richard England, who commanded the third division, in reserve to the second, sent to me, by a staff officer, to ask if I required any assistance from him. I requested that he would send me to the front the whole of his artillery. It was my fault that this request had not been previously made. Sir Richard England, without a moment's delay, rapidly came up himself, with twelve pieces of cannon, and thus contributed to enable us to open, a few minutes subsequently, a battery of about thirty guns, which produced destructive effects in the masses of the enemy. This fact, honourable, as I think, to his zeal and promptitude, and of considerable importance, was officially reported by me at the time—and it would ill become me to forget it.

Yours very truly,

DE LACY EVANS.

To the Hon. —, M.P.

The following letters from Colonel Bell and Colonel Stuart confirm also our views of the gallant general's conduct:—

3, Crescent Row, Exeter, Southernhay,
Feb. 28, 1856.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter, with its inclosure, followed me from Liverpool here, and I have much pleasure in bearing my humble testimony to the soldier-like conduct of Sir Richard England, at the battles of the Alma and Inkerman. Sir Richard was conspicuous in leading his division within the range of the Russian guns at the Alma. He was halted by command, as a reserve to the second division, being himself under fire; and so far from keeping his men back, that he seemed most anxious to push on to the aid of some gallant regiments in our front, who were suffering much from the enemy's rapid fire. I received Sir Richard's orders through an aide-de-camp to move my corps (the Royals) to the left and to the front, to be ready for anything. Seeing the 23rd regiment falling fast, I dashed my corps across the river to their support; but just as I formed up on the left bank, the Russians here gave way.

I am, dear Sir, faithfully yours,

GEORGE BELL, Colonel.

Aldershot, April 9, 1856.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have just received your letter of yesterday, and its inclosures (the latter I beg to return). I lose no time in acquainting you that with the exception of the third division having been represented at the Alma, in Colonel Bell's letter, as being in reserve instead of in support, I most cordially concur in every word he has stated relative to the forward conduct of Sir Richard England, and the disposition of the troops under his command, both at the Alma and Inkerman.

I have always considered that, in the former battle, the third division was in *support*, and *not* in reserve. Its first brigade, and one regiment of the second brigade, were in support of the second division; the other two regiments of the second brigade in the same position to the Guards' division. I do not think my memory misleads me when I say, that when moving off from our bivouac on the morning the action was fought, Sir Richard England was informed that the third was to *support* the second division, and that, on our coming in sight of the heights of the Alma, Sir Richard England received orders through a staff-officer to assist the Guards' division (which was to the left of the third, and in support of the light division), should our left be too hardily pressed. I will here remark that Sir Richard England and the staff crossed the river immediately in rear of the 30th regiment, and were for some time on its right, when it was drawn up in line on a hillock to pour its fire upon three Russian regiments that were in column in rear of the battery which caused so much destruction to our Guards and light division. Hoping that I have made my description of the position of the third division at the Alma intelligible to you, believe me to remain,

Yours truly,

STUART.

The following is a faithful account of the services of General England and his division during their services in the East, up to the battle of Inkerman, furnished by a gentleman perfectly conversant with the facts:—

“The third division of the army, to which Sir R. England was appointed, being stationed at Gallipoli, he relieved Sir George Brown at that post in the end of April, 1854. The troops were employed in fortifying a line of defence selected by the allied engineers, from the Sea of Marmora, on the right, to the Gulf of Xeros, on the left. These duties pressed a good deal on the brigades, but the division was healthy and in high order. It was reviewed by Marshal St. Arnaud, Canrobert, and others, who here borrowed for the adoption of the French our method of forming squares and other evolutions. Hospitalities were exchanged, and

our gallant allies preserved with us the most cordial 'fraternity' to the last.

"In July, the third division embarked for Varna, and like the rest of the army was employed in hard labour to make gabions and fascines preparatory to the descent on the Crimea. The cholera thinned the ranks of the army severely at this juncture. When the troops effected their landing at Old Fort, they moved up by divisions to a position from which that landing might have been easily opposed by the Russians. The night which followed was a very fatal one to many who had a tendency to cholera. We had nothing on shore, and it rained in torrents. In moving to the Alma, the third division supported and marched behind the second, whilst the first division supported the light; the fourth division was considerably in the rear. In this manner the attack was made; but as the fire became warmer, Sir R. England galloped to ask General Evans how he could best assist him. They then brought their united batteries to bear on the retiring columns of the enemy, and the third division was in the act of deploying between the Guards and the French, when intimation reached them that the latter did not intend to advance further that day. The vexation of our troops at this announcement was extreme. This division especially had only, as it were, just come into action. They had lost twenty-two men, and saw that the day was ours, and that they were not to be allowed to take advantage of the victory.

"On the 23rd, the march was resumed to the Katscha through an endless jungle, each division moving independently, with orders to steer south-east; and they all debouched at M'Kenzie's Farm, at which point the rear of a Russian column moving out of Sebastopol was caught by our troops, some ammunition blown up, and the third division placed so as to watch its progress, and cover the rest of the British army in their descent to the Tchernaya.

"On the 27th, the third division moved from the plains of Balaklava towards Sebastopol, and having assisted at the first reconnaissance of that place, took up various positions until that ground was allotted to it opposite the Dockyard, which it held to the end of the operation; having the fourth division under General Cathcart on its right, and the French division, commanded by Prince Napoleon, on its left. The siege operations now began, and daily sickness and daily casualties in killed and wounded soon told upon our effective strength until the battle of Inkerman:" where General England's services were important, although the loss of his division was but slight.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon before the battle terminated; by five the Russians

had entirely disappeared, and their guns were withdrawn from the heights. The chill, dull winter evening set over the victors and the vanquished; and over the blood-stained slopes of Inkerman, the dead and dying were thickly strewn. The plan of Menschikoff was completely frustrated—his sortie was repulsed by the French with signal defeat. The feint of Liprandi against Balaklava, and the position of Bosquet was discovered in time by the French general, and succour was sent in the crisis of the battle. The contemplated attack upon the trenches of the third division (the extreme left of the British attack) was never made—the Russian general missing his way, and coming where he was neither expected nor desired, he increased the confusion of the assailants at Inkerman, and added to the fearful numbers of the Russian slain. The grand attack was itself repulsed by the enduring courage of the British, and the impetuous charges of the allies, united, at the close of the hard-fought day. It was a great struggle of blood, the like of which, considering the numbers engaged, had never been witnessed in the hardest fought battle. Sixty thousand Russians had been hurled back to the feet of the imperial princes from before whom they had advanced in the confidence of numbers, of the Divine blessing, and with the inspiration of exuberant loyalty, religious zeal, national enthusiasm, and military pride. The Russian soldiers had been all taught that no army could stand before that of their emperor, and that he had a right to subjugate the power and appropriate the spoils of all nations. The events of Inkerman did a great deal to dispel the illusions of the Russian soldiery; and had a true account found its way into Russia, it would have probably opened the eyes of the Russian people, or such of them as could read, as to the futility of their czar contending with the alliance of nations against him.

The night of the 5th of November was one of sadness to the victors—they had gained a great battle, but at terrible cost. Still, when the losses were computed, the French lost more in proportion than the English as to numbers and the time in which they were engaged. So badly directed was the aim of the Russian musketry, and so unequal were they to the British in close combat, that the loss of the English in slain was not one tenth that of their opponents, and of these many were murdered after they fell wounded. Even Russian officers joined in this work of assassination: one major was seen, limping about the field, thrusting his sword into the wounded English. One of the Duke of Cambridge's staff took him prisoner, and the Duke intimated the probability of his being hanged as an example. He afterwards attempted to make his escape, but was again wounded. Before opportunity was

found for bringing him to trial, he died—it was believed of shame and remorse. The loss of the British was in killed 462, wounded 1952; and 198, including officers, were reported as missing—some of whom were afterwards discovered to have been made prisoners, others were proved to have fallen, and some were never heard of. The officers killed amounted to 43, the wounded to 102; the sergeants killed were 32, wounded 123. Four generals were killed—Lieutenant-general Sir George Cathcart, and Brigadiers Strangways, Goldie, and Torrens. Four generals were wounded—Lieutenant-general Sir George Brown, and Brigadiers Bentinck, Buller, and Adams. The French loss was 1726 killed, wounded, or missing. The estimates of the Russian loss were various. Prince Menschikoff reported that he was unable to ascertain, but that the wounded were more than 3000. It is probable that the killed, wounded, and prisoners amounted to nearly 20,000—a third of the whole army. The carnage was frightful, and justifies this high computation of the havoc in the Russian battalions.

During the battle there were many acts of the most chivalrous and romantic courage. Colonel Hamley noticed a guardsman thrust down a number of his adversaries with prodigious strength, and the most persistent courage, until at last he fell. After the battle, the colonel had the curiosity to look for him, and found him slain, with fifty bayonet wounds in his body. He turned back his collar, and saw stamped on the blue blouse shirt he wore, the un-English name Mastow. A private soldier named MacLaghan, an Irishman, performed prodigies of valour. The gallant conduct of Sir R. Newman and Lieutenant Greville will long leave their names dear to the admirers of patriotism and courage. Sir Thomas Troubridge, when desperately wounded, losing both feet, still fought, laying hold of such support as he could find, and encouraging the men to persevere. His name is still often pronounced by officers and men who fought at Inkerman. A French officer, an ensign, leaped upon the parapet of the two-gun battery, and continued to wave the tricolour amidst showers of shot until the enemy was driven out. A British sergeant was attacked by five Russians, he slew three, and fell exhausted and wounded; according to his own account his eyes failed, and he had nearly swooned, when a French officer galloped up, sabred the two Russians, and with powerful hand lifted up the prostrate Englishman upon his horse, and riding with him to the rear, placed him under surgical attendance, and kissing his hand, returned to the fight. It was supposed that this noble Frenchman himself subsequently fell, as the performer of the generous deed could never be traced.

Many of the wounds inflicted upon the British were horrible—they were so frequently struck by bullet and bayonet. The most extraordinary case is that of private Thomas Walker, 95th regiment, who was in hospital nearly twelve months, during which time he had thirteen pieces of his skull removed by Dr. Parry. He was wounded at Inkerman by the bursting of a shell, which carried away a portion of his skull, laying open the brain, and he was discovered some hours afterwards wandering about in a state of total unconsciousness. His recovery is considered very extraordinary. This brave fellow on his arrival at home was seen by her majesty, who made him a present of £10.

Several prisoners were taken by the Russians in the commencement of the engagement, some of whom were well treated, others were used most barbarously. It mainly depended upon the disposition and rank of the captors how the poor prisoners fared. The following is from the *United Service Gazette*, and may be taken as a specimen of the treatment of our officers. It accounts also for both the hardships and amenities of Russian imprisonment:—

“Captain James Duff, of the 23rd regiment, was taken prisoner the day of the battle of Inkerman, while on picket in the White House Ravine, leading to Careening Bay. He attributes the fault of his capture to a party of men of the — division on his right, who fell back without passing on the alarm. Captain Duff and his picket were fighting in front, and had nearly expended their ammunition, when, to their surprise, they suddenly found some of the enemy on their flank. The men perceived they were being surrounded, and attempted to fall back. As they did so, one man who kept close to Captain Duff was knocked over. He then tried to make for a path leading up to the hill, and had proceeded a few yards when he met some Russians in front directly opposing his further progress. They had got round them. Eight or nine men then closed upon Captain Duff, and, as he still struggled to escape, one man gave him a tap on the head with the butt-end of his musket, which slightly stunned him. The Russians then carried him off in triumph; they would not let him walk. He soon recovered from the blow on his head, and while going along was fully aroused by a volley of Minié rifle balls, which came whistling among his escort. Two or three of them were wounded, and the remainder then allowed him to walk with them to the rear. Some of the men spat upon him, and he thought they would have shot or bayoneted him, had it not been for the protection of the soldier who particularly regarded him as his own especial property. It appears that every Russian soldier who captures an officer, and can produce him alive,

gets the order of St. George. In case of the officer being dead, the private would not be believed were he to state that he had made a prisoner of him while alive. Unless, therefore, under extreme excitement, the Russian soldier will do what he can to keep his prisoner safe, that is, provided he can hope to remove him to a place of security; if the prisoner be badly wounded, and there is a chance of his not being able from any cause to reach the place where the soldier could establish his claim, there is no doubt he will receive little mercy at his hands. But it is rather a satisfactory thing to know, in case of accident, that, if taken, it will be an object of interest with the captor to try and present his prize to his superiors in a state of living entity and personal completeness. Captain Duff remained on the field during the whole of the battle of Inkerman, and saw the fight from the Russian position. He appears to have been greatly surprised at the number of guns which the enemy had contrived to get into position on the heights during the night. During the first part of Captain Duff's imprisonment he was treated badly enough. His uniform was taken from him, and he was supplied with clothes of a very coarse description. He was marched through the country with a gang of convicts—felons of the worst description—who were being removed for transportation to the penal settlements of Siberia. With these men, and with two soldiers of the guard, one on each side of him, he slept at night and had his meals, and they were taught to regard him and call him their '*camarade*.' As they passed through some villages the bigoted peasantry pelted them with stones. There was no opportunity offered for ablution, and the state of dirt and neglect into which they fell became most repulsive. The condition of the prisoners, however, could hardly be expected to attract attention, for it would seem that the officer who commanded the guard over the prisoners of war and the convicts, though unfettered by restrictions, exhibited as little anxiety about the surface of his own person as he did about those of the men he was guarding. When the insect visitors who honoured him with their presence became too numerous and too importunate, his servant was desired to remove a portion of them, and the occasions for this interference were rather frequent. Once during the long march the officer was seen to apply soap and water to his person, but only once during the rout of 700 miles to Moscow. At last Moscow was reached, and here not only the scene was changed, but the condition of the British prisoners. A house was given up to them, and they received frequent civilities and attention from the better classes of society in the city. They were invited to *fêtes* and parties, and in certain circles, more espe-

cially among the ladies, were made especial objects of compassion, and became the lions of the day. No difficulty was experienced in getting bills on certain London houses cashed, and a premium was given on the exchange. They found also at Moscow a clergyman of the Church of England. At Odessa they experienced the same kind of civility as at Moscow, but the social parties and entertainments were wanting. The news of the battle of the Tchernays and its termination had reached this latter place before Captain Duff left, and the attempt against the allied position was admitted on all sides to have been defeated. The failure produced general and marked depression of spirits. Strange to say, the Russians pretend not to regard Alma and Inkerman as defeats; they say that their general ordered the troops to retire from motives of policy, but were not driven back. The battle of the Tchernaya, according to them, was our first real victory."

The aspect of the field was awful, when on the morning of the 6th it could be seen. The correspondent of the *Morning Herald* relates that "some 400 or 500 Russians, killed and wounded, were lying among our tents; and here also were many, too many, corpses of Zouaves and French infantry of the line." The able author of that letter does not explain how all these corpses of friends and enemies came there. It is to be presumed that they were wounded men who died under treatment of our medical officers, as the Russians never penetrated to the tents of the camp, but the tents of the second division were almost all swept away by the fire from Shell Hill.

The wounded English were taken from the field on the evening and night of the 5th, so that before dawn of the 6th a great many were removed. The soldiers generally refused to take in the wounded Russians until our own men were provided for; after that they showed a kindness to their enemies nobly contrasting with the infamous conduct of the Russians to the wounded English. Immediately after the battle, the English might be seen giving water to the fallen Muscovites, placing knapsacks under their heads, and wrapping them in blankets to protect them from the biting air of the Crimea winter night. It was horrible to witness the contortions, convulsions, and writhing agonies of those who died of bayonet stabs; those who fell by the bullet seemed to die in comparative peace. Puncture wounds caused tetanus, and other symptoms of agony, which our tired soldiers often stopped to soothe, but their efforts were too frequently in vain. The writer last quoted was an eye-witness to the shocking spectacles presented, and he thus writes:—"A little above the line of tents was the brow of the hill overlooking Inkerman Lights. Here was the spot where

the allied artillery engaged that of the enemy after the retreat, and here the sight was sickening indeed. There is nothing so awful as the spectacle of the bodies of those who have been struck down by round-shot or shell. One poor fellow of the 95th had been struck by two round-shot in the head and body. A shell afterwards burst on him and tore him to pieces, and it was only by the fragments of cloth, with the regimental buttons adhering, that you could tell that the rough bloody mass which lay in the road had ever been a human being."

The aspect of the field after the battle was perhaps more terrible than that of any other, not excepting Waterloo. Many of the British had perished of bayonet wounds, and it was remarkable that very few seemed to have fallen by a single thrust. The number of English or French who had died by musket or rifle-balls was very small, and the French fell victims to the bayonet in a smaller proportion than their allies. The artillery, however, made sad havoc of both—taking off heads, cutting bodies nearly in two; some had a leg carried completely away, others had an arm, and some both legs or both arms, or legs and arms together. The most heart-chilling sights of mutilation were presented where the Russian shells fell, or the round and case-shot tore through the thin line of the English or advancing columns of the French. Where the Guards had been compelled to retire from the defence of the wall above the Inkerman Valley, the British had suffered terribly:—"Across the path, side by side, lay five guardsmen, all killed by one round-shot. They lay on their faces in the same attitude, with their muskets tightly grasped in both hands, and all had the same grim, painful frown upon their faces, like men who were struck down in the act of closing with their foes. Beyond this, the Russians, guardsmen, and line regiments, lay thick as leaves, intermixed with dead and wounded horses. The latter, with fractured limbs, were now and then rising, and after staggering a few steps, rolling over among the corpses, snorting and plunging fearfully." From the wall just named to the two-gun battery through the brushwood, the trampled track was slippery with blood. From the battery the sight was such as no pen, however graphic, could describe, and no mind, however familiar with fields of carnage, could conceive. More than 2000 dead bodies were stretched in their gore, and stiffening in the cold night air, around the parapets of that contested earthwork. The wounded were also numerous, and their groans were pitiful in the ears of those who offered their assistance, which for many came, alas! too late. The cries of the wounded horses were painfully expressive of suffering; and for hours

during that dreadful night of woe and victory, above all sounds, the wailing of a faithful dog—which had followed its master's fortunes in march, by bivouac, and through the tide of battle—arose; crouching by the prostrate form of its master, or standing upright over him, the animal raised its head, and pierced the night with its lamentations. It was horrible to witness the contortions and writhings of those, who, dying of punctured wounds, were frightfully convulsed. All these sights could be witnessed, for the moon rose resplendently over the valley of Inkerman, and from the English heights the opposite heights could be distinctly seen, and the slopes far down into the vale, and the Tchernaya, reflecting the silver moonlight, gliding peacefully between the over-frowning hills. The slopes of Inkerman sparkled with the scattered weapons, which flung around, by reflection, the strong moonlight. Every sound, as well as every sight, appealed with distinctness to its appropriate sense. So serene and still was the evening, that the gurgling in the throat of the dying, and the faint moans of those exhausted by loss of blood, smote the ear with painful perspicacity. Some of the dying seemed to forget their own condition, and to think only of the loved ones far away; their last words were the dear names of those who fostered their childhood, whose parting tokens, blood-stained, were now clasped to their breast.

A poor Irish youth, a mere boy, called, in the rich and sorrowful tone so peculiar to his native land, upon his mother; and up through the listening night the pitiful words came from his lips, faintly and still more faintly, "My mother—oh, my mother!" until his spirit passed from the scene of strife and anguish. Another soldier, also an Irishman, articulated with a singular distinctness, as if his very soul spoke, while a comrade bent over him, "Mary—shall I see you no more, Mary!" Whether this was to wife, or sister, or love, his dying heart was true to her, and uttering the fond name, his lips ceased to speak for ever. A tall guardsman called aloud upon his father, until the bearers of the wounded, attracted by his cries, carried him off the field. Some of the prostrate lost reason, and seemed as if they had a preternatural strength, although the injuries they had received prevented their rising; they called out to charge the Russians, challenged comrades to come on, vowed dreadful vengeance, shouted wild hurrahs, and recounted, incoherently, the events that had befallen themselves or others during the hour of carnage. One sergeant swore by St. Patrick he had only killed four, and seemed in his frenzied or bewildered state bitterly to accuse himself of such remissness. Many of the wounded lay calmly and quietly awaiting help, or resigned

to the will of heaven, and some less severely stricken than their fellows, soothed them with words of hope, placing their heads or persons in less painful attitudes. "Keep up a good heart, Peter," said one poor fellow as he adjusted the head of another upon a shako that was near, "keep up a good heart, Peter; we'll see the old people at home yet, and Peggy will be waitin' for you, you know." The accounts given by gentlemen, both officers and civilians, published and unpublished, of what they saw and heard while the wounded were being assisted that night, and while they sought for friends who were missing and supposed to have fallen, would constitute a large and painfully interesting volume.

It was a trying task for those who, with lanterns, turned up the faces of the slain to look for officers or comrades. The conduct of the soldiery to the wounded was exceedingly tender and humane—removing them with the greatest care and softness of manner, although they had been themselves engaged all day in the exhausting strife. These men were kind also to their wounded enemies, who requited them with looks of fierce resentment, muttered curses, or efforts of impotent rage. Our men could be easily distinguished by the ambulance parties, although generally in their grey great-coats; for their superior stature and better figures, and their more open and manly countenances, as they often lay with their faces upturned to the moonlight, did not easily admit of mistake. One of the most distressing scenes of that sorrowful night, was the efforts of the English women, the wives of soldiers, to find the bodies of their husbands who had not returned when the fight was over. With a sudden jerk they would drop the head of some dead soldier, whose figure and uniform led them at first to apprehend that it was the loved one they sought. Sometimes their suspicions would be confirmed, and then the hill-side rang with the shrill lamentations of their grief. Oh! what cries of despair burst from the hearts of these poor English soldiers' wives as they found, thousands of miles from home, their only friends and protectors on earth—perhaps the father of their children—stark, cold, and bloody, by the hill-side of Inkerman! Some found their wounded and still living husbands, and brought them timely solace and succour; others laid them down amidst the dripping brushwood, and clasped their dead in a last and wild embrace, until some generous hands separated it, and bore them wailing or swooning away to the camp.

The appearance of the dead was as various as the causes of their fall:—"Some lay as if asleep; others were horribly contorted, and with distended eyes and swollen features appeared to have died in agony, but defying to

the last. Some lay as if prepared for burial, and as though the hands of relatives had arranged their mangled limbs; while others again were in almost startling positions, half standing or kneeling, clutching their weapons or drawing a cartridge. Many lay with both their hands extended towards the sky, as if to avert a blow or utter a prayer; while others had a malignant scowl of mingled fear and hatred, as if indeed they died despairing. The moonlight imparted an aspect of unnatural paleness to their features, and as the cold damp wind swept round the hills and waved the boughs above their upturned faces, the shadows gave a horrible appearance of vitality; and it seemed as if the dead were laughing, and moving to rise. The Russian soldiers were inferior in appearance to those at Alma. In all that relates to discipline and courage our late antagonists were far superior. They were all clean, but ragged in the extreme. None had knapsacks, but merely a little canvas bag of that disgusting, nauseous-looking stuff they call their bread. No other provisions were found on any. The knapsacks, I presume, were left behind, in order that they might scale the heights on our right with greater facility. Every man wore strong, well-made Wellington boots, of a stout but rough-looking brown leather. On none that I have heard of were found either money or books. On many were miniatures of women and locks of hair. They appear to have been veteran troops, as a large number bore the scars of previous wounds. The dead officers, as at Alma, were with difficulty to be distinguished from the men. They behaved very well indeed. Trenches were dug on the side of the hill for the Russians, as they lay. Into them, till they were full quite to the surface, the enemy's dead were thrown in ghastly heaps, sixty or seventy in each pit. As fast as they filled, shovelstul of earth were loosely scattered over them, and that was all. Before the winter was over, the heavy rains had washed the scanty covering from the dead, and disclosed them fully to our view, with their features undistinguishable from corruption, but with their hands still clenched upon the tattered flesh, and their arms still pointing to the sky. The English and French lay side by side in deep graves by themselves. In the ravine in the side of Shell Hill was a large limekiln, this was used as a vault, and filled to its summit with Russians."

The whole of the night of the 5th and morning of the 6th was expended in conveying the wounded to the hospital tents; by noon this sad work was accomplished, but the whole day was consumed in carrying them in French ambulances, Turkish arabas, Tartar waggons, and English stretchers to Balaklava. The work of burial now engaged the British

and French, and a number of lives of the allies was lost in its performance, as well as in carrying the wounded off the field. The Russian ships in the harbour were careened, and flung shot and shell over the heights upon the slopes where the battle had raged. Great havoc was made among the Russian wounded who still lay upon the field, and the unburied dead of all the contending armies were mutilated horribly. The indignation of French and English was great, and it is marvellous that the poor soldiers exposed to this galling fire, should continue to show such kindness to the wounded Russians, and to the few prisoners taken under such ferocious and cowardly provocation. Lord Raglan sent a flag of truce to Prince Menschikoff, inquiring in indignant terms whether the war was to be conducted with honour and on civilised principles, or with the barbarity of savages. Lord Raglan also called the attention of the prince to the fact that, as at Alma and Balaklava, the Russian wounded were seen ferociously stabbing the wounded French and English, contrary to everything previously known in warfare.* The reply of the Russian commander-in-chief was evasive and dishonourable. He doubted whether the wounded were killed, except perhaps in some cases where provocation had been given, and that he would punish those who did the like, if proof were afforded to him of their guilt. The firing, he said, was not directed against the burying parties, but against the Turks, who were intrenching the position. The prince must have presumed that the allies would set about that necessary operation, for in fact they did not begin to intrench until the 7th. He excused the barbarities of both acts, by alleging that the Russian soldiery were much incensed by the French pickets having plundered the Church of St. Vladimir, which was situated outside the Russian lines. This church was erected on the site of one of the most anciently erected Greek churches, and was a sort of *sanctum sanctorum* for the Russians in the Crimea. It was supposed by them that the French in stripping it were actuated not merely by the love of plunder, but by the envy which they supposed inflamed the Latin Church against the orthodox. The French appreciation of Prince Menschikoff's complaint was shown in their afterwards gutting the church of all its furniture, and they even took down the timbers of the roof for firewood.

The sincerity of the brutal and bigoted Menschikoff may be judged by the fact, that no Russian soldier was subsequently punished for slaying the wounded, although they who had done so made a boast of it in the garrison;

and the shelling of the burying parties from the ships went on after the return of the flag of truce from Sebastopol, as it had done before. Throughout the whole campaign the Russians stained their arms with dishonour, by the most cruel, vindictive, and cowardly practices. No advantage was too small to take, even although dearly paid for,—and they were always willing to fling death among their own troops,—if there were the smallest chance of thereby injuring an enemy. It became necessary, in order to save our men from the fire of the ships, to withdraw the ambulance as well as burying detachments, and numbers of wounded Russians were therefore of necessity left to a miserable end upon the cold heath. That this would be the probable consequence of his conduct was well known to Menschikoff; but reckless of human life, amongst countrymen or strangers, this heartless apostle of the orthodox church scattered the brands of death everywhere, though only one heretic soldier might perchance be stricken.

On the 7th of November, the attention of the opposing armies was concentrated on the siege; and the battle of Inkerman, and the scenes which were witnessed on its field of slaughter, when the events of the battle had passed away, were matter of history. Few pages have been set apart to war, by the muse of history, over which fame sheds so bright a halo of glory, or pity weeps such compassionate tears.

This is an appropriate place in which to present to our readers a very curious and somewhat instructive account of the battle, which appeared in a German paper, and which was written obviously under Russian influence. The account was published in Berlin. "The plan of the battle of Inkerman was thus devised. Soimonoff, who was with the tenth division in the town, was, supported by some regiments of the sixteenth and seventeenth divisions, to break up from there, to march along the left of the Malakoff Hill, proceed along the west side of the ravine running into Careening Bay, and fall upon the left wing of the English army; while General Pauloff, with the eleventh division, from the northern camp at Inkerman, was to cross the Tchernaya bridge, mount to the plateau at the side, after passing along the defile, and attack the English on their right flank. For the purpose of detaining the French, and preventing them from coming to the assistance of the English, there was to be, in addition to a general cannonade from the ramparts, a sham attack made on their left wing by General Timofegen. General Gortschakoff was to operate against the Sapoune Heights, for the purpose either of fettering General Bosquet to that position, or of enticing him down to the valley."

* This likewise occurred in India, where the wounded soldiers of Tippoo Saib stabbed the wounded Sepoys.

For the purpose of preventing or remedying any mistakes that might arise in the execution of this widely-combined plan, a semaphore was erected on the heights behind Inkerman, so as to convey instructions either to Sebastopol or to Tchorgoum, Gortschakoff's head-quarters. During the battle Menschikoff kept his station at this telegraph. General Dannenberg had the immediate conduct of the action, and attached himself to the second column under Pauloff.

"On the 4th of November, the dispositions for the attack of the ensuing day were forwarded to the different commanders. The heights above Inkerman were to be attained, and if possible a firm footing was to be gained there. Soimonoff, with three regiments of the tenth division, three regiments of the sixteenth division, one regiment of the seventeenth division, twenty-two heavy and sixteen light guns, was, at six o'clock A.M., to execute the movement above described. Pauloff, with three regiments of the eleventh division, two regiments of rifles, of the seventeenth division, with their artillery, was also at six o'clock to throw a bridge over the Tchernaya, near Inkerman, and then advance rapidly to effect a junction with Soimonoff, at which moment General Dannenberg would take the combined command. Gortschakoff was to co-operate with his troops at Tchorgoum, was to effect a diversion, and endeavour to get possession of one of the approaches to the Sapoune Heights. Lieutenant-general Moller, with the garrison of Sebastopol, was to watch the course of the action, to cover the right flank of the attacking troops with his guns, and if any confusion were visible in the enemy's batteries, he was to take possession of them."

At General Dannenberg's suggestion, the hour for marching was altered to five o'clock for both Soimonoff and Pauloff. The former was to place his reserves in the rear of his right wing, in the calculation that his left would be covered sufficiently by the ravine leading to Carcening Bay. (The words of the order communicated to Soimonoff required him to march along the *left* side of the ravine; he understood this as the side on his own left hand when advancing up the ravine; Menschikoff had, however, meant the left side of the ravine, according to its course towards the sea. To the mistake, which brought Soimonoff, instead of to the left to the right wing of the English, where Pauloff had already as many men as the *terrain* would admit of handling, the Russians mainly attribute their want of success.) The Russian official lists are quoted, to show that, on occasion of the battle of Inkerman, of which the above is the plan, the Russian forces actually engaged amounted only to 29,700 men, viz.:—

UNDER SOIMONOFF.

	Bayonets.
Twelve battalions of the tenth division.—Regiments Catherineburg, Tomsk, and Kolyvan. . .	8400
Twelve battalions of the sixteenth division.—Regiments Vladimir, Souzdal, and Ouglitch	5400
Four battalions of the seventeenth division.—Regiment Boutyrsk	2400
	16,200

UNDER PAULOFF.

	Bayonets.
Twelve battalions of the eleventh division.—Regiments Selinghinsk, Yakoutsck, and Okhotsck . .	8400
Eight battalions of the seventeenth division.—Regiments Borodino and Taronino	4800
Half a battalion of 4th Rifles	300
	13,500

The writer then describes the driving in of the English pickets, which agrees substantially with our own account. The troops who conducted this operation are thus referred to, and the way in which, from a Russian point of view, the British conducted themselves, is thus criticised:—

"It was, on the one hand, the advanced guard of Soimonoff's column advancing from Sebastopol; on the other hand, it was the two regiments of rifles (Borodino and Taronino), from Pauloff's column, approaching through the nearest defiles, with their sharpshooters in advance, and beginning to climb the precipitous heights from the Inkerman side; the fog and their grey cloaks kept them invisible till they were close at hand. The pickets of the second English division, on the extreme right wing, had only just distinguished, through the drizzling rain, the Russian riflemen climbing up, when they were compelled by the whistling of their bullets to retire to the crest of the hill, defending, however, every yard as they went. Immediately afterwards the pickets of the fifth or light division found themselves attacked from the town side, and compelled to retire. The English now supposed they had to do with a sortie on a large scale; but what puzzled and confused them entirely was, that not only on the left and in the front there was a heavy fire of artillery, but that also in the rear, on the heights towards Balaklava, there were heard volleys of artillery and musketry. On the left there was the fire from the walls of the town, flashing out of the grey mist in a circle of flame, to which Soimonoff's guns soon added their lightning flashes; in the rear it was Gortschakoff's troops effecting their diversion against the Sapoune Heights. As the French on the hills above briskly answered the fire with heavy guns, though at random, on account of the mist that shut out everything from sight, the English commanders in camp were at a loss to tell on which side the real attack was. In this uncertainty they had, for the moment, nothing else to do but to defend themselves when they

were attacked, but at first their movements were vacillating and uncertain."

The arrangements (if such they could be called) of the English are then taken almost *verbatim et literatim* from Mr. Russell, and the description of the Russian operations is resumed.

"The Russian movement and attack proceeded. General Soimonoff, a meritorious officer, had commenced his march in the grey dawn of the morning, but, without a guide or a map of the locality, he had in the darkness, instead of crossing over to the left or west side of the Carcening Bay ravine (so as to fall upon the centre and left wing of the English), remained upon the right side, and advanced to the attack there, by which movement he came into collision with their right wing, which was to be attacked by Pauloff's column. The disadvantage of this false direction was that, from the confined nature of the ground, his troops were very much in the way of Pauloff's column, and neither the one nor the other could find space to deploy. Everywhere, as they were compelled to move in columns, they suffered extremely during the long way they had to march from the severe fire of their antagonists, who from their small number at first had the advantage of presenting a small front, and could more frequently supply it with fresh troops. While the Russians were moving about in columns of companies the English were drawn up in a line two deep, and their long-ranging guns enabled them to inflict mortal wounds on the Russians at a time when the latter were unable to reach them at all with their fire-arms. . . . Nevertheless, thanks to the courage and unshakable steadiness of the Russian soldiery, the action wore, at the commencement, a favourable aspect; not so much in consequence of their numerical superiority, as on account of the unexpectedness of the attack, the surprise in the fog, which, by magnifying every object in its dim obscurity, showed the English large masses everywhere (at least we must conclude so from their ridiculously exaggerated reports, in which a few battalions are made to figure as 10,000 and 20,000). In this first episode there were engaged on the Russian side Soimonoff's three foremost regiments, and the two regiments of rifles from Pauloff's column. The rest of the troops, that is to say, the greater part of Soimonoff's column (four regiments), and the main body of Pauloff's column (three regiments), were situate partly in the rear, as reserve, and partly only came up at a late hour, along the Sappers' Road. Thus there were not more than twenty battalions of Russians, or 13,000 bayonets, engaged in this first stage of the engagement, against which the English had gradually collected their entire force, also amounting to 13,000 men. Campbell's, Codrington's, Buller's, and

Goldie's brigades stood opposed to Soimonoff's troops. The other four brigades—Torrens', Pennefather's, Adams', and Bentinck's—were opposed to Pauloff's rifles.

"Hardly had these two latter regiments of rifles (Borodino and Tarantino) mounted the heights, driving the English outposts before them, when they, although out of breath with climbing, threw themselves furiously upon the nearest troops (Pennefather's and Adams'), forced them back, and deployed towards the redoubt; while, on the other side, the Tomsk and Kolyvan regiments of rifles, supported by that of Catherinenborg, driving in the pickets of the fifth division, stormed wildly against the left side of the English front (Codrington and Buller's brigades, supported by Campbell's and Goldie's). Thus the conflict commenced almost simultaneously along the whole line of battle, enveloped as it was in fog, and as the Russian soldiery gave themselves little time for firing, but rather, in the proud consciousness of their valour, sought to reach their enemy as soon as possible with cold steel, it soon came to the most embittered bayonet engagement. With astonishment did the English see these attacks with the bayonet; they had flattered themselves with the delusion that no troops in the world could compete with their powerful well-fed men, and here did the Russians, whom they looked down on so superciliously, venture to challenge them to it, to attack them, and what is more, several times to put them to the rout; for the Russians' favourite weapon, ever since Suwarrow's time, has been the bayonet. Thus along the whole extent of the confined *terrain* there commenced a furious fight—now with the bayonet, now with fire-arms, but without a decisive result, for the forces of each side were equal. The Russian artillery, however, twenty-two 12-pounders and sixteen 6-pounders, belonging to Soimonoff's column, did the English great damage. The grenades, which they threw with great precision, were constantly bursting in the midst of the English ranks, and with their massive fragments of iron hurled death on all sides, while their balls tore open great chasms in the lines, threw down or tore to pieces the tents of the encampment, and wounded or killed the people engaged in camp service. Three battalions (Tomsk and Kolyvan) rushed boldly on the little redoubt in front, took it, spiked the Lancaster guns there, and hewed the carriages in pieces. Further and further they penetrated into the camp, now open to them. Two battalions (Catherinenborg) for want of room crossed over to the other side of the Carcening Bay ravine, attacked the camp there, and also spiked four guns. But they were driven out again, being too weak for want of support. The English rallied all their powers, and obsti-

nately defended every inch of their encampment. In this the light troops of Brown's division, all practised shots, armed with capital Minié rifles, did good service, by picking down the Russian generals and officers, and also the artillerymen and horses. It was thus that the action was brought to an equipoise, and soon it took a turn to our disadvantage, for the most distinguished leaders had already fallen. Not only the colonels of the three foremost regiments, even the commanders of the battalions, and a great part of their officers, were put *hors de combat* by death or by wounds. Among them were the commander of the artillery, Colonel Lagoskin, Brigadier-general Villebois, and General Soimonoff. Deprived of all their superior leaders, and thus become uncertain and wavering, the combatants gradually gave way; and as the English, hereby inspired, made all the more furious attacks, they fell back into the upper portion of the ravine, through which the old post road leads, and endeavoured to rally here under cover of their heavy guns. These latter had been posted by General Shabokritsky—who had followed slowly with the other four regiments of the column—on an acclivity, from which they could take the English line point-blank and askew; he had covered it on both sides by the regiments Ouglitch and Boutyrsk, while he kept the regiments Vladimir and Souzdal behind him in reserve. Thus was a stop put to the whole active operations on this side—only the artillery continued the engagement without interruption; as fast as a battery had exhausted its ammunition, or become injured, it was retired and replaced by another.

"On the left side, also, where the rifle regiments of Borodino and Tarantino were, the action had lasted a long time with varying fortune. The battle raged forwards, backwards, beneath, above, among bushes and underwood; above all, the redoubt on the wing had been the object of many an attack, till at length General Bentinck led up his Guards—the *élite* of the English army. These chosen troops pressed irresistibly forward to the redoubt, tore it from the Russians, and consigned it to the safe keeping of the Coldstreams. As about this time two battalions and a half of the French joined the English, the two Russian regiments were still more hardly pressed, and at length were compelled, together with Soimonoff's troops, to retire into the ravine, where they, however, did not, like the latter, remain, but quitted the field of battle altogether, and proceeded to the valley of Inkerman. Thus ended the first act of the bloody drama, which was soon followed by one still more sanguinary. In spite of the resolute attacks of the Russians, the English had given another proof of their military virtues, and had made an heroic defence."

Notwithstanding the compliment paid to the military virtue of the British, we must not be tempted to accept the statement of this historian. The account we have given of the action shows that the French force alleged to have come to the assistance of the Guards, is an incorrect version of the real occurrences of that portion of the day. The narrator again draws upon the *Times'* correspondent for his facts on the English side, and, by keeping too close to that excellent authority, obviously without consulting any other, he admits several errors into his narrative. He then resumes that part of the story in which we are interested—the course of events within his own lines.

"General Dannenberg, who had arrived on the ground early, was distributing his orders from a rising ground near the batteries, and assigning to each column as it came up the direction of its attack. Around him also death was busy, and struck to the ground by his side, adjutants, officers of the *état-major*, officers bringing reports, or fetching orders; for a long time, he and his beautiful brown charger remained unhurt. On a sudden, his horse sank beneath him, struck by a grenade on the shoulder, and another horse was brought him by an orderly. At the moment the general was about to mount this fresh horse, another ball laid it also low, and a third was procured. Death was ranging abroad, and spared neither the highest nor the lowest, but yet could not subdue the courage, the resolution, and the invincible steadfastness of all. At the very beginning of the action, the commander of the French corps of observation, General Bosquet, had galloped from his position near the telegraph into the English camp, followed by four companies of Chasseurs de Vincennes, and two battalions of the 6th and 7th regiments of the line, together with two mounted batteries. In the vicinity of a mill he met with the two English generals—Catheart and Brown—and offered his assistance. But the old English pride revolted at the idea of requesting, or even of accepting, aid from Albion's ancient rival. The generals declined the offer, as they had their reserves still, but requested him to cover their right flank. After leaving his two and a half battalions and two batteries at the spot indicated, General Bosquet repaired to a height to examine into the nature of the attack made upon his own position, and ascertained that it was only a feint, and, while disposing his troops to take part in the general action, he received notice from various English officers that his assistance would be very welcome on their right. General Bosquet then moved rapidly to his left with two brigades of his own division (Bourbaki and Antemarre), and one

brigade of the first division (Monet); altogether about 9000 men. General Canrobert had also joined Lord Raglan, that he might be at hand in case his forces were required; and, while there, received a wound in the arm, which, however, did not compel him to leave the field."

The accounts of General Bosquet's interview with the British generals at the beginning of the action, and their refusal to accept assistance, are purely fabulous. The entire number of troops sent by the French to the aid of their ally scarcely exceeded 6000; they were not 9000, therefore, as this writer asserts. He admits that 3000 of the 9000 remained in reserve, but the whole force sent by Bosquet to the succour of Lord Raglan did not much exceed 6000 men.

"It was now about eight o'clock, the battle was waxing hot again on the heights of Inkerman, and the second act commenced. General Pauloff's three regiments, with their guns, that had come by the Sappers' Road, arrived at that time, just as Soimonoff's troops gave way. These were the men who had fought at Öttenitza, and Dannenberg sent them immediately up to the front—the regiment of Okhotsck first, that of Yakoutsk second, and Selinghinsk last. The struggle that ensued was even severer than the former. The Okhotsckers attacked with the bayonet, and succeeded in driving back the English until they got up to the redoubt, and attacked it; but there the Coldstream Guards, although surrounded and cut off from the rest of their division, maintained their post in spite of repeated attacks. The guns that Pauloff had posted on the opposite side of the ravine caused them great loss, and they had already lost more than 200 of their number before they burst out and cut their way through the approaching succours. The Okhotsckers also lost most of their superior officers; their colonel, Bibikoff, was severely wounded.

"In the meantime, the two other regiments, Yakoutsk and Selinghinsk, had crossed the ravine; the first-mentioned succeeded in driving the Coldstreams out of the redoubt again, although reinforced by the two other regiments of the Guards, and by troops from Cathcart's and Buller's brigades; on this occasion, the Guards lost twelve of their officers, and Brigadier Bentinck was wounded in the arm. The Guards, Cathcart's division, Sir de Lacy Evans', together with the French battalions that had co-operated, were driven back by Pauloff's valiant troops; the other redoubt in the centre of the English lines, was already taken after a severe struggle, and the Russians were again in the English camp. A party of Russian skirmishers had crept up through the brushwood, and picked off the horses and

gunners of a battery of six guns, stationed on an eminence in the midst of the English camp; a Russian column swept along the road against it, and the artillerists succeeded only in saving four out of the six pieces, in spite of the determined resistance offered by the English, firing by companies as they drew back. The battle had now attained its climax; it was raging among the tents on the flank and in the rear of the second division. Most of the English generals were *hors de combat*; the Britons, sadly reduced in numbers, and exhausted by the length of the struggle, defended themselves but faintly. More and more the fortune of the day inclined to the Russians; they had still four regiments unemployed, while the enemy had brought up all his reserves. It was about eleven o'clock when, on a sudden, the shrill tones of horns were heard above the rolling and rattling of the fire. The third act—the turning point of the battle—commenced; the French arrived.

"In the same proportion as the assurance of this timely aid revived the sinking spirits of the English, it discouraged the Russians, who felt themselves at once on the point of being deprived of the fruit of five hours' hard fighting. Close after the three battalions of Zouaves, Chasseurs de Vincennes, and Chasseurs d'Algers, there came up, also, Bosquet's remaining troops on the right of the English, thus outflanking the Russians. The English had by this time no more than 8000 men capable of continuing the fight. Bosquet's three brigades brought them 9000 fresh men, of whom, however, one brigade (Monet) remained in reserve; therefore, say 6000 men (French) came to the assistance of the 8000 English. Opposed to these 14,000 men were only Pauloff's three regiments (Okhotsck, Yakoutsk, and Selinghinsk) that had mustered before the action 8500 men, and now hardly counted 6000. Of Soimonoff's column, the three regiments of his tenth division had been perfectly disorganised by the loss of all its superior and so many subaltern officers, and took no further part in the action. The two regiments of rifles (Borodino and Tarantino) had entirely disappeared from the field of battle; the other remaining four regiments of Soimonoff's column were stationed in the ravine as reserve, or for the protection of the artillery. Thus, these troops of Pauloff were now opposed to a force of more than twice their number, after a three hours' fight, after a night march along a sticky soil, and after climbing steep acclivities. Victory, under those circumstances, was out of the question. Their task was now to retire with as little loss as possible of men, guns, and honour. This was, indeed, difficult, posted as they were on the edge of precipitous ground, with an over-

powering enemy ready to crush them, supported by the combined English and French batteries. They had to rescue their guns from the heights on which they were, and bring them off along the roads by which they had come. The slightest wavering would have seen them hurled over the steep sides of the plateau; they gave way, therefore, gradually, and maintained their steady retreat, step by step and troop by troop. Although deprived of the invigorating hope of victory, they repulsed all the attacks even of the fresh French troops; the 6th French regiment had even at one time lost its colours in a hand-to-hand encounter, and it was only the immense exertions of Colonel Camos, and at the expense of his life that they regained it. The English light cavalry did not venture to show itself. The Russians had no cavalry at all, on account of the *terrain*. It was not till all their guns were brought off that the Russians commenced their actual retreat under a massacring fire of artillery; and this retreat, crowning as it did all the achievements of that day, has gained for them the respect and admiration even of their enemies. It was in this retreating fight of man to man that the English recovered the two guns they had previously lost; they were not recaptured as has been reported—they were simply left behind by the Russians, from the horses that were dragging them having been shot. This retreat of the Russians was like that of a lion followed up by the hunters.

“General Dannenberg now advanced one of his two reserve regiments (*Vladimir*) to cover the retreat of the troops towards the town and towards the Sappers’ Road into the Inkerman Valley, and over the bridge into the camp on the north. The combined English and French did not venture to pursue them further than the old post road, on account partly of the resolute bearing of the *Vladimir* regiment, partly on account of the fire of the retiring artillery, and partly on account of the frightful ravages produced in their ranks by the enormous shells thrown from the decks of the steamers *Chersonese* and *Vladimir*, which had, as a measure of precaution, been anchored in the bay at the mouth of the *Tchernaya*. Thus ended this battle, one of the most sanguinary on record, at two o’clock p.m., after lasting eight hours.

“And what was it that foiled the Russian attack?—The bravery and steadfastness of the English? Undoubtedly much must be laid to this account, for they were splendid, and the British soldier fought worthy of his best days. But the Russian fought no less bravely, and bravery alone did not decide it. Was it the superiority of the English army—the use of the *Minié* rifle? This weapon certainly produced great effects; at the distance of 1500

paces it deprived the Russian regiments of their officers; on the other hand, the Russian sharpshooters—only ninety-six to each regiment, with guns that could kill only at 1000 paces—killed and wounded as many English officers, and more generals. Was it the false direction that *Soimonoff* took? In great measure, for the reasons already given—to which must be added that of his own death, which completed the disaster, and rendered his regiment ineffective for the remainder of the day. Another disadvantage was that the columns, instead of arriving at their destination simultaneously, came up one after the other. All these circumstances conspired to the disadvantage of the Russian attack; but that which was most fatal was the incorrect execution of the sham attacks or diversions, more particularly of that one which failed to prevent *Bosquet*’s coming to the assistance of the English, and it was that decided the fortune of the day.”

Deeply interesting as the perusal of this account must be to our readers, they cannot fail to perceive that it is, by a cleverly assumed air of candour, an obvious attempt to cover the disgrace of the Russian arms. The number of the enemy actually found dead upon the field of battle, is sufficient proof that forces were brought into the field far superior to what it is here pretended constituted the attacking army. The retreat of the Muscovites was only well conducted while they were under the cover of their guns; as soon as they were deprived by their position of the protection of the artillery, they fled in the utmost confusion. According to the admissions of this writer, the inferiority of the Russian army, as an army, to the allies, is beyond dispute. He allows that the British fought with unabated heroism and skill when their chiefs were picked off by the Russian rifles; he affirms that the loss of their officers caused the Russian soldiery to waver and despond. The conduct of the Muscovite generals he severely criticises; and if his critique be founded upon facts, they seem incapable of carrying out a well organised or complicated scheme of movements. In another portion of his narrative, after defining the nature of military feints and diversions, he points out that General *Timofegen* carried out his feint admirably on the French left; while General *Gortschakoff*, who had to operate against *Bosquet*, thoroughly failed in his object by negligent and unskilful conduct. To him and to *Soimonoff*, more especially to the former, the Russians attribute the defeat at Inkerman. *Liprandi* ought to have his full share of their censure, for had he so handled his men as to keep Sir Colin Campbell and *Bosquet* in suspense about the rear of the allied positions through the day, *Bosquet*

would not have stirred, Sir Colin would have been obliged to claim assistance for the defence of Balaklava, and the commanders-in-chief would have been embarrassed, and perhaps their forces beaten.

Every account, Russian, French, or English, bears the same testimony to the indomitable bravery and endurance of the English, both officers and soldiery. The charge at Assaye, the whirlwind attack at Salamanca, the obstinate courage of the squares at Waterloo, have not added to the pages of English military story more lustre than the conduct of the men who maintained the deadly and protracted bayonet conflicts of Inkerman.

There remains now only to furnish the reports of Generals Forey and Bosquet to complete the picture of the battle in all its varied parts and details. These reports are in themselves a confutation of those features of the Russian story to which we have objected—even allowing for the desire of Forey and Bosquet to place matters in a light favourable to their own troops. There is no account extant which gives the details of the Russian attack upon the French trenches. Mr. Russell, of the *Times*, proceeded to the French lines, but only remained for a short time, turning away to the more important contest of Inkerman. Mr. Layard remained at the French position, but has given no narrative of the events which fell under his cognisance. General Forey's report to General Canrobert is, on the whole, a faithful representation of the attack and repulse. Bosquet's account of what occurred at his position is also exclusive: no British officer or visitor was there to record the occurrences. The account given by the French general is, with the exception of some minor detail, one of fidelity.

It will be more consecutive, as to the order of events, to present first the report of Forey, and then that of Bosquet.

GENERAL FOREY'S REPORT.

Before Sebastopol, Nov. 7, 1854.

MY GENERAL,—I have the honour to acquaint you that on the 5th of November, at nine o'clock in the morning, the left of our attack against Sebastopol was assailed by a Russian column, composed of four battalions forming the regiment of Minsk, one battalion of the regiment of Wolhynsk, and of a certain number of volunteers who joined them. This column, 5000 strong, supported by a battery of artillery, left the city by the bastion of the Quarantine, and proceeded along the ravine situate on the left of our lines. Its march, favoured by a thick mist, could not be immediately arrested, and it threw its force upon the batteries Nos. 1 and 2, which it reached; the occupants of these batteries having been compelled to retire towards the battalions of the 39th and the 19th regiments of the line, and upon four companies of the Foreign Legion charged with the defence of the trenches. These battalions, or portions of battalions, were also compelled to retire before the efforts of the Russian column, but they vigorously resumed the offensive when two companies of the 19th battalion of Chasseurs, in reserve at Clocheton, and four companies of the Foreign Legion, from the building of the Carrières,

arrived at the scene of the conflict. The General de la Motterouge, who occupied his post at the trench in the first parallel, rapidly advanced with some companies of the 20th Light Infantry upon the points attacked. When he reached the batteries Nos. 1 and 2, they were already abandoned by the enemy, who was thrown back upon the opposite side of the ravine, at a little distance from the trench. Encouraged by the general, our soldiers advanced with ardour beyond the first line of defence, pursuing the enemy, and subjecting him to a murderous fire. They stopped themselves at the height of the building called 'Du Rivage,' taking up a position behind the walls, whence they continued their fire.

While these events were going on, and at the first report of the *fusillade*, I mounted my horse and adopted the following dispositions:—I ordered General de Lournel to proceed directly upon the burnt house, and General d'Aurelle to march in advance of his front along the Sebastopol Road which borders the sea. His Imperial Highness Prince Napoleon was instructed to hold his division under arms, and it advanced as far as the Maison du Clocheton to support my right, while an effort was being made on the left. Levaillant's division having taken the place of the brigades of Lournel and Aurelle at the moment of their departure, went in advance of their front in columns by brigades. General Levaillant placed himself at 500 metres behind this line, to judge of the moment when his aid would be necessary. I placed myself at the head of the 5th battalion of Chasseurs, and of my artillery, and I followed the ravine of Carrière perpendicular to the Sebastopol Road, for the purpose of cutting off the retreat of the enemy in case he should have advanced beyond the batteries No. 1 and No. 2. Such were the general dispositions which I took to put myself in a condition to be prepared for every event on the side of the *corps de siège*. I was briskly attacked; I heard the fire in the direction of Inkerman; I knew that you were then smartly engaged; but not being able to judge from what side the most violent effort would be made, I felt bound to advance to the combat with my first lines, supported by the whole of my reserves. The brigade of Lournel, carried away by indescribable ardour for their chief, bore down the enemy before them as soon as they met. Two battalions of the 26th regiment of the line furiously pursued the Russians, who retired in disorder. It was then that General de la Motterouge, perceiving General de Lournel arrive on the height of the Quarantine, where he was in position, followed him in his movement of offence. Our troops, stimulated by the ardour of success, very nearly reached the walls of the fortress, impelling before them the mass of Russians; while the section of artillery, commanded by Lieutenant de la Hite, poured upon them a shower of shells and balls. I had taken position, with the five battalions of Chasseurs, on the right flank of General de la Motterouge, and on the height of the Quarantine.

Thinking that the pursuit of the enemy was carried much too far, I sent the Chef d'Escadron Dauvergne, and le Capitaine d'Etat-Major Colson, to bear orders to the generals to retire immediately. There was much difficulty in effecting this movement, so great was the ardour of the chiefs and the soldiers. The retirement was supported by the position which I occupied on the right with the five battalions of Chasseurs; in the centre by the rest of the brigade of Lournel, *échelonnée*; and on the left by General d'Aurelle. This general officer had inclined towards the sea-shore, and had taken by main force, in the midst of a mass of projectiles discharged from the bastions of the town, the buildings of the Quarantine, which he occupied with the first battalion of the 74th regiment of the line. He had left in second line, in a dominant position, Colonel Beuret with two battalions, ready for every event. The occupation of this building was very useful. It protected effectually the retreat of the brigade of Lournel, and I cannot too much approve of this disposition, adopted by General d'Aurelle, for it put an end to the desperate *fusillade* by the Russians, who, having been brought again in advance, bordered anew the opposite (the north) side of the Bay of the Quarantine. The fire of the 74th regiment, directed with certain aim, forced them to retreat a second time, and to retire into the fortress. It was upon the opposite side (the north) that I wished to arrest the pursuit of the

enemy, if, impelled by a warlike ardour, which I deplore, the brave General de Lournel had not led his troops beyond. In this pursuit, seriously wounded by a ball which traversed his chest, he gave up the command to Colonel Niel, who was obliged to effect a retreat under an extremely violent fire from all the batteries of the place—a movement which did not terminate until they reached the back of the ravine of the Quarantine. Our losses have been very considerable; but I do not believe I am far from the truth in calculating at about 1200 the number of the Russians killed, or placed *hors de combat*. The enemy obtained no advantage in compensation for his losses, for our trenches are intact; and of the eight guns spiked, six renewed their fire immediately, and the other two did so to-day.

I cannot give too much praise to the troops engaged on the 5th of November. I was most completely supported by every one—generals, officers, and soldiers. The officers of my staff, from the commencement of the siege, and in particular during the day of the 5th, have never ceased to distinguish themselves by their bravery and *sans froid*. General d'Aurelle exhibited a high degree of military intelligence during this day. General Lournel who, though wounded very seriously, did not give up his command until his strength was exhausted, has been the admiration of all. He has succumbed to his wound. I cannot express to you the grief this misfortune occasions me. The army loses in him a general whose chivalrous bravery knew no obstacle, and a chief for whom there seemed to be reserved a high destiny.

You will remark, general, by the number of officers put *hors de combat*, that they were the special object of the fire of the enemy. The French officers, proud of their position, do not disguise their rank, like the enemy, under the *capote* of the soldier.

I am, with respect, &c.,
The General commanding the Siege Force,
FOREY.

REPORT OF GENERAL BOSQUET RESPECTING THE BATTLE OF INKERMANN.

Before Sebastopol, Nov. 7, 1854.

At the break of day, on the 5th of November, the enemy showed themselves in position upon three points of our lines, namely—1. Upon this side of the bridges of Inkerman, opposite the right of the English. 2. In the plain of the Tchernaya, menacing the English redoubt. 3. In face of the telegraph. They had occupied these positions under cover of the night, and of a thick fog, and they opened their fire about half-past six o'clock before Inkerman and before the telegraph. I ordered the whole corps of observation under arms, and I went myself beyond the mill. General Bourbaki followed me with a battalion of the 7th Light Infantry, a battalion of the 6th regiment of the line, four companies of the Foot Chasseurs, and two horse batteries. I there met the two English generals, Sir George Brown and Sir George Cathcart, together. I offered them my aid, informing them that I was followed by the troops which I have just mentioned, and by others which I could withdraw from the lines if the serious attack should occur in front of the English. They thanked me, and assured me that they had at that moment reserves, but that they had no one towards the right in rear of the English redoubt, and they begged me to secure them at that point, which I at once did. I then went to ascertain for myself what would be the effect of the two attacks by the Tchernaya and the plain of Balaklava in face of the telegraph. They were evidently false attacks.

I was examining the nature of the threatened attack in face of the telegraph, when some English officers came to inform me that the fire had become serious on their right. Colonel Styl especially gave me excellent information, and I instantly caused General Bourbaki to proceed towards the English right. At the same time I gave orders that a battalion of Zouaves, and a battalion of Algerine Tirailleurs to march in the same direction. Finally, a little after, General Antemarre received instructions to march towards the same attack with a battalion of Zouaves and the two battalions of the 50th. The two battalions of the second division had been directed, since the break of day, upon the telegraph; I

sent one of them to the English right, in order that they might join the two horse batteries already in motion. I rejoined the troops led by General Bourbaki as they were about to form in line. All the ground in front of the English right was unoccupied, having no one upon it but the guard, who preceded, by a distance of twenty paces, the first row of tents. I did not hesitate to push my two battalions in advance, with the four companies of Foot Chasseurs, who charged the enemy with extreme bravery, and very nearly reached the small advanced redoubt on the right. Upon the arrival of the battalion of Zouaves (Dubos commanding), and the Algerine Tirailleurs, I made a fresh charge, and continued it as far as the crest which commands the ravine of the road. I reckoned that the English would be able to support my left beyond the road, but they were prevented from doing so. The enemy turned my left by the road, and for a moment I was, I may say, surrounded. The Zouaves of the Commandant Dubos took the heads of the columns, which turned us in the rear, and completely stopped them. It became necessary for me to re-form my line for a moment, in order to resume the charge, which this time also succeeded in a marvellous manner. But the enemy, crushed by the fire of the British artillery, and of the French artillery, which I had caused to assemble on the crest in rear of my left, at length offered no further resistance, except while flying.

In these encounters with the bayonet, our field of battle was covered with dead; it was a real butchery; several officers had their horses killed under them. The 7th Light Infantry, commanded by Chef de Bataillon Vaisser, showed an ardent and brilliant courage, which merits particular notice, as likewise the skill and enthusiasm of the Foot Chasseurs of the 3rd battalion. The battalion of the 6th regiment of the line charged most brilliantly, and well revenged the death of their brave colonel, M. de Camos, who fell amid the ranks of the enemy. The battalion of Zouaves, commanded by Dubos, manoeuvred with that intelligence and bravery at every turn, which is never disturbed, even when surrounded by the enemy. The Algerian Tirailleurs leaped as agile as panthers through the brushwood. This day does them honour, and likewise their colonel, De Wimpfen. The other battalion of Zouaves, and the two battalions of the 50th, gave us vigorous support, without having occasion to charge the enemy. During this combat, the two horse batteries, under Commandant La Boussinière, and the battery of the second division, directed by Commandant de Barval, had to maintain a fierce duel with the Russian artillery, which was composed of 24 and 30-pounders in position, and of a considerable number of fieldpieces. Our batteries, aided by an English battery of 9-pounders, had the honour of extinguishing the Russian fire, and reducing it absolutely to silence. This combat of artillery was directed by the brave Colonel Forgetot, who rendered me, during this day, the greatest services. Finally, at the moment when the Russian fire was extinguished, I caused to be led to the last crest a divisional battery supported by two battalions, which covered with shells and balls the bridge of Inkerman, over which the Russian troops rushed in great disorder, and we had the pleasure of seeing them fly in a complete rout. But this rout was protected by the marshes of Inkerman, which we unfortunately could not traverse, for otherwise our cavalry would have ended the day gloriously.

The brigade of General Monet, arriving in second reserve, had no occasion to act. It, however, experienced losses by the cannon-balls of the enemy, fired from pieces having an extreme range.

Before the telegraph we had only one cannonade without wounded, but I feel real pleasure in here expressing how much the detachment of marines, under Captain de Cautensen, served those excellent 30-pounders, which kept the enemy's line very distant, and caused them to experience a severe loss.

I have thanked the Generals d'Antemarre and Bourbaki, who so valiantly headed their troops; and Colonel de Cissay, my chef d'état-major, who has most energetically aided me. I wish I could mention all the brave men who so well fought at Inkerman—but this would be to name every one.

The General of Division commanding the Corps of Observation,
BOSQUET.

When the news of the battle of Inkerman reached western Europe, the feeling was one of blended sympathy and exultation. The noble stand of the English was praised in France in every variety of panegyric. The battle of Inkerman was the theme of the French periodicals, and the conduct of their own troops was depreciated in comparison with that of the English. In the Parisian and even provincial theatres, representations of the warfare in the Crimea were popular; and whenever a *quasi* English soldier appeared upon the stage, he was hailed with loud and continued *vivats*. Considerable numbers of the English officers, and some of the common soldiers, came home by way of France; and on these occasions the demonstrations at Marseilles, Toulon, and Paris, were of the most enthusiastic kind. British officers, perhaps wounded, and with stained and worn uniforms, were frequently at this time seen in the streets of Paris; and wherever they went, the populace crowded around, and kindnesses were lavished upon them. The imperial court and government were also most courteous in their attentions to the wounded English coming home through France. A sentiment of the most profound admiration for British valour animated the whole French nation. They were the heroes of all the popular French songs, whether adapted to the theatres, the saloons of the fashionable, or the circles of the populace.

In Great Britain, the enthusiasm was not less, and the pride was greater; there was, however, a lurking feeling in the English mind, that bad generalship left exposed a position in itself not only important, but tempting the attacks of a vigilant and self-sacrificing enemy. There was much indignation expressed on this head in the metropolitan and provincial press, and in all circles in the empire, except perhaps a few of the more courtly. Still the word Inkerman stimulated the war-like enthusiasm of the English—they felt themselves to be indeed sprung from “fathers of war-proof;” they had, as a nation, lost nothing of the martial daring, enterprise, or pride of those from whom they derived this heroic spirit. If the Alma spread a sense of glory through the nation, so Inkerman sent its light of exultation like an electric flash through every part. There was no colony of England too remote, nor peopled by a race too little English, to feel the pride, and exult in the renown of Inkerman. In the London clubs—in the meanest taproom—in the workshops of Birmingham, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, and Nottingham—in the furnace-rooms and forges of Warwickshire and Staffordshire—among the hills of the Celtic Scot, and in the remotest glens of Ireland,—the word was pronounced, and all heard a triumph in its

enunciation. Never did a great battle make a nation at once so proud, so exultant, and so solemn, as this made the whole British people. In the palace and in the parliament, the popular feeling was participated. The conduct of the Duke of Cambridge added alike to the pride and gratulation of court and people. Her majesty could not but be proud of the part her gallant cousin bore on the memorable day; and the people rejoiced that a prince of the house of Brunswick bore himself so bravely. Memorials and addresses poured in upon her majesty, the Duchess of Cambridge, and the Princess Mary, upon the noble conduct, and congratulations upon the safety, of the illustrious prince—now more illustrious than ever—so nearly related to them; and thus the royal household and the humblest of the people triumphed together.

The populace had another triumph which was all their own. *The hero* of Inkerman was one of themselves—a man who owed nothing to the court, although a gentleman by birth and education; one of their own most trusted representatives in parliament—Sir de Lacy Evans. He had so signalled himself, that never, even in the most heroic ages, and the most heroic nations, was a finer instance of self-negation, patriotism, loyalty, military spirit and courage shown, than by that gallant man. The electors of Westminster, who had so often before had reason to congratulate themselves on their choice of a representative in the Commons, were now flushed with satisfaction and joy at the noble behaviour of General Evans, so eloquently described in Lord Raglan’s despatch. Stray where one might within the city of Westminster, or London, everywhere the name of General Evans was sure to be the subject of popular eulogy. The government and parliament promptly acknowledged their sense of the services of the British army. The Duke of Newcastle addressed a letter to Field-marshal Lord Raglan, from which we have taken the following extract:—

Her majesty is desirous of expressing her gratitude for the noble exertions of her troops in a conflict which is unsurpassed in the annals of war for persevering valour and chivalrous devotion. The strength and fury of the attacks, repeatedly renewed by fresh columns with a desperation which appeared to be irresistible, were spent in vain against the unbroken lines and the matchless intrepidity of the men they had to encounter. Such attacks could only be repulsed by that cool courage, under circumstances the most adverse, and that confidence of victory which have ever animated the British army. The banks of the Alma proved that no advantages of position can withstand the impetuous assault of the army under your command. The heights of Inkerman have now shown that the dense columns of an entire army are unable to force the ranks of less than one-fourth their numbers in the hand-to-hand encounters with the bayonet which characterised this bloody day.

Her majesty has observed with the liveliest feelings of gratification the manner in which the troops of her ally the Emperor of the French came to the aid of the divisions of the British army engaged in this numerically unequal contest. The queen is deeply sensible of the

cordial co-operation of the French commander-in-chief, General Canrobert, and the gallant conduct of that distinguished officer, General Bosquet; and her majesty recognises, in the cheers with which the men of both nations encouraged each other in their united charge, proofs of the esteem and admiration mutually engendered by the campaign and the deeds of heroism it has produced.

The queen desires that your lordship will receive her thanks for your conduct throughout this noble and successful struggle, and that you will take measures for making known her no less warm approval of the services of all the officers, non-commissioned officers, and soldiers, who have so gloriously won by their blood, freely shed, fresh honours for the army of a country which sympathises as deeply with their privations and exertions as it glories in their victories and exults in their fame. **LET NOT ANY PRIVATE SOLDIER IN THOSE RANKS BELIEVE THAT HIS CONDUCT IS UNEEDED; THE QUEEN THANKS HIM, HIS COUNTRY HONOURS HIM.**

Her majesty will anxiously expect the further despatch in which your lordship proposes to name those officers whose services have been especially worthy notice. In the meantime, I am commanded by her majesty to signify her approbation of the admirable behaviour of Lieutenant-general Sir George Brown, and her regret that he has been wounded in the action. Her majesty has received with feelings of no ordinary pleasure your lordship's report of the manner in which Lieutenant-general his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge distinguished himself. That one of the illustrious members of her royal house should be associated with the toils and glories of such an army is to the queen a source of great pride and congratulation.

To Major-general Bentinck, Major-general Codrington, Brigadier-generals Adams, Torrens, and Buller, your lordship will be pleased to convey the queen's sympathy in their wounds, and thanks for their services.

To the other officers named by your lordship I am directed to express her majesty's approbation. The gallant conduct of Lieutenant-general Sir de Lacy Evans has attracted the queen's especial thanks. Weak from a bed of sickness he rose at the sound of the battle—not to claim his share in prominent command, but to aid with his veteran counsel and assistance the junior officer upon whom, in his absence, had devolved the duty of leading his division.

Proud of the victory won by her brave army—grateful to those who wear the laurels of this great conflict—the queen is painfully affected by the heavy loss which has been incurred, and deeply sensible of what is owing to the dead. Those illustrious men cannot indeed receive the thanks of their sovereigns, which have so often cheered the soldier in his severest trials; but their blood has not been shed in vain. Laid low in their grave of victory, their names will be cherished for ever by a grateful country, and posterity will look upon the list of officers who have fallen as a proof of the ardent courage and zeal with which they pointed out the path of honour to no less willing followers.

The loss of Lieutenant-general the Hon. Sir George Cathcart is to the queen and to her people a cause of sorrow which even dims the triumph of this great occasion. His loyalty, his patriotism, and self-devotion, were not less conspicuous than his high military reputation. One of a family of warriors, he was an honour to them and an ornament to his profession. Arrived in his native land from a colony to which he had succeeded in restoring peace and contentment, he obeyed, at a moment's notice, the call of duty, and hastened to join that army in which the queen and the country fondly hoped he would have lived to win increased renown.

The death of Brigadier-general Strangways, and Brigadier-general Goldie, has added to the sorrow which mingled in the rejoicing of this memorable battle.

The queen sympathises in the loss sustained by the families of her officers and soldiers, but her majesty bids them reflect with her, and derive consolation from the thought, that they fell in the sacred cause of justice and in the ranks of a noble army.

I have the honour to be, my lord, your lordship's obedient humble servant.

NEWCASTLE.

Field-marshal Lord Raglan, G.C.B., &c.

Another communication, announcing her majesty's intention to bestow certain military decorations on the occasion, was also forwarded to the general commanding in chief.

MY LORD.—I have received the queen's commands to signify to your lordship her majesty's gracious intention to confer a medal upon all the officers and soldiers of the army who have been engaged in the arduous and brilliant campaign of the Crimea. This medal will bear on it the word "Crimea," with an appropriate device, a design for which has been ordered to be prepared.

It is also her majesty's desire that clasps, with the names of "Alma" and "Inkerman" inscribed upon them, shall be accorded to those who have been in either, or both, of those hard-fought battles, and that the same names shall in future be borne on the colours of all the regiments which were engaged on those bloody and glorious days.

Your lordship will be pleased to convey to the army this royal command—an additional proof of her majesty's appreciation of its noble services, and her sympathy with its valour and renown.

I have the honour to be, my lord, your lordship's obedient humble servant,

NEWCASTLE.

Field-marshal Lord Raglan, G.C.B., &c.

The Emperor of the French was not less congratulatory to his army; he thus addressed General Canrobert:—

Palace of St. Cloud.

GENERAL.—Your report respecting the victory of Inkerman has excited deep emotion in my mind. Express, in my name, to the army my entire satisfaction with the courage it has displayed, with its energy in supporting fatigues and privations, and its warm cordiality towards our allies. Thank the generals, the officers, and the soldiers, for their valiant conduct. Tell them that I warmly sympathise with their misfortunes and the cruel losses they have experienced, and that my constant solicitude shall be directed to the task of softening the bitterness of them. After the brilliant victory of the Alma, I had hoped for a moment that the routed army of the enemy would not so easily have repaired its losses, and that Sebastopol would soon have fallen under our attacks; but the obstinate defence of that town, and the reinforcements received by the Russian army, have for the moment arrested the course of our success. I approve of the resistance you made to the impatience of the troops who wished to make the assault under circumstances which would have entailed too considerable losses.

The English and French governments direct their serious attention to their army in the East. Already steamboats are travelling the seas with considerable reinforcements. This increase of assistance will double your forces, and enable you to assume the offensive. A powerful diversion is about to take place in Bessarabia, and I receive the assurance that from day to day in foreign countries public opinion becomes more and more favourable to us. If Europe should have seen without alarm our eagles, so long banished, displayed with so much *éclat*, it is because it knows that we are only fighting for its independence. If France has resumed the position to which she is entitled, and if victory has again attended upon our flags, it is—I declare it with pride—to the patriotism and to the indomitable bravery of the army that I owe it.

I send General de Montebello, one of my aides-de-camp, to convey to the army the rewards which it has so well merited.

In the meantime, general, I pray God to have you in his holy keeping.

NAPOLEON.

CHAPTER XLVI.

LETTERS FROM OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, AND CIVILIANS WHO ACCOMPANIED THE ARMY,
CONCERNING THE BATTLE OF INKERMAN.

"Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height!—On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fetch'd from fathers of war-proof."—SHAKESPEARE.

THE correspondence from the Crimea immediately after the battle of Inkerman was most interesting to the British public. Every new account was read with avidity—every heart was strained in yearning sympathy for the surviving brave, and in reverential compassion for the fallen. Perhaps the tidings of the battle of Waterloo alone vied with those of Inkerman in producing this kind of excitement, often as the news of victory had elated the hearts of Englishmen during the present century. A chapter containing the impressions of those who fought, of those who were witnesses, although not actually engaged, and of such as, passing among the victors or the vanquished, obtained information fresh and recent, cannot fail to place many of the events of the dreadful day of Inkerman more vividly before the reader than any history, however carefully compiled and minute in detail, could without such a chapter present them.

We shall first give an extract from the journal of Sir Edward Colebrook, who, in company with Mr. de Lane, Mr. Layard, and Mr. Kinglake, was witness of many of the great events of this war. Sir Edward has printed his journal for private circulation among his friends only, but has obligingly presented the author with a copy. He was not present at the battle of Inkerman, but witnessed the reconnaissances and preparations of the enemy up to the evening of the 3rd. His account of the appearance of affairs just before the attack, proves how remiss the allied commanders were in not more effectually providing against the surprise, and the imminent peril of the greater disaster of a defeat:—"Joining Sir Colin this morning, I found all on the *qui vive*. Signals from the hill on the right announced that the enemy were advancing, and some force was seen in motion along the mountain height. Sir Colin all life at the prospect of action. A couple of guns opened against the hill, but the shells exploded in the intervening ravine, and the Russian showed no desire to bring their fieldpieces nearer. Some skirmishers could be seen pushing forward through the brushwood, but a shot or two from our guns sent them to the right-about. All was silent. We waited patiently to see if this would be followed up by a demonstration in our front, but the ridge remained bare as ever. I rode up the hill to the right,

but the Russians had now quite withdrawn. Their force in the distant valley has certainly been very much increased since my last view, and officers on the hill told me that it has been reinforced during the last two days. Two field-pieces seem quite unequal to the defence of a position, whose importance is such, that, if carried, our other batteries would be taken in reverse, and Balaklava would be untenable. Sir E. Lyons, whom I met on my return, thought the object of the Russians to-day had been to ascertain whether English or Turks held this important point. It struck me that they wanted to know what guns we had, but the reconnaissance had probably both objects in view."

The following letter was written by a civilian to a friend in the Temple, and is a graphic and faithful account of what fell under his own observation.

Cardoe, Nov. 10th.

"I am on my way home; but as this letter will reach you some days before I can follow it, I take the opportunity of sending you a rapid account of what I have seen since I last wrote. You know, of course, from other sources, that a tremendous battle has been fought, and *how* it was fought. I shall as usual, therefore, relate only what I witnessed myself.

"We were at breakfast on board the —, on Sunday the 5th, when indistinct sounds of heavy firing attracted our attention; and Captain — mentioned that he had noticed them ever since dawn. Of course, the gig was soon manned, and took a strong party ashore. — got a pony, but most of us, myself included, were compelled to walk. After a mile or two, I was obliged to diverge from the rest, as I meant to go in the first instance to my old camp-quarters, there to borrow —'s mare (he had got well again, and had returned to work), and to join him and the general on the field. It was a seven-mile up-hill trudge. The occupation of the valley by the Russians had closed the shortest way (by the telegraph); and the nearest road, moistened by a Scotch mist, had been churned by ammunition-waggons and horses' hoofs into unctuous mud. When, therefore, I had climbed to the crest of the plateau, I cut across country. The fog prevented one's seeing far ahead, but the sharp reports of musketry, and the roar of artillery, were quite enough to mark the direction, even without the stream of French and English soldiers,

bearing on their backs, and on stretchers, the wounded to the rear. I did not stop to question these men, but tried to read in their faces the fortune of the day. They all looked grave, and behaved with a silent, manly propriety, in good keeping with their sad office; but quite at variance with the stories one reads of the conduct of soldiers when relieved, as these ^{were}, from surveillance.

"On arriving at the road which leads to my old quarters, I found it full of waggons carrying ammunition to the field, and wounded from it. But I was surprised to perceive, when at last (about one) I arrived, that my friend —, and a brother aide, instead of being in the thick of the contest, were in camp. Their looks showed that something wrong had happened, and I soon heard, with great concern, that poor general — had been badly wounded, and was then lying, faint from loss of blood, in what used to be my tent. A shell had also hurt, but not severely, —'s knee. Both my friends were naturally absorbed in devising means for conveying their gallant chief to some place where he would be more fitly sheltered than under canvas. But they found time, in a few hurried words, to describe the carnage which they had witnessed, and pointed out the spot (easily visible from the tents) where the battle had raged the most fiercely. No nag, of course, could now be lent me, nor was there any one whom I could join in the field. The fight, however, had become purely one of artillery; and the best point of view—as well as the safest—for seeing the practice on both sides, was some position opposite the centre of the line of fire. Having ascertained that a place called the Five-gun Battery (in reality the right Lancaster Battery), answered to this description, I decided on going there.

"The Five-gun Battery is between the Round Tower and the tents of the second division. It commands the best view I have obtained of Sebastopol; and, now that the fog had cleared away, the city appeared to great advantage. There was a mound behind the battery, four or five feet high, so situated as to conceal persons lying down under it from the Russians in the field, but not from the garrison in the town. Nor was it quite steep enough, I should think, to have stopped a rolling round-shot from any direction. Though, however, both the enemy's field-artillery on our right, and the fort and ship-guns on our left, commanded the position, our party was too small to be much noticed. It consisted of General England and his staff, and a troop of horse-artillery. The horses of the latter, which the mound could not conceal, were probably the occasion of the very few missiles that actually lit near us. The Round Tower was firing over our heads at the allied armies. The Russian park of artillery, on the

other hand, had enough to do with the antagonists before them, who, already (it was not quite two o'clock) were slowly gaining ground. In fact, the only narrow escape I had, was from a shell, which did me the honour to burst within a few yards of me, when my ears were, for the first and last time, regaled with the peculiar *hum* which marks the near approach of the flying fragments of those uncomfortable projectiles (I picked up a hot bit as a memento). Still, though we were comparatively safe, I was amused, considering all things, by the politeness of an officer present, who on lighting his cigar from mine, expressed an artistic regret that he should 'spoil so beautiful an ash!'

"At this time, the aspect of the battle, as seen from our position, was as follows:—Two large bodies of the allied troops stood, or rather lay, close before the foremost tents of the second division, a little below the long low rounded outline of the hill on which these are pitched, and which, on its furthest side, descends to the Tchernaya. Another mass occupied a place (as seemed to me) about a hundred yards in advance, on the very profile of the hill. The whole of this ground, I should tell you, rises gradually for two or three hundred yards in front of the tents. Crossing the highest portion of its outline, was a fourth body of the allies. The ground then makes a dip for about four hundred yards, when it makes another gradual rise of the same rounded character, until it reaches an elevation somewhat higher than the hill occupied by the French and British troops. Here I counted six bodies of the enemy. I suppose the two armies were seven or eight hundred yards apart. All parties were pounding away with their artillery, and the wind carried off the smoke, so that we could clearly see the spectacle. About three, the allied troops gradually advanced, till their foremost park of artillery occupied the bottom of the valley between the two hills. In half an hour more, the Russians were in full retreat towards Sebastopol. I could see them in their long grey-coats marching past us, with their arms shouldered, and in good order.*

"My sketch of the ground was now completed, the victory won, and I got up and prepared for my long trudge, so as to be in time for dinner on board the —; but I had not walked many paces, when one of our regiments was brought forward past me, to fire at the retreating foe. Stretchers were being carried behind them; and though I had often seen such implements used in carrying the wounded, I confess it gave me a shock to see them borne close behind these soldiers, now walking well and erect, their faces full in my view—in *anticipation*!—an anticipation soon

* A little later in the day the enemy lost all order—their retreat was a discreditable flight.

realised. Directly they arrived at the place where I had been lying, it seemed alive with round-shot, throwing up the dust in all directions; while the stretcher-bearers were running here and there—I knew too well for what reason. It did also occur to me (why will thoughts cross one at the wrong times?) that, perhaps, it was lucky for a certain person that these poor fellows did not come up before; that had that happened, he might have presented himself at a particular nook of the Temple with a wooden leg; but with no honours, no pension, to show for it—only sharp shafts of ridicule, and ‘*Que, diable, allait-il faire dans cette galère?*’ Ah, ha! you have lost that triumph! But to return—a very long way—the Lancaster gun in front is said to have done good service at this juncture, by mauling the retreating columns of the enemy. I confess I looked hard with my glass, and could see no gaps made, nor any approach to unsteadiness. That however proves nothing; as a battle is such a huge complicated affair, and there is so much difficulty in getting a full view of it, that it is only by comparing the accounts of a large number of witnesses, that a correct notion of the whole can be obtained by any one. As I had to return in time for —’s dinner, I could not, as some of my friends did, go over the field that evening. It was dark when I got to Balaklava, and, as usual, a boat was not to be had for love or money. A *deus ex machinâ*, however, at length appeared, in no less a person than Admiral —, who kindly gave me a seat in his gig. His Turks rowed so well, that my contempt for the tribe was in complete abeyance till I got on board the —. Here I was rejoiced to learn that the general had been safely brought. His cot was swung between two great guns, with a curtain drawn before it, in the cabin where we dined. Every one was glad when, during our dinner, he rallied from his loss of blood sufficiently to put in now and then a word from behind his screen. He was lying in the cot I had myself slept in up to that day. Is it not a curious string of coincidences that, when wounded on the field, he was given to drink some weak brandy and water, which I had mixed for the purpose of giving the wounded at Balaklava (the flask being part of the kit I had sold to one of his aides), that he was next put upon the stretcher and in the tent that had belonged to me, and that he was now lying in the cot which I had occupied?

“The morning after the fight, I again walked to the front, and went over a portion of the field. No English wounded, I rejoice to say, were visible. I made many inquiries of the stretcher-bearers, while they were engaged in picking up those Russians who had

lived through the night, and from what they told me, I infer that all, or nearly all, our poor countrymen were removed the evening before. The slope on the other side of the tents is not very steep: in fact, a pony which I had borrowed in camp walked up and down it quite easily. There was a good deal of low oak scrub, but it was not thick enough to prevent one picking one’s way through the place. Our men were digging large pits for burying the dead. The horrors I had heard of as having been witnessed on the field by those who went there directly after the action, were to a great degree abated. The Russians who yet survived were too faint to do more than groan faintly. They seemed grateful, poor fellows! when I gave them small portions of brandy from my flask; but, as I had not tempered it with water, and wished to distribute it as widely as possible, I poured out only a tablespoonful for each man. It might, perhaps, have served to keep them alive, after the cold night, till they could be taken to hospital. I could see comparatively few English and French among the dead. The former, as you know, fought in their grey great-coats, from their not having been time to take them off; and the inconvenience which this occasioned, by confounding friend and foe, will, I should think, cut short the clamour against the hue of our line uniforms. Those writers at home who have been running at red, like mad bulls, ignore the circumstance that the French—pretty good judges in such matters—make their infantry wear trousers of the same colour. No doubt, it is an inconvenience for troops to be seen plainly by the enemy; but it is a greater one not to be seen plainly by their own comrades; especially when, as happens in our case, the latter shoot the best of the two. Many of the Russian dead had been stripped, and appeared to be good specimens of men. Most of them had blue eyes, regular features, coarse brown complexions, and averaged, I should say, rather more than the height of Frenchmen. They were provided with what looked like little bolsters, but which were really bags of crumbled brown biscuit. It did not taste bad, and I suppose it is given them broken up for the purpose of being made more readily into porridge. Each man had four days’ provisions—a circumstance which, with the fact of their having brought gabions and fascines, shows how confidently they expected to establish themselves on Sir De Lacy Evans’ position. The attitudes of the dead were most startling. I think I told you that I found the hussars, who were sabred by our heavy dragoons at Balaklava, lying flat on the ground. Here, on the contrary (and the same is said to have been the case at the Alma), the dead were strewed about in every imaginable pos-

ture. Arms were stretched upwards, as if warding blows, or dealing thrusts. Bodies were half-raised; the head bent forward, the nether lip bit in, the eyes open—but for the glassy stare and marble feet, you might have thought them springing at your throat! The suddenness of the stroke had fixed the last moment of volition. Those who had bled to death lay placidly.

“You will have heard of the atrocities committed by the enemy on the wounded. As I returned from the field, I met two or three hundred prisoners being taken into Balaklava, upon whom, as they passed, all kinds of abuse were being lavished by our men. I saw one of these Russians, in particular, signalise a private who was smoking to give him a light; but it was refused with the most hearty maledictions. Now, as vindictive feeling towards the conquered is the very last sentiment that enters the breast of an English soldier, these are symptoms of the extent to which the barbarities in question are beginning to inflame the minds of our army. Let the irritation go on a little longer, and ‘quarter’ will be unknown.

“On the 8th I obtained, by Captain Derriman’s kindness, a passage in the vessel from which this is dated. She is bound for Constantinople, whence, as I have not time to deliver my letters at the Embassy, I shall proceed at once to England. Dining on board her, before she started, were the Duke of Cambridge and his staff, General Bentinck (wounded in the arm), Major Nasmyth, and others. H. R. H. mentioned many interesting circumstances connected with Inkerman, and told us that a ball had penetrated his overcoat, but had glanced off in consequence of striking against a gold cuff-button of his shirt. He was suffering from aguish symptoms, but looked well, considering the amount of rough work which he had gone through.

“About nine P.M., I saw the last of the ——. On board her were all those to whom chiefly it was due that my visit to the Crimea was an enjoyable one.”

An officer of Sir George Cathcart’s division, who was on duty in the trenches the night of the 4th, and the whole day of the 5th, describes the anxiety and suspense felt by him, and those similarly situated to himself, during the dreadful hours through which the battle raged, and the scenes he witnessed when, released from trench duty, he returned to the tents:—

“The only account we received on the right of the trenches was, that the fourth division was engaged, and that its gallant general had fallen: but we could gain nothing further that day, until our rations were sent to us the following morning, with orders to remain on

duty twenty-four hours more, when the sad truth was revealed. The total loss of my regiment was—1 officer, 2 sergeants, 10 rank and file, killed; 8 officers, 17 sergeants, 1 drummer, 104 rank and file, wounded; 28 rank and file missing. We were much disappointed at not being relieved from the trenches, and enabled to see our poor wounded brother officers. We were sitting down in despair when an order came from Brigadier-general Eyre, in command, that the fourth division were all to be relieved. This news was most welcome, and we hurried home; but, what did our camp look like? All was disorder, and groans poured forth from the tents, and came piercing on our ears. I went into my tent, and found my friend and messmate, K—, in bed; but, as usual, in capital spirits,—and I congratulated him sincerely on his narrow escape, for one inch more and his shoulder-bone must have been smashed. I then continued my visit to the other tents, and found many sufferers, though none appeared in immediate danger: there was, indeed, great hope that all would recover.

“Poor Dowling had, however, received a mortal wound, and his body was found on the field that day (6th), stripped of all but his flannel shirt: his watch had been taken from him. His wound was through his forehead, and his death must have been instantaneous, which was some comfort to know—as those savage barbarians with whom our brave fellows had to contend, were not content to see them on the field wounded, but took advantage of their helplessness to bayonet and mutilate their bodies in the most frightful and barbarous manner.

“Several of our men died: they had fewer comforts than the officers, and certainly their case was more pitiable; but they received every attendance and care which it was possible to afford under the circumstances.

“The melancholy duty of burial over, we returned to camp, a hundred yards below, and heard from our officers and men their own anecdotes of escapes, and the deeds done that day. The colonel had some slight wounds, and his sword and brass scabbard were crumpled up like paper by a shot: a bullet had actually struck the plate of his belt without hurting him. Colonel C— had the fore-finger of his right hand much shattered. Captain B— had a shot through the upper part of his arm, but this did not prevent him from continuing to command his company, the Grenadiers, and bringing them out of action. Major S— received a bad wound in his back from a wounded Russian, whilst leading his company, but the ruffian who inflicted it had his brains blown out immediately by S—’s right hand man. Captain W— received a contusion,

which laid him up for some time. Lieutenant B—— was supposed to have received the most serious wound of all in his back, and when he was carried home and lifted out of the stretcher, a ball was found on it. Lieutenant P—— had his ribs blackened by a ball. K—— also told me, that when he came to his senses he found himself in a most perilous position, the bullets whistling about him. He therefore managed to crawl behind a small stack of hay; but had scarcely left his former position when a cannon-shot struck the place, and killed another wounded man just beyond him. It was most fortunate that he escaped the Russian bayonets. Soon afterwards he was taken to his brother-in-law's tent in the light division, and was able to ride home on his pony. On the 6th, Captain G—— and H. D—— rode over to see him, and sat with us in our tent for some time.

"We were much shocked to hear of the death of Sir R. N——, of the Grenadier Guards. He belonged to the same county as ourselves. We met him often in the camp, and he lunched with us but a few days before the battle. His kind disposition endeared him to all who knew him, and his sad fate will be long and deeply lamented.

"The manner in which the enemy's fire was kept up was wonderful; and Brigadier-general Pennefather, who had seen other fierce battles in India, said that he had never heard anything like it before. This gallant officer was also heard to say, 'I shall never forget the left wing of the 20th regiment;' this, coming from such lips, was highly complimentary. The wounded were being brought in on litters this day, and large parties were sent to bury the dead. Wounded Russians were also brought in and placed in a yard not far from our camp. The loss of horses was enormous, and I heard that sixty artillery-horses alone had perished.

"Lieutenant Duff, of the 23rd, was taken prisoner on picket, on the morning of the 5th, together with some men. A strange circumstance is connected with his capture. When he saw that all chance of escape was over, he threw his watch into the cave where he was, or placed it under a stone. Some time afterwards he wrote to a brother officer from Sebastopol, and told him to go to the cave for the chance of finding it there. The officer accordingly went there, and secured the watch for his friend.

"The enemy were very expeditious in getting their guns up, and were on us before we knew where they were. A great deal of this was to be attributed to the arms of the men on picket being drenched with rain, and not going off in sufficient numbers to give timely alarm."

The following was written by Captain Kingcote to his father, Colonel Kingcote. The

letter, in a literary sense, is without merit, and gives a very desultory account of the action; but as the captain was on Lord Raglan's staff, and rode beside his lordship throughout the day, it derives importance from that circumstance. He gives a particular account of the narrow escape of the Duke of Cambridge, and the intrepid conduct of Dr. Wilson, whose conduct was perfectly heroic upon the occasion. Colonel Kingcote relates a circumstance, not in his son's communication, that a Russian battery kept moving about in the direction of Lord Raglan and his staff, and this is made to account for the death of Strangways, and the narrow escapes of his lordship's aide-de-camps. It is very much to be doubted whether the Russians paid such very particular attention to the British commander-in-chief, for the fog was so thick during the greater part of the action, that it was impossible for the enemy to take such precise aim against his lordship. The risks incurred around his person were less than those around the person of any of the generals of division or brigade; but so dreadful was the artillery-fire of the enemy, and so long and so closely did the battle rage, that no position was exempt from danger, and death was busy everywhere. The captain does no more than justice to the calm and dignified bearing of Lord Raglan, who, during the Peninsula war, when attached to the staff of his kinsman and great chief—the Duke of Wellington—frequently attracted the notice of that illustrious commander by his imperturbable courage. Captain Kingcote is not correct in his assertion, that no men were drawn away from the trenches. To remove any thence was, however, most hazardous. It is somewhat surprising that an aide-de-camp of Lord Raglan should be so indifferently informed as to represent the two-gun battery as being held through the day only by the Guards. Some *lapsus pennæ* must account for this. The various troops by whom the battery was held, as the successive storms of battle burst over it, are mentioned with accuracy in the narrative we have given. With these qualifications, Captain Kingcote's letter will be read with interest. A less "rollicking" style would have been more becoming the subject:—

Head-quarters before Sebastopol, Nov. 8.

"Your letters of the 17th reached me on the night of the 5th, after, as you will have heard by the electric telegraph, we have had a more severe engagement even than at Alma, having been attacked about 6.30 A.M. on our right by the enemy in immense force, almost before we were prepared for it, as it was a foggy morning, and they were able to bring their guns up the heights unseen by our pickets. Our second division being on the ex-

treme right, were first engaged, the brigade of Guards coming up immediately, and the fourth division following. The Russians sent up masses, column after column, at the same time keeping up a terrible fire, the ships also throwing shells at a terrible rate. Our men shot away nearly all their ammunition, and had to retire at several points. On the extreme right there was a small redoubt with two embrasures, but the guns were not in it; it was held by the brigade of Guards, and three times did masses of the Russians come up to it and regularly surround it, and were driven back. The fourth time they came up, our men were obliged to retire, so few being left; but, some more coming up, it was re-taken immediately, bayonets being crossed in every direction. Two French regiments came up, shortly followed by a brigade, and then another with artillery; but still the Russians came right up to our guns at our centre, but were compelled to retire with great loss, though their guns still kept up a tremendous fire. We then got up two 18-pounders, which made beautiful practice, and cleared the heights; we were not in a position to follow them, but the French followed, and sent them away a little faster, it being about four p.m. before all firing was over. Our loss has been dreadfully large. (Captain Kingcote here states the loss.) The French lost about 1400. Poor Sir George Cathcart was killed. Charley Seymour, also at the same time at his side, was wounded and bayoneted by the Russians. Poor General Strangways was shot through the leg when riding by Lord Raglan's side, and died shortly afterwards. Paulet Somerset had his horse killed under him, but, further than his leg being bruised from the horse falling on it, was not hurt, and I am thankful to say none of us were touched, though we were under heavier fire, and for a considerably longer time, than at Alma. How we escaped I know not, but, thank God, we did so. The poor brigade of Guards suffered most severely, our regiment less than the other two, as far as officers went. The Coldstreams had eight officers killed and five wounded; the Grenadiers, three killed and three wounded. Our regiment one, poor Blair, killed; Colonels Walker, Hughes, Drummond, Gipps, Baring, and Blane, wounded, but none at all dangerously, I am happy to say. We furnished several pickets, which took off several officers. By the despatches you will have a far better account than I can give—and a more correct one—and you will see the terrible list, which makes one dreadfully melancholy to write or think about it; and, as I know no officers, either killed or wounded, that you know in particular, I shall leave you to see the names in the papers. The escapes every one had, the way small bodies of our men

were surrounded and cut their way out, and such like stories, would fill volumes. The Duke of Cambridge was quite surrounded once, and, had it not been for Dr. Wilson (who was in the 7th Hussars) drawing his sword, and cheering some men on, I believe he must have been taken or killed. The brutes of Russians bayoneted our wounded men on the ground, and many lives were lost in that way. A letter has been sent to Menschikoff, from Lord Raglan and General Canrobert, in remonstrance, which I hope will be of some use. The Russians have suffered tremendously—some estimate their loss at 15,000, no one under 6000 or 7000. People said they never saw the dead lie so thick as they did at Alma, but here they lie three times as thick; and, round the redoubt I mentioned, which was unenclosed, and held by the Guards, they lay literally in heaps—lying dead in the embrasures, having been bayoneted—so it shows how they fought. Our men, at one time, being out of ammunition, actually flung stones at them. Not less than 50,000 infantry came against us, and, from what we can make out, not more than 7000 of our men were engaged; so it shows how nobly they fought; indeed, beyond all praise. From what the prisoners say, it appears that most of the troops were a new division, brought up from Wallachia and Bessarabia by forced marches in waggons and conveyances of all kinds; that one of the grand-dukes had arrived and upbraided the general for not attacking us, holding out threats of Siberia, &c. Up they did come at us, and most determinedly, too, and well they know how to bring up their guns, and where to place them; and another thing, also, they know how to get them away; though they left six or seven tumbrils and more than sixty dead horses, with one limber, yet they got every gun away. Their great strength is in artillery, which is of very heavy calibre. Their infantry fought better than I thought—but then they were fresh troops. The field of battle was covered with thick, stunted brushwood up to one's waist. Our men had their great-coats on, unfortunately, as they were turned out so early, whereby many mistakes arose. The French came in the nick of time, and fought well; the artillery and the Zouaves particularly. General Canrobert was in the thick of it, and helped us nobly; General Bosquet also. Now, indeed, there can no longer be any doubt of the French and English fighting side by side, as I saw many of our men lying dead by a Frenchman's side, and they carried off our wounded, and we theirs.

"The Turks were not engaged, but we make them useful in digging, &c. The enemy made a feint on Balaklava, and a very poor

one. Owing to our loss, the generals have determined to fortify the right very strongly, and to wait for reinforcements before they attack the town; and if, as we hope, we can make a battery to command the Inkerman, we shall stop their force by that road, and it will be near towards investing the place, as they will have only water communication left. We are to keep as quietly as possible at the siege, to save ammunition. Had they not had a tremendous licking they would have attacked us again before this, and at present they seem to have retired towards the Belbek. I suppose we must make up our minds to be here for the winter, or until we take the town, and I hope some time or other we shall clear the Crimea of the Russians; and, depend upon it, some day or another they will get paid out, after we have licked them, by our being in a position to follow them up, and make their retreat a regular flight. They went away in great confusion the other day, and they actually brought fascines and gabions to make a lodgment. The prisoners say their force is 120,000, but that cannot be true. I am afraid my description is very bad, but you will see plenty of others. Every one had wonderful escapes the other day. A shell pitched on the flap of my saddle behind my leg and sword, which it bent, fell on the ground, where I saw it fizzing, but before I could kick my horse out of the way it burst, without touching me or my horse. Why the horse's ribs were not broken I cannot conceive. I rode Fusileer again until two o'clock, when my other came up, Fusileer being done up and lame. He is all right now. Lord Raglan rode Shadrach the whole time. Charles and Yates are both quite well. Of course every one is cut up at losing so many good fellows, but officers and men are particularly cheerful, and ready to be at them again. Even though we have licked them so tremendously, it does not seem so great a victory as the Alma did. But then one was new to it, and it was the first flush of victory. I never saw anybody so beautifully calm and collected as Lord Raglan during the whole fight, and there were many anxious minutes for him, our force being small, and we did not dare draw any man away from the trenches and our left."

The next letter is from a bombardier of the Royal Artillery, and describes the efforts and sufferings of that arm of the service:—

Scutari Hospital, Nov. 15th.

"DEAR WILLIAM AND KATHERINE,—I take this opportunity of writing to you these few lines, to let you know that I am well in health, thank God! hoping when this reaches you it will find you in the same. My dear brother and sister, I am sorry to inform you that I got wounded on the 5th inst. from a

round-shot striking me on the outside of the left ankle while engaged with the enemy. They commenced about six o'clock in the morning, and did not finish till about a quarter to four p.m. I got hit about half-past twelve, but was treated very well by the officers of the 55th regiment, who dressed my ankle for me, gave me blankets to lie upon, and as much brandy as I wanted. About six a.m. we were aroused by a fire of musketry; our battery being on duty, we were hooked in and ready. We then moved up to the support of the infantry, and came into action front, there being about fifteen to one of infantry, and six to one of artillery against us. Their motive was to force our position (which was a strong one) and gain our heights, which, if they had, good night to us, as they have got their Danubian army in our rear and right, and a very strong force in Sebastopol. Dear Bill, I hope you will return an answer by the first mail, and give me all the news and a paper, for I am beginning to weary already. I wrote about the battle of Alma, but I can assure you that it was child's play to that of the 5th. We had only three batteries (eighteen guns) to keep them in check for about four hours—viz., Turner's, Franklin's, and Woodhouse's, and horses, wheels, limber-boxes, and men were strewed about in all directions. We were then supported by twelve guns from Captain Paynter and Captain Thomas's old company. We kept firing shot and shell, but to no effect, for on came their infantry till within 100 yards of us. Our battery got the word to limber up and retire, but it was of no use; we were determined to give them a parting dose; so my gun and the one next to it loaded with common case, and gave it to them, causing them to stagger and turn. They were then within thirty yards of us. Our infantry rallied, cheered us, and charged them. They then retired in great disorder, we pitching into them as fast as we could load our guns. Their artillery then opened on us, doing great execution. This continued for about an hour and a half, when up came their infantry again in masses. Our infantry had fired away all their ammunition, and could only keep them back by throwing stones at them. However, we opened fire on them again, but we were forced to limber up and retire, not till our battery lost three guns (left half-battery). My gun had a very narrow escape, six of my gun numbers and four horses being unfit to do anything. Lieutenant Broughton, two others, and I had to limber up the gun with great difficulty, the Russians being only five or six yards from us. We retired about 150 yards, and were met by the French artillery and infantry coming to our support. It would have done your heart good to hear the cheering and to see shakos,

red nightcaps, &c., tossed in the air when they passed us. Then it was that the enemy caught it in earnest. The French retook our left half-battery from them and drove them back from the heights. Very shortly after that, while going to change a broken wheel, I was struck, and carried to the rear half-an-hour afterwards; the wounded were sent on board ship. I arrived in Scutari on the 9th, and, as the mail went on the 10th, I wrote to Hannah. Dear brother and sister, I hope you will cheer her, and tell her that I am not badly hurt, and also hope to see all very soon. I saw M'Gooney about a week before I met with this, and he was then in good health. It was getting very cold in the Crimea when I left. I think Sebastopol will fall this month. I will try to remain for a month or six weeks in hospital, so as I shall be able to receive an answer to this letter from you. Dear Bill, if you can send me a paper with an account of the battle of the 5th I shall be very glad, because, while Sergeant Henry (who was bayoneted at his gun) and I were lying on the ground, Dr. Perry and the captain came and visited us, and told us both that he would not forget either of us for our bravery, and I expect he has spoken to the general about us. My kind love to you, Katherine, and Margaret. Please tell Hannah and the children I hope to see them soon, crowned with laurels. About 9000 of the enemy killed, wounded, and prisoners. Hoping to hear from you by return of post,

"I remain your affectionate brother,

"A. BISHOP."

The following letter is from a British officer who was on picket; it confirms the suspicions entertained by the British, that the cruelty of the Russian soldiers was at the instigation of their officers—at all events in some cases:—

Camp before Sebastopol, Nov. 7.

"The action on the 5th lasted about nine hours; nearly all the available English and some of the French were engaged. The Russian loss was very great indeed. We also suffered very much. I was commanding a company in support of the pickets; when I went out I had fifty men, and when I returned twenty-three were absent! I was not hurt, but a musket-ball passed between the lining of my forage-cap and my head, just cutting off a little hair, without injuring the skin. They fire very badly—up in the air. They always kill the wounded; I saw them myself. I saw many English bayonet the Russians in grand style. Alma was a joke to the fire we were under part of the time. The say in the camp that the Russian loss was about 20,000 men; that may be a little over, but it was certainly prodigious—they cover the plain everywhere.

My company and our light company behaved splendidly. I made use of Dean and Adams three times. I was about to fire another time, when the Russian threw down his musket, and I took him prisoner. We asked some of the prisoners how it was they murdered our wounded; they replied, 'it was by order of their general.' I saw one ruffian at some distance kill a wounded man; I fired my rifle at him and knocked him over. The Guards were hard pressed, and behaved as guardsmen should, but they suffered very much. If government do not send out clothing and great-coats soon, our poor fellows will be badly off. The medical department has been sadly deficient."

As the Guards bore so prominent a part in this battle, it is appropriate that a letter from one of the soldiers of that brigade should be cited. In that which is furnished to our readers, ample notice is taken of the gallant conduct of the Duke of Cambridge, whose heroism at Inkerman can hardly be too much lauded:—

"We have had another general engagement, on the 5th of November. Well shall I remember that day. I ought never to forget the goodness of God in bringing me off the ground safe and without a scratch. And now I will endeavour to give you an account, as far as I am able, of the battle; but I must tell you that on the night preceding the battle it was very foggy, and the morning was misty. The Russians availed themselves of it. A strong force, about 40,000 men (we are informed), under the command of General Osten-Sacken, from Odessa, with numerous artillery, got possession of some heights, and when the mist cleared away opened fire, drove in the outlying pickets, and got possession of the hills overlooking the second division tents. It was about a quarter past six a.m. When the firing commenced I was just up, and saw the second division falling in. Some men were killed in front of their tents. We fell in anyhow. We had only six companies—two on picket; the Grenadier Guards, five companies, and I believe, the Coldstream Guards, seven companies. The brigade of Highlanders are guarding Balaklava; the second division is encamped on our right. We went up, and a fearful sight it was in going through the second division encampment; the shells were bursting over our heads, and the cannon-balls rolling through us, knocking down tents, and poor bat-horses were knocked to pieces by them. We were, of course, all taken by surprise, finding the enemy being so near, and had gained possession of a redoubt; and the Duke of Cambridge, with only the Guards and two companies of the 48th, said, 'You must

drive them out of it.' Well, then, they were only twenty yards from us, and we were firing at each other. The pioneers and drummers, with the stretchers, were told to find the best shelter they could, and so I myself, with our drum-major, were lying down behind a small bush, and we both expected every moment to be shot, the bullets actually passing within a few inches of our heads, and breaking off the branches over us as we lay there. Well, they succeeded in driving the Russians out of the place, and got them down the hill, when they were ordered to retire. They retired, and the Russians came up with redoubled strength, and completely surrounded us. The Russians took possession of the redoubt. The Duke said, 'They must come out of it again.' The Russians cheered, as also did the Guards. Things now looked desperate, as we had no support, except the Almighty, and He defended the right. At it they went, and for half-an-hour things seemed to favour the enemy. We were all surrounded—no getting out. The Grenadier Guards nearly lost their colours; they had only about forty men to defend them. We gave another cheer, and out of the redoubt they went again, and the Grenadier Guards managed to keep their colours. We drove them out at the point of the bayonet down the hill. The Guards were ordered to retire again, but would not, and, in fact, could not; if they had got down this steep hill, they could not have got back again well. The brave French came up to our assistance, and kept them at bay while we retired and got our ammunition completed, and then the brigade of Guards were formed into one regiment of six companies, and at it we went again, and by this time, plenty of assistance coming to us, we managed to do them, but at a great loss to us. Officers behaved bravely. The Coldstreams had eight officers killed on the field; the Grenadiers, three officers. Only picture to yourself eleven officers being buried at one place and time! There was not a dry eye at the funeral. We had Colonel Walker wounded in three places. Colonel Blair died, and was buried to-day. He had only joined three weeks ago. He was shot in the breast. Our adjutant, Captain Drummond, Captain Gipps, Colonel F. Seymour, and Mr. Elkington, were all wounded. Colonel Ridley and Colonel Dalrymple left us to-day, sick. We have scarcely any officers now left. We had two sergeants, four corporals, and thirty-one privates killed on the field, and eleven have since died of their wounds.

"The brigade of Guards now would not number one regiment. After I had had some supper, and helped myself to a drop of rum, I went and helped the doctor to dress the wounds of

the men—an awful sight to see; but I can stand anything now, I am as hard as a flint. I have some of the poor fellows' blood on my hands now, and I am sure you cannot form any idea of a field of battle without you actually see for yourself. If I am spared to come home, you will never believe my stories."

A correspondent of the Parisian journal, the *Presse*, communicated some remarkable information concerning the Russian preparations for the battle:—"The new reinforcements which have come to the assistance of the Russians had been already announced to the commander-in-chief from Perekop. It was known that this army, commanded by General Dannenberg—the most able, we are assured, of all the Russian generals—and by the two Archdukes Michael and Nicholas, was composed of the 10th, 11th, and 12th divisions. Each of these corps consists of sixteen battalions of infantry, of two batteries of artillery, and of a force of cavalry, the number of which is not accurately known. Altogether, 30,000 men have arrived at Sebastopol, post-haste, having left their baggage behind at Nicolaieff. Having reached a forest two leagues to the north-east of Sebastopol, the army halted, and the two archdukes put themselves in communication with Prince Menschikoff, who paid them a visit. A council of war was held on the 3rd, at which the two archdukes, Prince Menschikoff, and General Gortschakoff, were the only persons present. It was decided at the council that an attack should be made upon the allied forces two days afterwards. The army was to advance towards Inkerman, to take possession of the fortified works which crown the heights, and surround the plain of Inkerman. After having accomplished this, the army was to attack the eastern side of the French works towards Balaklava. At the same time a vigorous sortie was to be made to help these operations. The point chosen was a spot between the Fort Quarantine and the Southern Fort. A portion of the garrison of the city and of the southern port was to attack and destroy the first and second French batteries, which are causing considerable damage in the town. Matters being thus arranged, Prince Menschikoff reserved to himself the command of the town and the disposition of the columns which were to make the sortie. The army and the reinforcements which had come up were placed under the command of General Gortschakoff. The army of operation was to receive also draughts of troops from the garrison of Sebastopol. The archdukes were placed on the staff. Measures were immediately taken to insure the due execution of these plans. On the 4th a solemn celebration took place. A mass was chanted with all due solemnity by bishops who had come with the archdukes. At the

end of the mass the troops were assembled, and one of the prelates addressed them. I should have been incredulous as to the details which I am about to communicate had I not received them from a Russian officer, at present a prisoner at Balaklava, and if they had not been confirmed by special investigations which I have made for the purpose of ascertaining their truth. The bishop began by reminding the soldiers of their duty to the czar and their country, and drew their attention to the two archdukes, who had come to share their dangers. He then spoke of their enemies, and gave an explanation of the battle of the Alma calculated to flatter the self-love and to elevate the courage of the imperial army. The English came under the special notice of the bishop. He said they were poor soldiers, destitute of all energy, and hostile to the cause of God. His allusions to the French were a mere echo of the proclamation of the czar at Moscow in the year 1812. The most remarkable point, however, was the strange conclusion of the address:—"If you are conquerors," cried the bishop, "great joy is in preparation for you. We know from unimpeachable sources that these English heretics have in their camp an enormous sum, which God will give into your hands. This sum amounts to 30,000,000 roubles. The emperor makes you a present of

the third part of this tremendous sum. The second third is reserved for the purpose of the rebuilding of Sebastopol, which you are on the point of relieving. The remainder will be divided among the princes and officers who will to-morrow be your commanders in the battle. Every one of you soldiers will receive 580 roubles. To the wounded the emperor promises a month's pay and rations. As to those of you chosen by God for a glorious death, your emperor will permit you to dispose of your share in the booty by will. Whatever may be the wishes of any of you, they will be respected solemnly." The speech was terminated by an appeal to the God of armies to bless the soldiers of Russia. A distribution of medals and coronets followed. The officer who has given me these curious details is a person of high family, with a spice of Voltairianism in his composition; but he assures me that the scene was almost sublime. It was calculated to make a great impression on the soldiers, on whom the recollection of the battle of the Alma had operated most prejudicially. Whatever may have been the cause, whether it were the exhortation of the bishops, the presence of the princes, greed for gold, or any other reason, there is no doubt that the Russians fought most admirably on the morrow."

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE FALLEN HEROES OF INKERMEN.

"Far brighter the grave or the prison
Illumin'd by one patriot name,
Than the glory of all who have risen
On liberty's ruins to fame." MOORE.

NEVER did men deserve better of their country than those who fell on the fatal hill of Inkerman; their bravery, devotion, and death, are embalmed in their country's memory. In another part of this History faithful memoirs of some of these men will be found, sketching their military career up to the breaking out of the war: their conduct from the landing at Gallipoli to the gloomy morning of Inkerman, will be found in the general narrative of the events which transpired during that period. Sir George Cathcart, Generals Torrens, Goldie, Adams, and Strangways, had their part in our brief record of the leaders of the host; but there were many who fell that day of humbler rank, who were scarcely inferior in genius, and not at all inferior in valour to those noble chiefs. Of these we now give such sketches as our space allows.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CARPENTER, who fell at the head of the 41st regiment, was one of those whose life was most signally sacrificed to

his country's service. He was the only son of General Carpenter. He entered the gallant 41st as an ensign, on the 1st of October, 1818, was made lieutenant in a year and a half, purchased a company in five years after he became lieutenant, was named major by brevet after the long interval of thirteen years, purchased a full majority in seven years more, and in 1850 attained to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, after having served thirty-two years. When brevet-major, he served with his regiment in the Afghan war, where it fought and suffered much. He took part in the contests at Candahar, Ghuznee, and Cabul, and was in many minor actions during that war. In the expedition to Kohistan, Major Carpenter bore a part, and in the storm and capture of Istaliff. The Bolan and Khyber Passes, where petty but dangerous and adventurous contests gave officers and men opportunities of showing their personal prowess, witnessed also the good conduct of this gallant soldier. At Alma the 41st suffered very little. At Inkerman, as we

have shown in a previous chapter, the regiment was engaged in the hottest of the fight—five officers, two sergeants, and thirty-two rank and file were killed; six officers, four sergeants, and nearly ninety rank and file were wounded—the regiment was decimated. Bravely fighting at their head, Colonel Carpenter fell cheering on his men to the charge. When the 41st were compelled to retire from the two-gun battery, so dense was the smoke that the men could not see where their beloved commander lay, and therefore could not carry him out of action. The regiment, reinforced and supported, retook the battery, but found their colonel, who was not mortally wounded when they retired, pierced with several bayonet wounds, and his face and head beaten with the butts of the enemy's muskets. He was borne to the rear, and died the next day. The chaplain of the division gave the following touching account of him:—"Poor Colonel Carpenter, of the 41st, was dreadfully wounded. He received me most warmly. He told me all that had befallen him. He appeared quite aware of the dangerous condition he was in, and gave utterance to a long and fervid prayer. I could not restrain him from speaking. At last he seemed exhausted, and the surgeon, who just then came in, evidently considered him dying. Next morning I was surprised to hear from the surgeon that he was better, but in the course of the day he died. He was pierced through the stomach. He expressed anxiety about his poor wife and children; he joined fervently in prayer, casting his care upon God. He was calm and resigned, but in extreme pain."

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL M'KINNON was the son of W. M'Kinnon, Esq., M.P., of Hyde Park Place, London. The family, as the name imports, is Scotch, and many members of it have distinguished themselves in the military profession. The subject of this notice did not enter the army so early as most of our young officers do. In the nineteenth year of his age he was gazetted to an ensign-lieutenancy in the Coldstream Guards. In five years he became lieutenant and captain, and in six years more, captain and lieutenant-colonel. He had only been eleven years in the service altogether when he fell, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He had purchased his way up, and had high military connexions and political influence—therefore, and not from any peculiar merits of his own, he was a lieutenant-colonel in the twenty-ninth year of his age! Our readers can see from previous pages of this History how many years it required for Sir de Lacy Evans, Sir George Brown, Sir Colin Campbell, and many other officers, after passing through numerous battles and forlorn

hopes, to reach that rank. In this instance, however, purchase and favouritism—the blights of the British army—raised rapidly into rank a deserving man. Early in the campaign he was invalided, and left in command of the invalids at Varna. An order arrived there to send on to the Crimea all convalescents; and the gallant colonel, although still an invalid, in his ardour for active service, nominated himself as one of the convalescent. He had not long arrived before his services were required in the two-gun battery at Inkerman. He dropt wounded in front of the Coldstreams; the mode in which he fought and fell is thus recorded by one who saw both:—"M'Kinnon of the Coldstream Guards, who, to my knowledge was ill—too ill to be on duty at all—advanced to the front of his men, flourished his sword, and shouting to them to charge, fell while in the act of waving his hat. He was avenged by his men, as also was poor Cowell, who fell not far from him." After the action, he was found bayoneted in several places, the enemy having treated him in a manner similar to that of Lieutenant-colonel Carpenter. He was married, and his last words were a wish that his death might be so gradually broken to his wife as not to injure her by the shock. This gallant officer distinguished himself by his forward courage, even where all were heroes.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL COWELL has been named in the foregoing notice as having fallen beside M'Kinnon. He also was the son of a soldier and a general. At the age of twelve years, he became a page of honour; at the age of sixteen, he was gazetted to an ensign-lieutenancy in the Coldstreams. After less than seven years' service, he obtained a lieutenant-captaincy; and in another seven years became a captain and lieutenant-colonel, without having seen any active service, or fired a shot in the front of an enemy. He began in the right way to obtain military promotion in England—by being a royal page. To be the son of a lord or a general does far more to ensure promotion than to lead half-a-dozen forlorn hopes, or suffer wounds and losses for the country's honour. Of course, Lieutenant-colonel Cowell *paid the regulation price* for being appointed to a position of responsibility and command. As in the former instance, so in this—the man was good, although the system which promoted him was bad. No man fell more heroically at bloody Inkerman than Lieutenant-colonel Cowell. Like his intrepid compeer, M'Kinnon, he displayed the greatest eagerness for action, and at his own expense: not brooking the delay of a government vessel, he reached Varna, and joined the forces at a moment when his activity and hopeful spirit

rendered him a useful accession. On the day of the battle in which he fell, he was on picket where, according to the rule of duty, he should have remained; but hearing that the battle was going against our forces, and that the Coldstream Guards had lost many officers, he delivered his charge of the picket to another officer, and hastened to share the perils to which his regiment was exposed—where he nobly distinguished himself, and “foremost fighting, fell.” He was borne to the rear, but his wound was mortal. His last words were (doubtlessly referring to the fact that he had left the picket to join the battle), “I hope I have done my duty—at least, I die a soldier’s death.”

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CHAMPION, of the 95th, was one of the commanding officers of regiments who perished in this great battle. This officer was born in Edinburgh, 1815, and descended, by both his paternal and maternal ancestry, from some of the best blood in North Briton. He was educated at Sandhurst, and, like most of the officers having the advantages of that military school, was an accomplished member of his profession. At the early age of sixteen, he entered the army as an ensign, and served in various parts of the world. His travels were subservient to the cause of science and taste, being an excellent botanist and zoologist. Kew Gardens and the British Museum acknowledge and are enriched by many of his gifts. To all the scientific, and some of the literary institutions of Great Britain, he is well known. Lieutenant-colonel Champion, then major, was second in command of the 95th in the Crimean expedition; it was attached to General Evans’ division—a commander with whom, from his scientific attainments and literary tastes, Major Champion was likely to sympathise. At the Alma, the lieutenant-colonel of the regiment was disabled, and Champion took the command, and conducted it in such a way as to entitle him to the respect of those under his authority, and those to whom he was responsible. Lord Raglan highly commended him to the Duke of Newcastle for his valour and intelligence at the Alma. His only fault, as the commanding officer of a regiment, was his excessive zeal for the service, and anxiety to fulfil to the letter every duty that was expected of him. His attention to outpost duty was severe, and his health suffered from it. He concurred in the apprehensions and cautions of Sir de Laey Evans, his chief, as to the danger of leaving the post at Inkerman no better defended; and his conviction that the enemy would come on in some early morning of fog and darkness, was constantly expressed. At the battle of the Little Inkerman, fought on the 27th of Oc-

tober, the 95th regiment, with the 30th, literally chased the enemy from the field. Two corps more worthy of a gallant rivalry could not be selected in the army, for no regiments have more honours on their standards than the 30th, and the old 95th. When the 41st were giving way at the ever-memorable battery, Champion, with a wing of his regiment, rushed to their assistance, and perhaps saved, at the moment, the 41st from terrible disaster. Scarcely had he performed this duty, than he was ordered to support the Guards, and again showed his quick courage and practised skill. His seniors having fallen around him, the command devolved upon him, and, heading a desperate charge upon the two-gun battery, as he mounted the parapet he was shot in the heart. He held on to the parapet until the charge was successful: carried to the rear, his wounds were dressed, and, placed on ship-board, he was brought to Scutari, where, on the 30th of November, death ended his honourable career.

MAJOR ROOPER, of the Rifle Brigade.—Edward Rooper was born at Wick Hill, Brighton, and was the son of a clergyman—the Rev. Thomas R. Rooper, formerly rector of Abbots Ripton, Hants. On his fifteenth birthday, January 24, 1834, young Rooper was gazetted to a second lieutenancy in the Rifle Brigade. Having served nearly five years, he was nominated first lieutenant. During the Caffre war, Mr. Rooper served under Generals Sir Harry Smith and Sir George Cathcart. From both those distinguished officers, Mr. Rooper obtained the highest eulogies for his activity, intelligence, and enterprise. When peace was proclaimed in the colony, he was appointed local magistrate in the district of East London, Buffalo River Mouth. There he distinguished himself by his assiduity and attention to business, gaining the marked approbation of the governor. His excellent qualities were not lost upon the settlers any more than upon the superior authorities. The following address was presented to him upon his removal from the district:—

“To Edward Rooper, Esq., Captain of the Rifle Brigade, Resident Magistrate, &c.

East London, Buffalo River Mouth,
April, 1850.

“SIR,—On the eve of your quitting this post, and your necessary retirement from the office of resident magistrate for East London, it would not be common gratitude were we to witness your embarkation without previously recording the very high sense we entertain of the uniform kind and affable deportment which, during your residence here, you have observed towards each and all; of the very honourable and impartial manner in which

you have administered the duties attached to your magisterial office; and also of the great interest you have invariably taken in the welfare of this town; that we may here state, with perfect sincerity, that the line of conduct you have thus pursued, has endeared you to us all, and that deeply we regret your leaving our port. We pray that, wherever your steps may hereafter lead, the blessing of the Almighty will be your invariable lot.

"With every respect, we remain, Sir,
"Your most obedient servants," &c.

Subsequently, Captain Rooper was appointed, by Sir George Cathcart, one of the commissioners for inquiry into the claims of settlers, on account of the losses they incurred by the cattle raids of the Caffres. In this invidious position, Captain Rooper behaved with great moderation and prudence, again meeting with approbation from the superior authorities, and the people among whom his delicate duties were performed. Captain Rooper was a man of taste and scientific attainment: he explored the botany of Caffraria and its neighbourhood successfully, sending home various specimens of rare, and some of previously unknown plants. His talent as a draughtsman, and his general taste and skill with the pencil, were highly appreciated by the army in Caffraria. Some of his drawings of the scenes and events of warfare among these wild tribes became subjects of much public interest. On the breaking out of the eastern war, Captain Rooper accompanied the Rifle Brigade. His services were highly appreciated by the "rough and ready" commander of the light division, and by the general-in-chief. At the Alma he behaved most gallantly, and, during the siege, up to the battle of Inkerman, he was most actively employed. On that dreadful day, he fought with desperation; but little opportunity was afforded for skill—courage and energy won the day; and Major Rooper, amongst the energetic and the brave, signalised himself as he had previously done when prudence and moderation were the qualities requisite in his situation. He escaped the field of Inkerman with life, but with a mortal wound, which at first did not appear formidable. On the evening of the battle, he wrote to his venerated father, expressing a hopeful sense of his situation. The letter is a beautiful specimen of the filial feeling of a brave man:—

November 5, 1854.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—It has pleased God that, in a severe action this morning, I should receive a wound in the shoulder. We have so many hit, that the doctor cannot quite determine about my case. I hope and trust, though, it is only a slight hit. I will not fail to write

again as soon as I know. In God's hands I leave the event. I hope my mother will bear up against it. We have lost my poor friend, Sir George Cathcart; our brigadier-general is badly wounded. Poor Cartwright killed, Bulker wounded, and a great many men. I had no support, and in a sharp and fierce fight I did my duty, which is some consolation. With best love to all, and praying my mother will not feel the misfortune too much, I remain, with best love to all, your affectionate son,

"EDWARD ROOPER."

"P.S.—I am in little or no pain, but cannot sit up to write."

The next day he again wrote; the letter is still hopeful, and the references to the battle give information on some points of detail not elsewhere attainable:—

November 6, 1854.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—I know you will expect daily bulletins from me, so I write again, having sent one hurried letter to you yesterday. It is now twenty-four hours since I was hit, and no bad symptoms to induce the doctors to alter their first favourable opinion. I think it has pleased God to spare my life, and if so, the wound is, I think, unimportant. The bone is not broken, and I am in little or no pain. We had a terrible fight. An enormous battery charged me while I had only fifty men of different regiments; but we managed to get to the guns before them, and these were limbered up, except one, which the enemy took in our entrenchments. However, we rallied the men, charged, and drove them back with great loss. I had my jacket-pocket cut out by a ball. We drove them back, and retook an intrenchment lower down across the road, and held it against a fearful fire from sixteen guns, and vast numbers of their men, for half-an-hour. We were firing at 100 yards. Of course, some of the men did not like it. Ours were scattered all over the place. I never had ten together after the first affair, having to go up and down to incite the men to fight. It was sharp, but necessary work. Our brigadier, Goldie, was talking to me when he fell, badly wounded. One other, Torrens, is very badly hit. Of poor Sir George I wrote yesterday. I have lost many friends. My old company went into action thirty-six men, and came out sixteen. Two sergeants, including my old John [his faithful servant], are in the number killed. He was close by me, and did his duty well, as all our men did. The enemy's loss is very great—600 prisoners and more, and their dead lay very thick. Still their number was so great we had difficulty in holding our ground. I never got reinforcements at my place, which, if they had taken, they would have gone right up to the camp.

One general wounded, and since dead; one colonel of engineers killed—such victories are very dear. Poor little Agar Cartwright killed, Coote and Buller badly wounded in the thigh, but going on well. We had only 300 men and eight officers in action. Of those, eighty-three wounded; killed and missing, about thirty; one officer killed and two wounded; indeed a third, Mr. Flower, who got a scratch somehow. Horsford was knocked down by a shell bursting close by him, but was unhurt, though a narrow shave for his remaining eye. He had a ball through his cloak too. Our loss is said to be 2500—that of the enemy enormous. General Cathcart is said to have put it at 20,000; but he did not tell me so, and I rather doubt it. I am writing on the 7th, and had a deal of sleep in the night, ate a lot of breakfast, and am sitting up, almost and entirely without pain. Please God, matters will continue satisfactorily. I am told, however, under the present favourable circumstances, I cannot expect to be fit for duty for six weeks at the earliest, and perhaps shall go to Scutari to get under cover from the cold, which we expect will soon be severe. Pray write to Clifford, of Temple Lane, to send me this week's *Punch*, as I do not fancy it will be very lively work there. Horsford commands our brigade for the present, our three generals, and many of their staff, being killed or wounded. Unluckily, I cannot command the regiment in case of another fight, but I do not quite abandon hope as to getting on. Poor General Goldie, who was with me, is since dead of his wounds, or no doubt he would have spoken of me; however, I shall be thankful if nothing worse happens than at present appears. Poor Sir George (Cathcart) is very much regretted by all officers and men of the regiment; he was very kind to us, and had the highest opinion of us. In taking us up he told General Pennefather, 'He brought a regiment to help him who could and would do anything.' The fight was far more severe than at Alma in every way, where the Russians were supposed to have about a similar force to that we had. I know not why, but though I sent repeatedly for reinforcements, I could not get any. The French came up and helped us, in good time too, for we were being driven back at all points just then. I do not think we could have had 8000 men engaged. Our engineers neglected to imitate the French, or were too stupid to think of defences; except little places thirty or forty yards long, there was nothing to stop the enemy. Our allies have a proper ditch along their whole front. I hear we are doing the same now. The Russians during the battle made a sally on the French lines, and were driven back. The French entered the town with the enemy, though not in sufficient force

to stop there. A feigned attack was also made on Balaklava. The two combined had the effect of bothering the generals, and preventing them concentrating their forces on the real point. I hope to write to you next week a more detailed account of the matter. With best love, and entreaties to my mother not to let this little mishap worry her,

"Your affectionate son,

"E. ROOPER."

Having been sent with others of the wounded to Scutari, he died *en route* on board the *Golden Fleece*, and was committed to the deep by Commander Seales, with the solemnities due to the occasion. He sleeps the sleep of the brave.

MAJOR THOMAS NORTHCLIFFE DALTON, of the 49th regiment.—This intrepid officer was the son of John Dalton, Esq., of Herringford Park, North Yorkshire. He was educated at the military academy, Sandhurst; and was gazetted to an ensigncy in the 61st regiment of foot, at the age of eighteen years, in September, 1837. In three years he obtained the rank of lieutenant, and in three years more that of captain. During the campaign of 1848-49, in the Punjab, the 61st was actively and most severely engaged, and the subject of this biographical notice behaved admirably on all occasions. In 1851, he was promoted to the rank of major; before the breaking out of the war he exchanged into the 49th, and held the command of that gallant corps in going out to Turkey. At the battle of the Alma his horse was killed. On that occasion his conduct was perfection—officers and men were filled with admiration of his coolness; he imitated successfully in this respect his divisional chief, Sir de Lacy Evans. In the battle of the Little Inkerman, the 49th fought like a battalion of chosen heroes, and amongst them Major Dalton was conspicuous for cool intrepidity, attracting the notice and approval of General Evans, whose eye never fails to mark the brave, and whose pen never omits to do them justice. At Inkerman, as will be seen from the foregoing pages, the 49th was in the very hottest of the fight, and Major Dalton, as at Alma and the Little Inkerman, was as the soul of chivalry among them. In cheering his men against the fearful odds they had to encounter, and setting them an example of dauntless duty to their country, he fell. One of his own poor soldiers thus wrote concerning him and another gallant officer of that corps, no less brave if less conspicuous in rank:—"All of us lament the death of Major Dalton and Adjutant Armstrong. They were well liked both by officers and men; and if ever there was a brave man, Major Dalton was one. In the heat of action I could not but admire his cool collected way. He gave the word of com-

mand the same as if he was on a common parade." After the battle, the officers of the regiment sent an address to his father, which contains this honourable testimony to his merits:—"He was as good and gallant an officer as ever graced the British army. His kindness had won him the esteem of all his officers, his gallantry the confidence of his men, and one universal feeling of regret was felt by his comrades in the loss they had sustained by the fall of such a commander."

CAPTAIN EDWARD STANLEY was born in Dublin, and was a nephew of the late Sir Edward Stanley; the family being an offshoot from the house of Derby. Seldom has a passion for the military profession been developed so early in life, as in the case of the subject of this notice. In his sixteenth year he entered the service of the Queen of Portugal, and during the struggles of Donna Maria for her throne, young Stanley fought with conspicuous gallantry, becoming a favourite with all the more forward and gallant soldiers among our Peninsular friends. The author of *Our Heroes*, gives an admirable sketch of Mr. Stanley's conduct in the Peninsula:—"Young Stanley was appointed an ensign, and his Spanish comrades hailed the light-hearted and dashing Irishman as one who was entitled to be made much of. He had not been many months in the Portuguese service before he distinguished himself by his daring. On two occasions, at the head of a small detachment, his gallantry was conspicuous. In the first affair he was surrounded by the enemy, and his men saw nothing for saving their lives short of immediately surrendering their arms. Stanley, however, had read too much of the history of Wellington's campaigns not to know that the Portuguese soldiers, when properly led, might be made to emulate the best troops in the world. He ordered them to fix bayonets, fire on the rear, and then charge in front. The order was obeyed, and he succeeded in bringing his detachment out of the hands of the enemy, with a loss of only four men. In the next encounter, he, with only twenty men, took, after a smart engagement, which lasted an hour, thirty prisoners. At this period he was but a mere boy. In the general action at Oporto, fought in July, 1833, Stanley earned the commendations of his superior officers. In this important affair he headed, not only his own company, but when a brother officer was shot down, he joined his corps to that of the latter, which, unofficered, was in a state of confusion, and about to fall back, but for the manner in which he rallied them. The men acted with his own as bravely as he could desire, and under his spirited leading they succeeded in doing great service in the battle. Young Stanley, however,

in this action, was severely wounded in the arm. He remained in Portugal until matters in Spain assumed such dimensions as to invite one of his enterprising character to share in them. He soon, however, grew tired of the Spanish service; and now having had his prowess in Portugal duly honoured by its queen conferring on him the Order of the Tower and Sword, he returned to England early in the year 1835, with the intention of entering the British service." It was not easy to obtain a commission in the British service at that juncture; but a romantic circumstance, which had occurred long before, offered him the opportunity of serving his own country. When William IV. was a midshipman, he visited Halifax, Nova Scotia, where a ball was given in honour of the young sailor-prince, destined to be afterwards known as "the sailor-king." During the ball, Prince William danced with a young lady of great personal attractions, and of so graceful a mien and manner as to make a strong impression upon the taste and respect also of the royal midshipman. At the conclusion of the dance, he expressed himself as most agreeably influenced by her society, and promised that, should he ever attain to power, and she ever need patronage, it would only be necessary for her to send him the music of that dance, and he would grant any request that might be reasonably proposed. After the lapse of many years, the beauty of the Halifax ball became a grandmother, her grandson became the dashing young officer in the army of Don Pedro, while the royal midshipman was seated upon the throne of Great Britain and Ireland. The lady wrote to his majesty, pointing out the soldierly qualities of her grandson, and requesting for him a commission without purchase in the English army; the music of the dance in which the prince and the young Irish lady were partners at Halifax was enclosed in the envelope with the petition. A prompt reply, in the handwriting of the king himself, acknowledged a perfect remembrance of the happy evening, and the obligation it inspired, and announced that Edward Stanley was nominated an ensign in his majesty's 57th regiment of foot. The youthful but experienced aspirant for military renown hastened to join his regiment at Madras. He was soon promoted to the rank of lieutenant, and in 1845 was senior captain of his corps. The regiment was attached to General Cathcart's division in the Crimean expedition, and was not engaged in any very severe encounter with the enemy until the 5th of November. It was then in Goldie's brigade, upon which so much of the fierce contest devolved. It may be said, without exaggeration, that no officer of his rank contributed more to the victory than Captain Edward Stanley. He fell, leading on

a fragment of his regiment to the final bayonet charge.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM KENT ALLIX, *1st Royal Scots*.—He was born in the year 1823, at Willoughby, near Grantham, and was educated at Harrow. Choosing the military profession, his education was completed at Sandhurst, where he produced a strong impression of his genius for the calling to which he aspired. His attainments at the military college attracted the marked attention of the authorities, and he was rewarded with an ensigncy without purchase. Having joined his regiment at the depot, Buttevant, near Mallow, in the south of Ireland, his attention was given to the active details of his profession, in such a manner as to attract the notice of the superior regimental officers. A detachment of the royals were ordered to head-quarters, at Gibraltar, and Ensign Allix went with them. He served two years in that garrison, and became lieutenant. His attention to discipline, and knowledge of our regimental system, made him a suitable person for the post of adjutant, to which he was soon appointed. This appointment he retained until shortly before the breaking out of the war. During the interval, Lieutenant Allix saw much service in America. When the Chobham experimental camp was formed, Captain Allix was selected by General Evans as his brigade-major. The general, with his keen discrimination of talent, saw the superior qualities of the young captain, who was proud of his general, and successfully imitated his military virtues. He attached himself to Sir de Lacy during his divisional command, and when the health of the general compelled him to retire on board ship, shortly before the battle of Inkerman, Captain Allix then remained in the camp, rendering his efficient services to General Evans' successor. At the battle of the Alma, the gallant aide-de-camp won Sir de Lacy's approval, who recommended him for promotion, as did also Lord Raglan. On the ever-to-be-remembered 26th of October, he behaved with great intrepidity and skill, fighting at the outposts, and prolonging their resistance until time was gained to bring up the division. The general gave him his thanks in terms that must have been most encouraging to any officer, coming from the hero of half a hundred battles. At Inkerman this skilful and gallant young officer was numbered among the slain, having to the last performed his duty to his country, entitling his name to his country's honour.

CAPTAIN JAMES FRANKLYN BLAND, *of the 57th*.—This gallant officer was born at Derryquin Castle, county of Kerry, Ireland, but the family

is English. He was only twenty-four years of age when he fell, nobly seconding the desperate and heroic efforts of his senior officer, and friend and countryman, Captain Edward Stanley. He entered the 57th as an ensign, in 1847, when seventeen years of age; his promotion was rapid, for on the heights of Inkerman he was a captain. When Stanley led on his little line of less than fifty men in the last fearful bayonet charge, he ordered Bland to keep open the communication; but Bland, seeing his senior officer fall, led on the little band committed to his care, and, putting himself at the head of both detachments, charged the enemy, sweeping them back, until at last he fell at the head of his glorious followers. An officer of rank thus wrote concerning the courage of our hero:—"Like an avenging angel, he dealt death to every Russian within the sweep of his weapon. How it was he escaped so long unhurt, I know not, as balls were whistling around him, and bayonets dozens of times lunged at his body. I never imagined a man could be so cool and so fierce at the same moment. They are brutes, those Russians, or they would not have killed so brave a fellow when they might have taken him prisoner. They appeared to me to have marked him for their vengeance; but he certainly sent some ten fellows to their account, within twenty or thirty yards of where I was keeping my men on the defensive. I had only known him for five days up to Inkerman. Had he lived to the end of this war, he must have gone up high. I am always thinking of him as he appeared before my eyes on that day. His regiment had but 170, or some such number in the field, but they did the work of ten times their number. Only fifty or sixty of the glorious fellows escaped the murderous onslaught. Poor Bland, he has three terrible wounds in the head, either of which was more than sufficient to settle him. He died after a magnificent display of bravery; and I feel certain that he did fearful execution on the enemy, well persuaded that for him there was no escape."

CAPTAIN AUBREY CARTWRIGHT, of the Rifle Brigade, was born in the year 1825, at Flore, Northamptonshire, the seat of his father, Colonel Cartwright, a Peninsular and Waterloo hero. On the 15th of October, 1841, Aubrey entered the Rifle Brigade as second lieutenant, and had the good fortune to make his way up to the rank of captain in seven years. He was engaged under Sir Harry Smith in suppressing the Boer insurrection in South Africa, where, the Rifles being much employed on outpost duty, young Cartwright saw a great deal of active service. In August, 1848, a contest of some magnitude

occurred between the queen's troops and the insurgents, commonly known as the battle of Boern Plaats; it was the gallantry displayed by Mr. Cartwright in this action, which obtained for him the command of a company. Captain Cartwright accompanied his battalion on the Eastern service, and entered into all the duties it involved with alacrity and zeal. At the Alma, the captain was noticed for his coolness and courage. He escaped unhurt from that battle, and through all the skirmishes around Sebastopol up to the day of Inkerman. Well as all who fought there deserve the laurel, amidst the meritorious Cartwright found opportunity to distinguish himself. After enduring, at the head of his company, the incessant attacks of the enemy for hours, his men fell so fast around him, that the speedy annihilation of the remnant seemed inevitable. At their head he still kept the enemy at bay, exclaiming, "Stand firm—for the honour of England and the Rifles!" The enemy, perceiving his influence over the gallant few who stood with him—who coolly maintained their fire, bringing down one or more at every shot—directed their muskets almost exclusively upon him. It was miraculous how he escaped; but for nearly half an hour he seemed to bear a charmed existence. At last, this constant fire took effect; and, while shouting "Firm, my men!" he staggered forward and fell, pierced with balls. His brave Rifles paid their last tribute of fidelity to him by still "standing firm," until they fell around their fallen leader. The men of the Rifle Brigade still talk of the glorious death of Captain Cartwright.

LIEUTENANT ROSS LEWIN, *30th foot*.—This spirited young officer was born in the county of Clare, province of Munster, Ireland. His father, Major Lewin, fought in the Peninsula and at Waterloo. It was a family of soldiers—not holiday soldiers, but men of valour and of the field. In 1847, Ross became an ensign, and did not obtain his lieutenancy until the year the war broke out. At the Alma he led a party of skirmishers as his division (Sir De Lacy Evans') advanced to cross the stream. At the Little Inkerman, Lewin commanded a company. His own account of the part he took in it is well told; the letter was written to his family, and marks some little incidents that did not fall within the scope of our narrative of that battle:—"The Russians," he observes, "attacked our position on the right, in the morning of the 26th; the 30th furnished three advanced pickets. I had the honour of forming one of them with the company I command. Captain Acherly's and my pickets met the Russians as they advanced in skirmishing order, and remained at about sixty

yards from them, keeping up a direct fire. This lasted for about half-an-hour, when the Russian columns and artillery appeared, and we had to fall back, being only about seventy men. We again made a stand on a slight knoll. The Russians advanced cheering, which was rather uncalled for, considering that their 8000 drove in for a time seventy men of ours. Again we had to retire another 100 yards, and then some of our artillery opened fire, close over our heads. Their practice was very good; but still the Russian columns came on slowly through the brushwood. The pickets were now reinforced by the rest of the 30th, and we advanced with a cheer in skirmishing order. This made the enemy waver. Their fire was very heavy, but not well directed. Our Minié balls told tremendously on them as the regiments that arrived on the hills in the rear commenced firing, with sights fixed, at 400 yards. We now advanced in all kinds of parties, different batches of men following different officers. As we kept cheering and firing, the Russians began to retire in the most unmistakable manner. They were pressed very closely, and several were driven into a gorge where they got blocked up. An officer of the 41st, myself, some sergeants, and thirty men came up, and fired right into them. Every shot told, and if men could have been brought up in time, the pass would have been filled with their dead. The general (Pennefather) met our party returning, and shook hands with me, saying that we 'gave them a good slating.' He added that the '30th behaved like gentlemen.' They certainly had the honour of the day. They had seven killed and twenty-three wounded—a very small loss, considering the fire they were under. Alma was a great battle, but yesterday's was much more exciting, as we came sometimes within twenty yards of the Russians: in fact a few were bayoneted. Their loss was about 550 men." At the greater Inkerman he again commanded a company, and continued fighting at its head until it had nearly disappeared beneath the bullet and bayonet of the enemy, and until he himself dropped mortally wounded. It was in the last great bayonet charge he was stricken down. Repeatedly during the progress of the action he was in extreme danger, and as often extricated himself by his activity and daring. On one occasion he was surrounded by the enemy, but he cut his way through, leaving three of their number victims to his sword. He was carried off the field, and survived until the 7th. His remains were laid that night beside those of Captain Connolly, who had distinguished himself so much both on the 26th of October and the 5th of November. His dying words were, "I am quite resigned; it was a glorious victory, gentle-

men." He was an enthusiast in his profession to the last. Alas! that war should exact such sacrifices; and that the young, the gifted, the brave, must sink mutilated in premature death to satisfy, it may be—as it was in this case—the ambition of a cruel prince or a blood-thirsty nation!

LIEUTENANT GIBSON, 30th foot, was the second son of Mr. Wood Gibson, of Cross Street, Manchester. He was born in the year 1830, but did not enter the army until he was twenty years of age, when he was gazetted ensign of the regiment in which he fell. His lieutenancy was obtained in 1852. No soldier was ever more devoted to duty. At the battle of the Alma he persisted in going into action, although under the influence of fever: his excitement and courage bore him up through the conflict. The command of his company devolved upon him, and it was proud of its young leader. The next day the fever resumed its power, and he was sent to hospital. Before his recovery was established he rejoined his corps, time enough to take a glorious part in the lesser Inkerman. He took a prominent part in the magnificent charge of the 30th and 95th, when they chased the enemy to the very entrance of Sebastopol. At the greater Inkerman he maintained his position for some hours unhurt, but was at last struck in the breast by a musket-ball. Sergeant Jamieson, of his company, endeavoured to remove him from the field; but he replied, "No, sergeant, I am badly hurt, but not mortally, and I will not therefore quit the field." In this state, and weak with loss of blood, he led two bayonet charges of his company; in the second, a musket-ball entered his brain and killed him on the spot. Such chivalrous devotion as this young man exhibited was not rare in the British army, nor confined to any rank, or any arm of the service; but who can refuse the tribute of eminent respect where those who were thus devoted are numbered with the slain?

CAPTAIN EDWIN RICHARDS, 41st regiment.—This brave officer was born at Ravindor House, county of Carlow, Ireland; the house of his father, Captain Edwin Richards, R.N. He was educated in the Royal Naval School, New Cross, near London; but preferring the army to the navy, he was sent thence to the Prussian military school at Bonn. In 1849, when nearly twenty years of age, he entered the 41st regiment, and rose rapidly, having obtained a company before he fell. His promotion, however, was by purchase; he was another of the superior men who found opportunity of early promotion by means of a bad system. Having served with his regiment in his native country, and in the Mediterranean, he embarked with

the 41st for the East. He was well acquainted with the Greek language, ancient and modern, and with the Greek character, which knowledge he found available during the expedition. When the troops embarked from Varna for the Crimea, the youngest captain of each brigade was ordered to remain behind with the invalids. This was to the impetuous spirit of Captain Richards a severe trial, and after great efforts he succeeded in exchanging with an invalid officer at Scutari, and rejoined his regiment before Sebastopol. He missed the Alma and the flank march, but was in time for the opening of the trenches before the besieged city. He took part in the well-fought battle of the 26th of October, under Sir de Lacy Evans. His account of his part in that action is given with a lively and confident air, and, short as it is, notices some peculiarities that ought not to escape attention:—"We had a pretty hot affair yesterday for almost an hour and a half. We were attacked by about three times our number; and it ended by our driving the enemy back with a loss of at least a thousand killed and wounded on their side, and only fifty-eight and five officers on ours. They did very well indeed when opposed to our pickets, who always wear great coats; but when we came on in red, and our men yelling like savages, they could stand it no longer. I believe there is something in the colour which frightens them. I do believe we are the kindest enemy in the world. It is wonderful to see the attention our soldiers pay to the wounded Russians; and our surgeons take as much pains with them as with our own. The enemy are certainly not to be despised. Two of their battalions advanced yesterday like men, under a heavy fire of our artillery. I have not got over the loss of Alma yet; but still I cannot grumble, as I am the only captain who managed to get away from the depot at Varna yet!" At the great battle of Inkerman, Richards was one of the first officers who hurried to the front to receive the enemy, and support the pickets. During the day he fought with obstinate valour. Captain Donovan, a friend and fellow-countryman, wrote home to their mutual friends, giving an account of how he fought and fell.

*33rd Regiment, Camp before Sebastopol,
Nov. 7th, 1854.*

"The 41st picket was attacked by the enemy on Sunday morning before daylight. Edwin's company was ordered out to strengthen them, but before he had advanced far he was surrounded by Russians. Refusing to surrender himself a prisoner, he shot four of his opponents and killed two with his sword; thus dying the noblest and most glorious death a man could die, without pain. Shot through the body and stabbed by several bayonet wounds,

he suffered no pain, as death must have been instantaneous. The Colonel (Carpenter) was killed; poor Edwin's subaltern was killed, and several others of his regiment. It was an awful day! After eight hours' hard fighting, most of it hand to hand (under the fire of seventy pieces of heavy artillery), we drove the enemy from the hill, which Edwin and others had so gallantly died in defending. Edward (cousin of Captain Richards) and I went over the field as soon as we could stir from our posts, to look for poor Edwin, but he had been brought in, and was buried with four other officers by the chaplain of the second division next morning."

ENSIGN CLUTTERBUCK, 63rd regiment.—James Hutton Clutterbuck was son of Robert Clutterbuck, of Watford, Herts, and grandson of the author of the *History of Hertfordshire*. This youth had not attained his twentieth year when he died at Inkerman, having received a bullet in the neck, which descended to the chest and pierced the lungs. He had been in the army only sixteen months. How he fought and died has been well described by an humble soldier of his regiment, in the following letter:—"The regiment, with the 21st, formed line. We charged gloriously. We routed thousands—and as fast as we could run in pursuit and load our pieces, they fell, for we could not miss them, they were so thick. We chased them for the best part of a mile—past their own intrenchments, and close up to that in the thick of the whole of it, fell poor Mr. Clutterbuck, who was carrying the queen's colours, and cheering the men on. I think the last words he said were, 'Come on 63rd!' when he received a shot right through the neck, which killed him instantly. He died gloriously. I never saw a braver man than him in the field that day, although it is with sorrow I have to record his death. I was by his side the whole of the time; it was between eight and nine o'clock on the morning of the 5th, that he received his death-wound. After the fight was over I went to him, and had his remains removed to the camp. I took a small piece of his hair, which I send to you, to give over to his respected friends. His disconsolate father may well be proud of having such a son, for he fought and died bravely with the queen's colours of the 63rd regiment in his hand. We lost General Cathcart and Colonel Seymour, adjutant-general; Mr. Clutterbuck was laid alongside of them."

LIEUTENANT SWABY, 41st regiment.—This valiant young officer was a son of George Swaby, Esq., of Mount Pleasant, Jamaica. The subject of this notice received a military education in France and Prussia; and in August,

1850, was appointed to an ensigncy in the 41st, then serving in Ireland. Thence he accompanied his regiment to the Mediterranean; it was doing garrison duty in Malta, when the war breaking out, more active engagements awaited it, and Mr. Swaby obtained the step of lieutenant. At the Alma, before Sebastopol, and in the Little Inkerman, the gallant young officer behaved with coolness and intrepidity. During the whole of the Crimean expedition, up to the 5th of November, his gallant behaviour attracted general notice, and much respect in his own regiment particularly. He was a good draughtsman, and employed his pencil in various departments with taste and ability; several admirable pictures were sent home by him. His genius for caricature afforded much amusement to his messmates, and the pictorial pages of *Punch* have borne occasional testimony to his love of drollery, and his power of conveying amusement by his sketches of men and things. On the 5th of November, he did his desperate part in the ranks of the 41st. His services that morning were called for on picket, and knowing well that everything depended upon keeping the enemy at bay until a sufficient force could be collected to resist the attack, he obstinately contended for every inch of ground against the rising wave of Russian soldiery. His superior officer ordered him to fall back, and the men, who were much attached to him, besought him to retire, as he kept his person in front of his few soldiers, exposed to a terrible fire from the enemy. It is supposed that he did not hear the voice of his commanding officer, for he did not retire, but maintaining his post to the last, fell, covered with wounds. Major Goodwin wrote to Lieutenant Swaby's brother, an officer in the 18th Royal Irish, thus:—"His men, seeing themselves surrounded, begged of your brother to retire, but he answered, 'No, I shall not; I will fight to the last.' He was seen to fire his revolver several times, and then to use his sword. His body was brought in three hours after the battle, pierced with nine wounds, the fatal one being a gun-shot through the abdomen. By his side was the dead body of a Russian officer with a deep sword-cut through the head. He was buried the next morning, the chaplain of the division reading the funeral service, and the whole regiment attending. His men speak of him with the deepest regret, and are unanimous in admiration of his gallantry and courage."

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SIR THOMAS TROUBRIDGE, Bart.—Thomas St. Vincent Cochrane Troubridge, son of Admiral Troubridge, was happily not among the slain at Inkerman, but he was among those who were desperately wounded; and as his valour was singularly

conspicuous, we take an opportunity in this place of describing his heroic conduct. He was born in the year 1816, and in his eighteenth year joined the 73rd regiment, and was promoted in two years afterwards to a lieutenancy in the 7th Royal Fusiliers. In six years he was made captain, and in eight years more became major, which rank he held in the expedition to the Crimea. During the occupation of portions of Roumelia and Bulgaria, the activity and fine spirit of Major Troubridge made him a favourite, not only of his corps, but of the light division. Sir George Brown was known to entertain the highest confidence in his gallant major. There is an honour which has not been accorded to Major Troubridge, but which the annexed note will attest,* and for which the author offers his cordial thanks to the writer.

At the battle of the Alma, the subject of this notice greatly distinguished himself. He led his regiment up the heights, exposed to the hottest fire of the enemy. Next to Sir de Lacy Evans' division, the light division suffered most at Alma, and went through the severest fighting; and foremost among the gallant regiments that composed it, Troubridge led his Royal Fusiliers. He escaped the dangers of the day, although his uniform was torn by the bullets of the enemy. At Inkerman, he was field-officer of the day for the first brigade of the light division. The care of its outposts devolved upon him. He was one of the first officers who desisted the foe mounting up against the position of General Sir de Lacy Evans. The position occupied by Major Troubridge was the Five-gun Battery, upon which the enemy directed an appalling fire. There the gallant soldier cheered all around him by his brave and hopeful spirit, although his companions in arms fell fast. Towards the close of the battle, a large shot struck him, carrying away his right leg and left foot. He fell close to a gun, and as the men were about to remove him out of fire, he ordered them to

place him upon the cannon. There he lay through the remainder of the battle, his wounds bandaged up, which prevented his bleeding to death. From that position he gave his orders with the greatest coolness, resisting all persuasions to consent to be removed. Major Bunbury, upon whom the more active command of the battery devolved, in vain implored him to allow the men to carry him to the rear. He determined to remain until death or victory terminated his duty there. Never was there a more majestic act of courage. Victory declared for our arms, and then he was borne away on a litter, and received surgical aid; his life was spared, and his heroic fortitude has become a glorious episode in the history of war. In his corps, the name of the gallant Tom Troubridge is a pride to every soldier. His country is proud of him. Her majesty is not less so; for when her hands hung upon his breast the Crimean medal, she burst into tears. He was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and a baronetcy was conferred upon him. A soldier writing home shows with what feeling the men regarded his promotion:—"Our brave Major Troubridge did not care about the Russian balls, for, after he lost his legs, he placed his stumps on the gun-carriage in the battery, and said, 'Fire away, lads!' and he bleeding, as we all thought, to death! He wouldn't hear of being removed until we had beaten the enemy; every one says he'll be made a lord; in our regiment we think he ought to be made two lords—one for the right leg and one for the left. When Sir George Brown heard of the brave deed, he said, 'Tom Troubridge is a glorious fellow!' We all hope he'll get as well as ever, only of course he won't have his legs. They may talk of the bravery of other commanders in the battle of Inkerman, but they can't take the shine out of the 7th Royal Fusiliers—God bless Sir Thomas for it!"

Sir Thomas Troubridge is an officer of intellectual claims as well as valour. He is enthusiastically attached to his profession, and has studied it in all its branches. His books are of high authority in the army:—*Minor Operations of the War*, the *Military Manual*, and the *Battalion Drill Table*, are productions of his pen. It is no small satisfaction to us that we are able to number Sir Thomas Troubridge with such men as Sir de Lacy Evans, Sir John Burgoyne, Sir Richard England, the Earls of Cardigan and Lucan, and other of the great actors in these great exploits, among the subscribers to this work. Upon its pages no braver name is recorded than his.

We must here dismiss our record of the brave who fell at Inkerman; but in closing the chapter it is appropriate to notice the scene which followed the dreadful tragedy when the fallen chiefs were collected and consigned to

* *Vice Regal Lodge, Dublin,
April 17th, 1856.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—Having just seen your *History of the War*, I observe that in a note you express a doubt as to which regiment landed first in the Crimea. I therefore think it only an act of justice to inform you, that a company of the 7th Fusiliers, under Major Sir T. Troubridge, was in my boat; and that the only boat near us was one belonging to, I think, the *Sanspareil*, and having Rifles on board. Sir G. Brown had previously landed with Captain Daeres, R.N. As you have done me the honour of mentioning me, I may say that mine were the first troops landed in the Crimea. But you have made a mistake in spelling my name, it being spelt with an E, not an A. I only write this that you may do justice to a regiment that I have known long, and that is second to none in the British army.

"I remain, my dear Sir,

"Truly yours,

"C. VESEY, Com., R.N., A.D.C."

"Professor Nolan, PH.D., L.L.D."

their cold resting-places on the bleak plateau before Sebastopol.

The burial of the superior officers was an occasion of painful interest in both camps of the allies. The body of Sir George Cathcart was recovered; it was pierced by one bullet and three bayonet wounds. The officers and men of his division whose duties allowed of their attendance followed his remains to the grave with the most profound sorrow, for he was much beloved. The bodies of Sir George Cathcart, Brigadiers-general Strangways, R.A., and Goldie of the fourth division, were interred in separate graves. The heroes sleep

side by side, in the old battery on the hill above the camp of the fourth division, the senior officer in the centre. Near them were also laid, with military honours, Colonel Savoury of the 63rd, Captain Blunt of the 57th, Lieutenant Dowling of the 20th, Major Towns- end, R.A., and many other officers who were deeply regretted by the army. It was a mourn- ful procession, to which the lines of the late Mr. Slater well apply:—

"Their weeping friends, with sorrow deep oppress,
Moved slowly on, to bid them form to rest
In peace and quiet, free from every care,
Their slumbers guarded by the soldier's prayer."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL AFTER THE BATTLE OF INKERMAN.—THE GREAT STORM, AND LOSS OF STORES AND SHIPPING.—NARROW ESCAPE OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

"Fierce howls the warring blast,
The waves leap high, my heart within me fails,
Come to my help, O Lord! the storm assails;
Let me not sink at last!"

II. HOGG.

WHEN the sad office of burying the dead was performed, men began to review and to discuss the events of the battle of Inkerman, and the circumstances which produced it. Seldom were the proceedings of a commander-in-chief more severely criticised by an army. The ob- structions thrown in the way of General Evans' desire to put his position into a proper state of defence were, in spite of the personal popularity of Lord Raglan, severely animad- verted upon; nor did his orders given on the 7th, two days after the battle, to intrench the posi- tion and otherwise make it defensible, much mollify the angry feeling which prevailed. The temper of the army was also severely tried by the accumulated proofs of cruelty to the wounded English on the field, and the ad- missions of deserters. The *Invalide Russe* and the *St. Petersburg Journal* asserted that the cruelties of the French to the Russian wounded at the Alma, were avenged by the exasperated Russian soldiers upon the English at Inker- man. Justice to our ally demands the confu- tation of this libel, so industriously circulated by the German and Belgium press throughout Europe.

Only eight days before the battle of Inker- man, Lord Cowley wrote a despatch to the French minister, enclosing a report from the British commissioner at the head-quarters of the French army, after the allies had left the Alma, and encamped upon the Katcha. This report, from such a man as Brigadier-general Rose, is worthy of all reliance:—

Paris, Oct. 27, 1854.

MONSIEUR LE MINISTRE,—I have the pleasure of transmitting to your excellency, on behalf of her majesty's

principal secretary of state for foreign affairs, the en- closed copy of a despatch sent to her majesty's govern- ment by Brigadier-general Rose, who testifies to the humanity displayed by the French officers and soldiers towards the Russians.

I embrace this opportunity, &c.

COWLEY.

*Head-quarters of the French army,
(left bank of the Katcha), Sept. 23, 1854.*

MY LORD,—Your lordship will learn, with great satis- faction, I am sure, that the conduct of the French officers and soldiers towards their wounded enemies, at the battle of the Alma, has been humane in the highest degree. I saw, upon the field of battle itself, French soldiers giving food and attending to the wants of the wounded Russians, and saw a Russian by the side of a Frenchman carried off on litters. Obeying the inspirations of a great heart, Marshal St. Arnaud had given orders that the enemy should receive the same attention as his own soldiers. When the Zouaves had carried the telegraph by storm, they uttered enthusiastic cries for the emperor, and several of them, surrounding me and shaking me by the hand, shouted acclamations for the queen, adding, that nothing could stand against the united French and Eng- lish.

ROSE.

A third cause of murmuring in the army was the reports of certain prisoners, of the exist- ence of a road along the south side of the har- bour, by which it was assumed the Russians brought out their guns, and were nearly enabled to surprise the camp of the second division. The quartermaster-general, Airey, was much cen- sured for acting upon the supposition that no such road existed. This general impression was, however, wrong; there was no such road, as we have before asserted, although a track existed. No road by which guns and munitions of war could be brought in or out of Sebastopol had been then completed. The prisoners were not acquainted with the topo- graphy of Sebastopol nor its neighbourhood,

for they belonged to corps which had only recently arrived under Dannenberg; the old garrison had been removed, or had fallen by the sword and disease. The importance of this question, as affecting the generalship of the allied commanders, and the qualifications of the English staff especially, can hardly be exaggerated. Mr. Woods is especially the champion of the opinion that a road existed; in noticing the discontents of the army, immediately after the victory, he thus expresses himself:—"The discontent on this head was by no means lessened when the result of the examination of the prisoners taken gradually transpired, and it was known, beyond a doubt, that a road along the south shore of the harbour into the town did exist. This road, which had been finished and used for traffic since July, 1854, ran straight under the cliffs of the south shore, and joined the old Simpheropol Road, about a mile below the part where it began to enter the English camp. The night before the battle of Inkerman, the Russians had muffled the wheels of their artillery, and brought them silently to the very foot of the hill on which the out-pickets of the second division were posted. At dawn, which, as everything seemed to favour the enemy on this day, was thick and foggy, the picket itself was surprised, an alarm avoided, and the guns got into position to command the English camp, while the troops still slumbered. When the battle gave General Airey such fearful proof of the existence of the south road, his only reply was, that he had been misled by wrong information."

In a former page of this History it was asserted, on the authority of Mr. Upton, and of officers of intelligence and rank, that the road in dispute had never existed in fact. Mr. Upton having assured General Airey, and Colonel Steele, the military secretary, that no such road had been formed, the commander-in-chief acted upon that testimony. After the battle of Inkerman, General Airey (as is intimated by Mr. Woods) changed his view upon the subject, and then charged Mr. Upton with giving him false information, on which account that injured gentleman was most unfairly used. Mr. Bracebridge taking a deep interest in the fact, and regarding Mr. Upton as the object of injustice, directed inquiries in various directions, which issued in the conviction on the part of the former gentleman, and all concerned, that there was no road—unless a track passing by the water's edge, by which a man or horse might go, could be called one. The Russian cannon and other material could be conveyed by boats, and were so taken. The following letter from General Evans to Mr. Bracebridge, and the extract of evidence given by Mr. Upton before a

board of inquiry appointed in the Crimea under the authority of the commander-in-chief, will set the controversy at rest, how-over reliable the opinions of such men as the correspondents of the *Morning Herald* and of the *Times* may be:—

*Bryanston Square, London,
March 12th.*

"DEAR SIR,—I am glad you have approved of what I wrote to Mr. Upton. It was no fault of his, but his misfortune, that his dwelling and property were under the fire of the besieged and besiegers of Sebastopol. Your object you state, however, is to assure me that there was no road such as that respecting which Colonel Steele, as you say, suspected him of having used some deception. My staff and myself were under an impression that the road did exist. You inform me that Major Mills, of the 52nd, ascertained the non-existence of this supposed road. Further, I have understood from Admiral Sir S. Lushington, that he ascertained that there was no such road. In short it is now, as I believe, quite certain that the doubt cast on Mr. Upton's conduct on this point had no foundation. I think he has been inequitably used, and as you take an interest in his fate, I shall be glad if this declaration of my humble opinion can be made to assist in any way towards obtaining him reparation of the inconsistent severities to which he has been exposed.

"I remain, very obediently,

"DE LACY EVANS."

"C. H. Bracebridge, Esq."

The next is an extract from a letter written from the Crimea in the spring of 1856, by another officer of eminence, whom we are not authorised to name:—"The road does stop before you get to the head of Carcening Bay, but infantry could pass along, and cavalry, in single rank, file along to the town by the docks; but artillery certainly not, it might have been brought in boats, and landed opposite Inkerman."

Sir Edward Colebrooke, who visited the field of Inkerman before and immediately after the 5th, and after the fall of Sebastopol perambulated the city and suburbs, thus writes:—"I heard accusations directed against Mr. Upton, for having misled the quartermaster-general's department as to the existence of a road in this direction. What I saw of the ground satisfied me that the information given by this Russianised Englishman was substantially correct. The road from Inkerman to our camp was well known, and in fact the second division was encamped upon it. The road leading from the town was not known, because it did not exist, and it was the good fortune of the Russians, or the neglect of our people, that

enabled them to bring up their artillery without interruption. In the excellent Narrative of the Campaign by Colonel Hamley, it is assumed that the Russian artillery was brought up to Shell Hill by the old post-road: and Mr. Woods, the correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, in his published account of the war, also assumes that the force from the town formed a junction with that beyond the Tchernaya before advancing; and dwells much on the supposed ignorance of the quartermaster-general, of the road from the town to Inkerman, which enabled the Russians, as he thought, to bring their artillery by this circuitous route. In what I have said of this double attack, I have followed substantially the account of the Russians themselves, which is confirmed by what was told me by Sir T. Troubridge, the force under whose command met the fire of the Russian columns as they passed along the edge of the ravine, and drove them successively inwards. This must have had an important effect on the action. I do not pretend to speak confidently as to the precise point at which this division ascended the height, for my survey of the ground was a hasty one."

In addition to this unquestionable evidence, we present Mr. Upton's reply to the suspicions entertained by the military authorities against him concerning this road:—

"With reference to the road said to have been constructed along the south side of the water leading to Inkerman Bridge, I decidedly gave it as my opinion that no such road existed at the time I was taken prisoner. I grounded that opinion on the fact of my never having heard of it; on the difficulty of constructing one along the precipitous cliffs near to the powder-magazine, and across the deep ravine at the Careening Bay; also upon the fact that the troops after the battle of the Alma entered Sebastopol by the road which I positively asserted to be the post-road, up to the time I was taken prisoner, round the windmill, and on the Woronzoff Road into the town. And again, I became more convinced when I read in Prince Menschikoff's despatch in the English newspapers, that, after the battle of Inkerman, the Russian troops retreated across the bridge at Inkerman by the north side into Sebastopol. But even supposing this road to have been commenced, as I now have been informed by many deserters it was, in the month of July last year, it agrees with written evidence laid before the board, of my having asserted that if a road existed it must be one recently constructed. However, I consider the importance of the existence of this road very much lessened by my having remarked at the time, that the canal could easily have been converted into a road; and this canal runs along the south side

of the water from the immediate neighbourhood of the bridge at Inkerman to the Dockyard Creek, and from many points, if converted into a road, might have had communication with the plateau above. I was not questioned as to whether a road existed by which Sir de Laey Evans' division could have been attacked, but as to whether one existed by which supplies could be conveyed into the town. I should have thought it easier to have made a road for that purpose, either from Inkerman or the town, as then there would not be the difficulty of making a long embankment at the Careening Bay. And there was nothing to prevent a large force coming out of the town near the Malakoff Tower and from Inkerman by the then existing roads. I never said that Sir de Laey Evans' division was safe from attack, as I could not form an opinion on that subject. Neither did I say that it was impossible to make a road, as stated by the quartermaster-general—for having said the canal could be converted into one, it would have been absurd."

It must appear extraordinary to every one why more confidence was not placed in Mr. Upton's information.

The Russians seemed anxious to leave an impression with the allies that they were able to support the defeat at Inkerman; for, on the day after the battle, there were symptoms of renewed attacks, which kept the British on the alert, and part of the fourth division remained under arms all the ensuing night; and the second division, after all its struggles on the previous day, was again called out, the drums beating an alarm.

The next night a working party of the 20th regiment were employed to throw up a trench across the Sebastopol Road, very near the Redan. This party was accompanied by the quartermaster-general of the fourth division, and two officers of engineers. The night was one of beautifully clear moonlight, but the Russians did not discern the workers, and the grim Redan was silent. Before midnight an intrenchment was formed, another was begun in the rear of the pickets, and some progress was made in its formation before it was necessary to remove the men. Had they been detected, and the guns of the Redan had opened upon them, the brightness of the night would have exposed them to certain and heavy loss. The officer who commanded this party observes:—"I was often surprised that the Russians never attempted a sortie at this point. The men were worn out, and it was difficult to get them to work with any rapidity or energy; but it was naturally to be accounted for—from being over-worked, and not having proper food. I have seen men in the trenches, by my side, eating raw salt pork and beef

like cannibals; and when asked why they did it, their reply was, 'We have no time to cook it, sir.' Could we expect anything but disease from the effects of such a diet? The coffee was also a great part of the time in an unroasted state; and how was it possible that this could be used by those who had not time to fry it, even if they had materials for so doing? Up to this time we had received our rations pretty regularly, until the bad weather set in, and the rain rendered the roads almost impassable. The commissariat used every means in their power; but when the provisions did fall short, it was evident that they had not sufficient stores, if any, in camp, and nothing was to be obtained by them nearer than Balaklava. The trenches had now become in a most dreadful state of mud and filth, and it was very necessary to be cautious when we sat down in them, as there were many unpleasant little animals in the shape of lice to be picked up there, which did not add to our comfort: the tents of the men were also full of them, as well as the occupants themselves."

On the 7th of November a council of war was held at Lord Raglan's quarters. General Canrobert was unable to attend, being still disabled by the contusion he received at the battle. The impressions of the council were of discouragement. The siege-guns were nearly worn out, while the enemy's defences had been repaired with incredible diligence, and their supply of artillery was inexhaustible. The victory just gained had added renown to the allied arms, and crowned the soldiers of England with unfading laurels; but the moral influence of the commanders suffered both in their own armies and in those of the enemy. The troops, both French and British, were greatly reduced in numbers: Mr. Woods computes the former at 30,000, which seems too low an estimate, as large reinforcements had been received after the battle of Balaklava; the British he calculates at 13,000, which is probably correct, and not much above that stated by Mr. Russell, which caused so great a sensation in England.

Whatever were the decisions of the council, the appearance of the generals was remarked by the officers and soldiery as gloomy and dispirited. The Duke of Cambridge left immediately for Balaklava, and went on board the *Caradoc*, to take passage to Constantinople. His royal highness had suffered from illness and anxiety, and received several contusions at Inkerman. His departure was deeply regretted by the whole army, and by the French; but his own gallant Guards, whom he led with such heroism, chiefly lamented his loss. While rewards and honours have been showered upon various officers, it is natural to inquire, Is it because his royal highness is so near the throne,

that it has been deemed expedient to pass him over without such promotion as would be equivalent to those titles his high rank renders it impossible for him to receive?

After the 7th the Russians, with the exception of one infantry division and the cavalry under Liprandi, were posted on the opposite banks of the Tchernaya, apparently awaiting reinforcements to resume the offensive once more. The allies made vigorous preparations for such a contingency. The 46th British regiment arrived most opportunely—a very fine body of men; their band accompanied them, playing "Cheer, boys, cheer," as they marched up to the lines: the "boys" were cheered by the arrival of such a body of fine soldiers. Nearly 3000 French arrived with the 46th, and about 2000 Turks. All these were set to work in intrenching and strengthening the allied positions. The British intrenchments in front of the second division were rapidly perfected; those in the rear of the light division were armed with heavy guns. The Two-gun Battery was at last armed. General Bosquet placed the ridge overlooking the valley of the Tchernaya in as perfect a state of defence as French engineering could effect. The Turks rendered valuable assistance to the general in accomplishing this object. The entrance to Balaklava was also made stronger, although the same vacillation as to occupying the harbour seemed to continue at head-quarters—as if some fatality doomed the British authorities to expose the transports and shipping to the greatest possible amount of danger.

Colonel Hamley describes the works made immediately after the battle in these terms:—"The ditch and parapet already in front of the second division were enlarged, completed, rendered continuous, and armed with batteries. Three redoubts, two French, and one English, were constructed on commanding points, *ours being on the ridge occupied by the Russian guns of position in the battle.* In advance of these, other works and batteries were extended to the verge of the heights, looking on the head of the harbour, *on the causeway across the marsh*, and on the last windings of the Tchernaya. To oppose these the enemy threw up batteries on the heights on their side of the valley, and opened fire from the nearest of them; while, further back, long lines of intrenchment extended along the hills."

The words in italics show what ought to have been done by Lord Raglan before the battle, and what would have been done had General Evans been in the chief command, or his suggestions and requests been heeded by the chief to whom the safety of the army and the success of the enterprise had been entrusted. When the new works were constructed on both

sides, the warlike precaution and power presented around Sebastopol were truly enormous, and such as may well excite the surprise of men for centuries to come. The Russians outside the town destroyed the bridge over the Tchernaya; this arose from reports made to them concerning the reinforcements of the allies, which were greatly exaggerated.

The condition of the Russian army in the field was reported by deserters to be extremely wretched. Many of the men had no knapsacks—none had tents; they were badly supplied with necessaries, and had no comforts. The heights were exposed to cold, cutting north winds, alternating with thick drizzling rain. No bivouacs could be more doleful than those of the Muscovite troops on the eastern heights of the Tchernaya. The cold and bleak positions of the allies on the western plateau was not so trying. The muddy waters of the Tchernaya justified at that season the name of the stream—"black river;" this was the only drink the "Muscovs" possessed. Every effort was made by the Russian government to forward supplies; but the state of the roads, the weather, the disloyalty of the Tartars, the peculations of officials, and the blockade by the allied fleets, prevented the execution of the bold and vigorous plans of the czar.

The French made timely preparation for the winter. Great coats arrived with hoods, which delighted the soldiery; and those eccentric sons of Mars, the Zouaves, appeared still more eccentric in this novel garment. Sheepskin jackets, *à la Tartar*, were also served out from the French clothing depots, and were sources of comfort to the wearers, and of amusement to the beholders. The English did not make their preparations with similar activity; but Mr. Commissary-general Elder exerted himself greatly in regularly distributing to the troops their rations, which were ample in quantity, but often not the best in quality. The amount of military stores landed immediately after the battle of Inkerman was prodigious. The English brought guns and mortars of a very large calibre from Malta, and both fleets landed ordnance of the heaviest metal. With these the trenches were armed, and some of them placed in an excellent position to annoy the Russian shipping in the harbour. The siege went on languidly notwithstanding all this preparation. The guns of both attack and defence were only fired at intervals.

On the evening of the 12th, the garrison deviated from the feebleness of its fire, and cannonaded the French trenches with vehement fury. This was alleged by deserters to have been occasioned by an apprehension of an assault. Very little injury was inflicted by this storm of artillery; the French opposed

to it a steady and converging fire, from which the town suffered much. At no previous period were the French guns served so well, or the French batteries injured so little by a heavy cannonade. It is probable that the reports of the deserters of the motive for the Russians opening so formidable a fire were erroneous, and that it was done to cover a sortie upon the French lines, which was made that night. The French repulsed it with promptitude, losing only fifty men; the enemy left 300 dead and wounded before the trenches.

An English officer, in command of a large covering party, describes his experience in the trenches this night as follows:—"On my arrival, I found a Pole there, who had deserted, and come in over the parapet. The soldiers were very kind to him, and he made known to them, by signs, that it was posted about Sebastopol, that the allies cut off the ears and noses of those who deserted to them. How agreeably surprised he must have been when he found the scissors were not applied to him! Those in charge of him were anxious to hand him over to my tender care, but I thought he would be of much more use at head-quarters, and would not accept him; accordingly he was taken to the camp, and appeared very happy under existing circumstances. About midnight we were aroused by a report of rifles, and bullets whizzing over our heads. It appeared that the Russians in 'the Ovens' were blazing away at our advanced sentries, and the French on the left. Accordingly we fixed bayonets and stood to arms, and I received orders from the officer in command of the trenches, to be ready to charge them outside the parapet, in the event of the enemy advancing on us. A salvo was fired on the French works, as usual, and volleys of musketry; but nothing further occurred, and we settled down on our haunches again. It was a bitter cold night, and the wind searched into every corner and crevice of the batteries. I felt very unwell, and reported it to the commanding officer, who kindly said he would dispense with my services, but that if I remained until the morning, he should not require me to be relieved by another officer. Knowing how hard the work was, and how short of hands we were, having only five subalterns for duty, I determined on remaining, and proceeding home at the dawn of day. Heartily glad was I to crawl home when it arrived. I immediately went to bed, and was laid up for some time with rheumatism and fever. The rain fell in torrents that day, and our poor men had great difficulty in cooking their provisions. The whole camp was like a well-trodden ploughed field, nothing but mud and slush. Our tent was so old and thin, that the rain came through in great quantities; but I

fortunately had a waterproof sheet, which I laid over my bed, and it rendered me great service. But the men, however, had not these luxuries, and had to fight against the elements as best they could. The tents were crowded to excess, and for some time they had as many as twenty men in each, and consequently swarmed with vermin. The men's clothes were torn and in a filthy state, and their boots were in tatters on their feet. No one can form an idea of the wretched picture the English soldier presented at this period, or of his emaciated appearance."

The weather became now truly formidable to the allies—the prospect out at sea was menacing, piles of dark clouds gathered on the horizon, and sudden gusts swept in deluging showers over the plateau. These were the presages of the dreadful hurricane of the 14th.

An illustration of the utter mismanagement in the principal departments of the army is given by Mr. Woods, in relation to the death of Captain Williams:—"Captain Williams distinguished himself at the battle of Balaklava. He had only come off picket, after twenty-four hours' duty, a few minutes before the battle commenced, and though in a high state of fever, he insisted on being at the head of his troop. The day after the battle, his fever increased and dysentery set in. He sought shelter with Mr. E. J. Smith, the postmaster to the forces, a gentleman who was then, and is now, well known among all our officers for his acts of friendship and kind-hearted hospitality. Though tended with a brother's care by Mr. Smith and Major Nasmyth, poor Williams sank fast; and his medical attendant saw that, unless he got instant change of air, his recovery was hopeless. A medical board to grant the requisite sick-leave was applied for, several times promised, and several times postponed, though each delay diminished the patient's chance of life. Williams's friends, and he had many, advised his leaving at once, and getting a medical board at Constantinople to sanction the step he had taken. But the gallant young officer was reluctant to take any step which could be perverted, even by the most scrupulous, into an apparent breach of the regulations of the service. He waited patiently for the medical board, but it never met, and each hour that passed lessened the hope of its being of any service to him. At last, his remonstrances were overruled by his friends, and he suffered himself to be placed on board the *Caradoc*, for passage to Constantinople, and to take his chance of meeting with a medical board there that would adjudicate upon his case. He arrived at Constantinople, and was instantly taken to Messire's Hotel. But the change came too late, and within two or three days

after his arrival, he breathed his last. My readers will scarcely credit the fact, but I have been informed on the very best authority that, the day before his death, Captain Williams was actually placed under arrest for being absent from his regiment without leave; *i. e.* without the formal permission of a medical board, in endeavouring to get which he had literally lost his life. Comment in this case is indeed needless."

The dreadful storm of the 14th of November greatly influenced the condition of the opposing armies and the fortunes of the war. It will be recollected by the reader, that in consequence of the partial success of Liprandi at the battle of Balaklava, and the alarm excited by the results of that engagement at the British head-quarters, the shipping was ordered out of the harbour. No vessel could enter without the orders or consent of Captain Daeres. The loss of the *Prince* steamer during the tempest was felt very severely by the British, and may be attributed wholly to that circumstance. This magnificent vessel arrived off the harbour on the 8th of November. She let go an anchor, which "ran out;" the same thing happened upon her letting go a second; both anchors were lost in more than thirty fathoms of water. Thus deprived of her anchors she stood out to sea, and afterwards returned, and was affixed by a hawser to the stern of the *Jason*, while another anchor and cable were got ready for her. This accident has been accounted for by the *Morning Herald* in the following plausible and probably correct manner:—"It is a very common thing for newly-built vessels, hastily getting ready for sea, to take on board their anchors and cables, and, coiling away the latter in the cable tier, leave the ends out for clinching at a more convenient period. This was most likely done in the case of the *Prince*, and in the hurry of her after preparations, the clinching was forgotten entirely. Such a thing as cables drawing the bolts and running out, after having been properly secured, was never yet heard of with any vessel, much less a steamer anchoring in still water." As soon as the *Prince* was made fast to the *Jason*, Lieutenant Baynton, R.N., the admiralty agent, went into the harbour in his gig, and reported himself to Captain Daeres. He then reported himself to Captain Christie, who was in the *Melbourne* steamer, which, like nearly all the transports, was anchored outside. On the morning of the 9th, the vessel anchored off the port with one anchor. Captain Christie instantly sent Captain Hutchinson, R.N., to Captain Daeres, to state the situation of the ship, and to request that a tug should be sent to assist in bringing her in. Captain Daeres refused, and alleged that there was no room for her in the harbour. Captain Christie re-

paired to his senior, pointing out the fact that there was room enough, but his remonstrances were unavailing. All this time the weather was very bad, and storms seemed gathering on land and sea. On the 11th, the weather improved, and Captain Christie, whose activity and vigilance seem to have been beyond praise, again sent to Captain Daeres, more urgently if possible than before, pleading for the admission of the *Prince*. His remonstrances were again in vain, and the unfortunate *Prince* remained outside; although the lull in the gale that day was of short duration, and the weather continued to grow worse, until the great storm burst over the defenceless ships, strewing them in wrecks over the agitated sea and stricken shore.

We have been thus particular in relating the preliminary facts in connection with the *Prince*, as the loss of that vessel produced a sensation in England so much greater than that created by the wreck of any other ship which perished in the disaster of the 14th. It is evident from the foregoing remarks, the truth of which may be relied upon, that the ship was sacrificed either to the incompetency of the harbour commander, or the directions given from headquarters. Captain Christie was afterwards greatly blamed, and painful allegations as to his incompetency were made in the press and parliament of England: that officer, however, had not the charge of the harbour, but of the commissariat vessels; and it was in spite of his entreaties and warnings that the *Prince* and other transports were left beating about after the beginning of those gales which were the forerunners of the hurricane of the 14th. That Captain Christie was not blameworthy, there is abundance of other evidence in existence, from which we make a single selection. When, in the early part of 1855, it was intended to try Captain Christie for the loss of the *Prince*, and of another ship called the *Resolute*, Captain Baynton, of the royal mail steam-ship *Medway*, son of Lieutenant Baynton, the admiralty agent of the *Prince*, addressed to that ill-used officer the following letter:—

"MY DEAR CAPTAIN CHRISTIE,—I have, as you may imagine, a very vivid recollection of all the circumstances connected with my poor father's loss; and in reply to your question as to my knowledge of the cause of the steamer *Prince* not being brought into harbour on her arrival off this port, I distinctly remember my father to have told me, that on reporting his arrival to Captain Daeres and requesting his instructions, he was informed that there was no room in Balaklava harbour for her reception, but when convenient, an officer would be sent out to assist her in. I have no hesitation in saying that there was plenty of room in this

harbour for the *Prince*, as I feel confident that there are at present at least double the number of ships now lying here, which in my opinion renders the fact indisputable.

"Yours very truly,
"EDWARD BAYNTON."

The *Resolute* already referred to was a powder-ship. Captain Lewis, the master, in vain sought for permission to bring her in. As in the case of the *Prince*, Captain Christie could do no more than use his good offices; and Captain Daeres was either determined to act against light and reason, or he issued with fatal fidelity the stupid orders of his superiors. That the fault did not rest altogether with them is evident from the fact that General Airey, the quartermaster-general, being anxious to obtain the warm clothing which was on board the *Prince*, sent down to Balaklava, inquiring when she could be taken into port and her cargo discharged. Captain Daeres replied, "If the weather moderates, the *Prince* will be brought into the harbour, but while this wind lasts, it will be impossible." This was on the 10th.

On the 11th, Captain Lewis of the *Resolute*, being very uneasy for the safety of his ship and her valuable cargo of powder, went on board the *Trent* to consult Captain Ponsonby. The latter described the anxiety and impressions of Captain Lewis about the strange way in which his ship was kept beating about in the heavy gales in the following terms:—"Lewis told me that he had represented to Captain Christie that the *Resolute* was in a dangerous position, and that Captain Christie replied she should be taken inside as soon as he could possibly get her in; and Lewis added, 'I think there is some *contra* order from a higher authority, which Captain Christie cannot get over. I wonder if Lord Raglan has anything to do with it?'" On the 12th, those two officers again consulted, and Captain Daeres was again applied to without success. Lewis declared that his ship could not remain where it was in such weather. Captain Daeres replied, "*I have nothing to do with it*; but why do you not go to sea?" Captain Lewis answered, "I have the working stock of powder on board, and cannot go. What would be said if powder was required, and I was not at hand? The whole siege would be stopped, and the responsibility I would incur would be more than my position is worth." Captain Lewis then added, "There is an excellent berth where I lay before, and my old moorings are still there: let me come in at once, as I cannot answer for the consequences of another night like the last."

It would appear that, however anxious the quartermaster-general might have been for the

landing of the warm clothing, he did not desire the admission to harbour of the *Resolute*, and that the fear at head-quarters of an attack on Balaklava had some influence over the mind of Captain Daeres; for Captain Ponsonby (already referred to) relates what occurred after the above conversation between the master of the *Resolute*, and the naval commandant of the harbour, thus:—"I then volunteered to go outside with the *Trent*, and tow the *Resolute* in; but Captain Daeres said, 'I have no authority to allow a powder-ship to come in, but I certainly think she ought to be inside.' Captain Lewis then told Captain Daeres that he had got the promise of Captain Christie that he should be brought inside as soon as possible. After this interview we went on shore, and Admiral Lyons happened to be on the beach. Captain Lewis went to him, and requested him to allow him (Captain Lewis) to bring his ship inside the harbour. What answer Admiral Lyons made I cannot say, but it was very unsatisfactory to Captain Lewis, who came to me and said, 'It is a very hard case that I am compelled to lay outside, and lots of room in here, and with my ship deep with the very sinews of war. Captain Christie would let me come in, were he not overruled by a higher authority.'"

It is difficult to account for Admiral Lyons' acquiescence in these arrangements. Much as we feel honoured by having the gallant admiral's name among these of the subscribers to this work, we cannot but participate in the feeling expressed by the correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, in reference to his share in the matter, and which impartial truth requires us to notice:—"On the 12th of November, Admiral Lyons, who had anchored outside the harbour in the *Agamemnon*, quitted and rejoined the fleet off the Katcha. A great many transports, and four vessels of war were then outside; and Admiral Lyons may, therefore, be said to have tacitly approved of their being there, as he made no remonstrance or remark about them. Even when, as we have seen, the case of the *Resolute* was brought under his notice, he declined to permit the ship to enter. Either, therefore, Admiral Lyons must have thought the anchorage a safe one, or else he was aware of the reasons which induced Captain Daeres to refuse to let the ships inside, and thought them sufficient. At this time most of the vessels had been compelled to let go both anchors, and veer out 120 and 150 fathoms of cable. The *Prince*, the most valuable and important vessel of all, had, as we know, only one anchor, but kept her steam up. On the 12th, it blew a gale, with cloudy weather. On the 13th, the weather was moderate, but it still blew fresh, with thick clouds and incessant rain. On the afternoon of the 13th

November, Captain Christie received a letter from Admiral Lyons, which was delivered by Mr. Layard, M.P. It was only a letter of introduction, in which Admiral Lyons presented the bearer as his 'friend;' and after one or two ordinary commonplace praises, went on to say, 'He (Mr. Layard) is not very well, and I am really anxious that he should have a comfortable passage to the Bosphorus. This I hope to secure for him through your kind offices, in one of the good transports going soon. What weather!'

'Yours faithfully,
'EDMUND LYONS.'

'What anxiety you must have had with your transports in these gales!'

Although the fate of the *Prince* and the *Resolute* created the greatest stir at home, there were various other ships, laden with important cargoes, left outside and wrecked; many others would doubtless have been lost had it not been for Captain Christie, and Mr. Commissary-general Filder. These ships ran in and delivered their cargoes under the orders of the commissariat, and in the teeth of those of the naval governor of the harbour, with whom a constant conflict of remonstrance and complaint and opposing authority was kept up by the commissariat service. In fact, the commissariat, like the medical department, was treated by certain officers of the united service with utter contumely, and their arrangements were often and insolently embarrassed, to the injury of the expedition. On the morning of the hurricane, there were anchored outside the harbour her majesty's steam-ships, *Retribution*, *Niger*, *Vesuvius*, and *Vulcan*; the steam-transports, *Prince*, *Avon*, *Melbourne*, and the *City of London*; the sailing transports, *Resolute*, *Mercia*, *Lady Valiant*, *Caduceus*, *Pride of the Ocean*, *Kenilworth*, *Medora*, *Wild Ware*, *Rip Van Winkle*, and *Sir Robert Sale*; the freight-ships, *Progress*, *Wanderer*, and *Pelloma*, with a private Maltese brig—making a total of twenty-one ships. Inside, there were four men-of-war, eight steam and seven sailing transports—making nineteen ships. There were also four tugs, and several private ships belonging to camp sutlers. There were in all thirty ships inside the harbour; it has often since held 200. All the vessels outside might, therefore, have been moored within; this, indeed, would not have wholly protected them from the violence of the tornado, which swept the land-locked harbour with fury; and although the water was but little agitated, because of the shelter afforded on every side, yet the masts and rigging caught the tempest as it rode on in its fury, sparing nothing which it could reach.

Before describing the tornado which broke

upon the ships under circumstances which left the great majority of them so little prepared, it is necessary to show how the harbour itself was governed. Perhaps never before, in the history of the English navy, did such gross mismanagement exist where officers of that navy held authority. There were no written or printed harbour rules distributed among the shipping; no harbour-master and his assistant staff to superintend, with vigilance and activity, the execution of previously concerted and published orders. The dangers were many, and scarcely any precautions were taken against them. Ships laden with powder, shells, and other combustibles, were moored up quite close to the houses. A fire, even if no explosion of powder and shell took place, would have been necessarily most destructive—town and shipping must, in such case, have suffered seriously. It would, however, have been next to impossible for a fire to have taken place in any ship without extending, reaching the ammunition vessels, and causing explosions that would have destroyed everything in Balaklava itself, and upon its waters. Such a catastrophe might have proved the ruin of the army. Yet, will it be believed, lights might be seen at all hours of the night on board every craft, fires were constantly burning, drunkenness prevailed to a shocking extent amongst the crews; broils and disorders, in the town, in the boats, on the decks of the transports, in their holds and cabins, were notorious. How these things did not lead to the destruction of ships, town, and stores in the harbour and on the shore, is inconceivable. It was the common amusement of the mates and other officers on board the merchantmen to practise with “Colts” and rifles during the day, so that persons rowing about in the harbour, either for amusement or business, were in constant danger. These improprieties were in vain made matters of complaint there, and matters of publicity in England. The naval authorities abroad, and the Admiralty at home, were alike indifferent: confusion was allowed to reign, and a reckless anarchy characterised everything at Balaklava.

Such a state of affairs assumes a graver importance when it is known that all the stores of the army were either on shipboard or on shore at Balaklava. It has been seen by the reader, that again and again our brave soldiers were sacrificed for want of ammunition. At the battle of Inkerman, when His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge exhibited a prodigality of courage seldom exhibited in battle, and called to his men to fire, he was answered by his brave Guards with the thrilling cry that there was no ammunition. When Sir George Cathcart and a portion of his division were surrounded in the same battle,

and he called on the men to fire, he was met by the same terrible response. It would have seemed like a mockery from any general less trusted and less loved, to have answered, as he did, “Have you not your bayonets!” they had indeed their bayonets, but bayonets could not reach the enemies who, from the sides of the ravine above, poured upon the gallant band a deathful fire.

Before the storm broke out on the 12th, Commissary Filder wrote to Lord Raglan, imploring his lordship to form a depot near the camp, containing a month’s supply of everything—as the only security against accident at Balaklava, or the difficulties of the road to the camp when mud or snow should render it impassable. No notice at all was taken of the rational and important request. The day after the storm, the commissary had the foresight and the sense of duty to renew the request. This time he got an answer—it was a refusal. Yet, when the authorities at home thought it necessary to blame somebody, the Horse Guards sought to make a scapegoat of Commissary Filder, that he might carry away “into the wilderness” the sins of more courtly sinners.

The disorder on shore at Balaklava was only not quite so bad as the disorder at sea. Nobody knew where anything was which was required. Commissary Filder was expected to do everything; had he possessed the eyes of Argus and the feet of Mercury, he could not have performed a hundredth part of what was expected from him. An ubiquitous functionary would indeed have been a blessing, if an official so gifted could be found in the quiet nooks of the Ordnance or Horse Guards—for nothing seemed so great a riddle to our officials at Balaklava, as the particular thing he was meant for. Scarcely any of these gentlemen could be met with who was not capable of commanding a fleet or an army, of taking Sebastopol, reforming the Turkish Empire, teaching the czar a lesson, or succeeding Lords Newcastle and Aberdeen; but the distinct limits of their own official functions, or how far they might venture across the bounds in a desperate emergency, were things inscrutable to themselves and everybody else. The whole fraternity seemed born for red-tape purposes exclusively—administrative capacity there was none; yet this wretched want of adaptation to new circumstance, and of any fertility of thought in an emergency, was accompanied by a self-sufficiency and an air of self-importance truly wonderful. Routine seemed to them the philosophy of all government, and of all individual management, wheresoever men might be cast, and however varied the circumstances by which they might be surrounded. Such was Balaklava, and so was it governed, as to its naval and civil affairs, when the storm rushed forth upon it,

and changed one aspect of confusion for another—adding to disorder, wreck, ruin, and death.

The state of things at Balaklava at this period is apologetically noticed by Sir Edward Colebrooke in his private journal. After admitting that no forethought for a winter campaign had been exhibited, he adds:—

“But this neglect is not surprising to those who knew the uncertainty of our tenure of the place after the battle of Balaklava. From that day until I left the country, we lived only for the day, and thought only of the day; every disposable hand was employed in strengthening our defences, and any preparation for a winter residence in a place from which we might have been ousted at any moment would have been folly, until the works were secure against attack.

“With regard to the deplorable state of the army during the winter, I think there can be now but little difference of opinion as to the immediate causes. There was a want of foresight in not preparing for an approaching winter, arising from the peculiarity of the campaign, which at one time promised a rapid and successful issue; and there were defects of organisation in the management of our transports, and in the state of the harbour here, which increased the distress of the army, but which seem to me to have been much exaggerated. The two causes which throw all others into the shade, were the excessive work of the trenches, and the defects of the land transport. They are both traceable to one and the same cause—the error of undertaking so great an enterprise with insufficient means. The enterprise so nearly succeeded that it would be impossible to mark it out for strong censure, but it cannot be denied that every presumption was against us. Fortune favoured us during the first two months in a wonderful way; we had no equinoctial gales, and the communication with the shipping, on which the army directly relied, was scarcely interrupted for a day. Then came the extraordinary gale of the 14th November, which exposed all the perils of our situation in having all our magazines afloat, and the deficient system of land transport broke down when the first strain was put upon it.

“I dwell more particularly on these two sources of distress and difficulty, because they were those in which the French had a decided advantage over us. Their men were not worked as ours, and their land transport was effective compared with our own. [I leave this passage as I wrote it. I have since had reason to doubt whether the French land transport was ever superior to our own. They had great advantage over us in their communications. Our principal difficulty in regard to

transport was to find men and keep them. It was easy to import cattle, but very difficult to find drivers who knew their work and would face it.]”

From the 8th of November to the 13th, the state of the weather in the Sea of Marmora, the Bosphorus, the Black Sea, and along the neighbouring shores, was fitful and gusty, as the reader has already perceived from our narrative of the doings and misdoings of the authorities at Balaklava. Sometimes the weather was beautiful and bright, as on the pleasantest October day in England. Suddenly the brightness would be overcast, vast piles of cloud gathering in the horizon, and assuming the most grotesque and indescribable appearances. These would dissipate as rapidly as they formed, the wind breaking in short sudden puffs over the water, which seemed to tremble as if conscious of the approach of a power that could lash its mighty masses into foam. The sun would again smile upon sea and rock, and with a genial warmth, such as in our climate is unusual in November. A few hours more, and the distant heavens would appear as if marshalling all their stores of thunder, pent within the voluminous clouds which gathered there; mountain of cloud piled on mountain rolling on as if driven before an omnipotent hand, and about to be rolled over the rocks and heights in a deluge of desolating waters. These compact masses seemed to break and disperse, as if each warred with the other, and strong gusts would burst forth with a rushing noise like that of shells passing between the combatants before the city. Several nights previous to the 13th, the wind blew gales which strained the camp tents on the plateau, endangered the shipping at anchor off Balaklava, the Katcha, and Eupatoria, and severely tried the qualities of ships sailing between the Bosphorus and the Crimea.

On the 13th, all day it blew fresh, but there were no other indications of worse weather than had existed for five or six days before; the night set in very fine, the wind blew from the south-west, and its temperature was warm for the time of year. Occasionally, however, through the night, the wind rose, but fell again; and no unusual precautions were taken on land or sea, nor did such appear to be required. Towards daylight, the wind sprung up and increased rapidly to a gale; by seven in the morning it became a hurricane, the most dreadful, perhaps, ever remembered. No descriptions of tempest which have ever met our eye, no terrors such as the storm-fiend has so often been represented as sending forth in the Chinese seas or in the West Indies, equal in destructiveness the descriptions of the hurricane of the 14th of November, which have been given by those who suffered

under its strength. The blast burst over the camps on the exposed heights, tearing through the lines of tents as if the wing of an avenging angel smote them. The wearied troops were at rest—the fineness of the night, and the quietness of the enemy, allowing a universal repose—when suddenly they were awakened by a loud and piercing scream, as if some struggling spirit of vast power and energy, yet suffering, passed among the sleepers. Mr. Woods tells us that half the tents of the English were swept away; Mr. Russell informs us with more accuracy, for he was a sufferer (Mr. Woods was on his way from Constantinople), that only three tents were left standing upon the plateau—those of the judge-advocate, Colonel Dickson of the artillery, and another officer. Scarcely had the shriek of the tempest pierced the ears of the sleeping soldiery, than the whole camp tents fell, as if by the sudden stroke of an unseen wand. The condition of the occupants was distressing in the last degree. The tents were in many cases blown down on the sleepers—broken poles, swords, rifles, wet canvas falling on their beds, wounding, and nearly suffocating them. After struggling from beneath the ruin of their domiciles, the officers and men were exposed, undressed, to the pelting of the pitiless tempest. The rain which accompanied it fell in torrents—the camp overflowed with water; where the earth was heavy, it was turned into mud, and that was blown up into the air, falling in showers of filth around the astonished and bewildered men. The thunder now burst with long, loud, deafening peals, and echoed again and again over the vast area of hill, vale, and rock, around the theatre of war; the sleet fell upon the earth in sheets, or swept over its surface, and hail descended like showers of bullets. The bearing of the men of the two armies was very different: the French literally fled as if before a pursuing foe; the sturdier English laboured to repair or avert disaster, or stood sternly by their prostrate tents when all hope of re-erecting them was necessarily abandoned.

The sufferings of the outposts and covering parties were overwhelming; the trenches were filled instantly with water; the pickets, with their faces towards the living enemy, dared not for a moment relax their watching, while the elements made fierce and unexpected war upon them. The sick suffered most of all; their tents were blown down upon them, so that in their helplessness the difficulty of extricating them was excessive. The French had erected wooden tents as receptacles for the sick and wounded, where they were treated with great care; but these buildings were in less than half an hour scattered in every direction, scarcely a plank remaining to show where they had been. The bedclothes of the patients

were whirled up into the air, and the poor invalids lay under the descending torrent, and were beaten by the tempest, until death in some cases put an end to their endurance. It was, however, a curious fact, account for it as medical philosophers may, that not a few of the wounded, and even sick, bore the frenzy of the storm better than those in health; and some, whose recovery seemed hopeless before, rallied immediately. Some notion of what the British officers endured who were confined to bed, may be gathered from the relation of Lieutenant Peard, *ex uno disce omnes*:—“Being ill, and not likely to be called out, I had unfortunately undressed myself, and I had not time to put on my clothes before our tent was blown quite over our heads, inside out, the pole at the same time falling on my head, with swords and things which hung around it. The wind was blowing so furiously that the sea of mud which was before us was blown up in our faces, and covered everything about us. I looked in despair at S——, who was in a roar of laughter; while our servants were standing around, unable to move for amazement. All the neighbouring tents had shared, or were sharing, the same unhappy fate. My eye caught R——’s tent still standing, and I told my servant to carry me in my bedding to it. The poor wretch stopped half-way, and looked in my face, as much as to say, he could carry me no further, and I was in the greatest fear of being precipitated headlong into the mud: however, he staggered on, and deposited me in the tent on R——’s bed, which he most kindly prepared for me. I found him holding on, in the most determined manner, to his tent-pole, which was reeling about very suspiciously. Tentless friends came in all the morning, and they were sworn into the service, and by their united exertions it weathered the gale; others were walking about in their cloaks, drenched to their skin, seeking shelter from the pitiless storm. Eyes were cast to the other divisions, and we found they were in the same plight as ourselves; all except the Turks, who seem better to understand the art of tent-pitching.”

The violence of the tempest on the plateau may be judged of by the fact that the most ponderous articles of tent furniture were carried far over the heights—chairs, tables, tent-poles, were driven about with as much levity as caps, boots, garments, and bedclothes. At Balaklava, the tiles were carried from the roofs across the harbour, and some of the roofs driven to distances which could not have been conceived as possible. The cavalry horses, British and French, broke loose and sought shelter under the lee of any rugged elevation they could find, or dashed on terrified towards Sebastopol, falling into the ravines, or sinking exhausted beneath the storm.

The experience of Mr. Russell will furnish a specimen of what all had to undergo. It is written with an air of jocularly unsuited to so grave an occasion, but nevertheless characterised by his usual aptness in describing incidents of a striking character:—

“The sound of the rain, its heavy beating on the earth, had become gradually swallowed up by the noise of the rushing of the wind over the common. . . . It had a harsh screaming sound, increasing in vehemence as it approached, and struck us with horror. As it passed along we heard the snapping of tent-poles and the sharp crack of timber and canvas. On it came, ‘a mighty and a strong wind;’ the pole broke off short in the middle, as if it were glass, and in an instant we were pressed down and half stifled by the heavy folds of the wet canvas, which beat us about the head with the greatest fury. Half breathless and blind, I struggled for the door. Such a sight as met the eye! The whole headquarters’ camp was beaten flat to the earth, and the unhappy occupants were rushing through the mud in all directions in chase of their effects and clothes, or holding on by the walls of the enclosure as they strove to make their way to the roofless and windowless barns and stables for shelter. Three marquees alone had stood against the blast—General Estcourt’s, Sir John Burgoyne’s, and Major Pakenham’s. The general had built a cunning wall of stones around his marquee, but ere noon it had fallen before the wind, and the major’s shared the same fate still earlier in the day. Next to our tent had been the marquee of Captain de Morel, aide-de-camp to the Adjutant-general Estcourt. It lay fluttering on the ground, and, as I looked, the canvas seemed animated by some great internal convulsion—a mimic volcano appeared to be opening beneath it, and its folds assumed the most fantastic shapes, tossing wildly about in the storm. The phenomenon was speedily accounted for by the apparition of the gallant owner fighting his way out desperately against the wind, which was bent on tearing his very scanty covering from his person; and at last he succeeded in making a bolt of it, and squattered through the mud to the huts. . . . Right before us the camp of the Chasseurs d’Afrique presented an appearance of equal desolation and misery. Their little *tentes d’abri* stood for a few minutes, but at last the poles snapped, and they were involved in the common ruin. . . . Woe betide the Russians had they come on that day, for, fiercer than the storm and stronger than all its rage, the British soldier would have met and beaten their teeming battalions.* The cry was all throughout this dreadful day, ‘Let us get at the town; better far that we should have a rush at the batteries

and be done with it than stand here to be beaten by the storm.’ Scenes of wretchedness met the eye. The guard tents were down, the late occupants huddled together under the side of a barn, their arms covered with mud, lying where they had been thrown down from the ‘pile’ by the wind. The officers of the guard had fled to the commissariat stores near Lord Raglan’s, and found there partial shelter. Inside the commissariat yard, overturned carts, dead horses, and groups of shivering men were seen—not a tent standing. Mr. Cookesley had to take refuge among his stores, and was no doubt glad to find it, even amid salt pork and rum puncheons. Nearer to us hussar horses were dead and dying from the cold. With chattering teeth and shivering limbs each man looked at his neighbour. Lord Raglan’s house, with the smoke of its fires steaming away from the chimneys, and its white walls standing out freshly against the black sky, was indeed ‘the cynosure of neighbouring eyes.’ Our generals’ marquees were as incapable of resisting the hurricane as the bell-tents of the common soldiers. Lord Lucan was seen for hours sitting up to his knees in sludge amid the wreck of his establishment, meditative as Marius amid the ruins of Carthage. Lord Cardigan was sick on board his yacht in the harbour of Balaklava. Sir George Brown was lying wounded on board the *Agamemnon*, off Kamiesch Bay; Sir de Laey Evans, sick and shaken, was on board the *Sanspareil*, in Balaklava; General Bentinck, wounded, was on board the *Caradoc*, at Constantinople, or on his way to England. The Duke of Cambridge, sick and depressed, was passing an anxious time of it in the *Retribution*, off Balaklava, in all the horrors of that dreadful scene at sea. But General Pennefather, Sir R. England, Sir J. Campbell, Brigadier Adams, Brigadier Buller—in fact, all the generals and colonels and officers in the field, were just as badly off as the meanest private. The only persons whose tents weathered the gale, as far as I could hear, were Mr. Romaine, deputy judge-advocate-general; Lieutenant-colonel Dickson, Royal Artillery; and Captain Woodford. The first had, however, pitched his tent cunningly within the four walls of an outhouse, and secured it by guys and subtle devices of stonework. They were hospitable spots, those tents—oases in the desert of wretchedness; many a poor half-frozen wanderer was indebted almost for life to the shelter he there received. While all this writing is going on, pray never lose sight of the fact, as you sit over your snug coal fires at home, that fuel is nearly all gone here, and that there are savage fights, even in fine weather, among the various domestics, for a bit of shaving or a fragment of brushwood. Never forget that all this time the storm is raging

with increased violence, and that from half-past six o'clock till late in the day, it passed over the camp with the fury of Azraël, vexing and buffeting every living thing, and tearing to pieces all things inanimate. Now and then a cruel gleam of sunshine absolutely shot out of a rift in the walls of clouds, and rendered the misery of the scene more striking. Gathered up as we were under the old wall, we could not but think with anxious hearts of our fleet at sea—of our transports off Balaklava and the Katcha—of the men in the trenches and on picket. Alas! we had too much reason for our anxiety. Towards ten o'clock matters were looking more hopeless and cheerless than ever, when a welcome invitation came through the storm for us to go over to the shelter of a well protected tent. Our first duty was to aid the owner in securing the pole with 'a fish' of stout spars. Then we aided in passing out a stay from the top of the pole to the wall in front, and in a short time afterwards a cup of warm tea was set before each of us, provided by some inscrutable chemistry, and, with excellent ration biscuit and some butter, a delicious meal, as much needed as it was quite unexpected, was made by my friends and myself, embittered only by the ever-recurring reflection, 'God help us, what will become of the poor fellows in the trenches and on the hill!' And there we sat, thinking and talking of the soldiers and of the fleet, for hour after hour, while the wind and rain blew and fell, and gradually awakening to the full sense of the calamity with which Providence was pleased to visit us. Towards twelve o'clock the wind, which had been blowing from the south-west, chopped round more to the west, and became much colder. Sleet fell first, and then came a snow-storm, which closed the desolate landscape in white, till the tramp of men seamed it with trails of black mud. The mountain ranges assumed their winter garb. French soldiers, in great depression of spirits, flocked about our head-quarters, and displayed their stock of sorrows to us. Their tents were all down and blown away—no chance of recovering them; their bread was '*tout mouillé et gâté*,' their rations gone to the dogs. The African soldiers seemed particularly miserable. Poor fellows! several of them we found dead next morning outside the lines of our cavalry camp. We lost several men also. In the light division, four men were 'starved to death' by the cold. Two men in the 7th Fusiliers, one man in the 33rd, and one man of the 2nd battalion Rifle Brigade, were found dead. Two more of the same division have died since, and I fear nearly an equal number have perished in each of the other divisions. About forty of our horses also died from the cold and wet, and many will never recover that fatal day and night.

But the day was going by, and there was no prospect of any abatement of the storm. At two o'clock, however, the wind went down a little, and the intervals between the blasts of the gale became more frequent and longer. We took advantage of one of these halcyon moments to trudge away to the wreck of the tent, and, having borrowed another pole, with the aid of a few men we got it up all muddy and filthy, and secured it as far as possible for the night; but it was evident that no dependence could be placed on its protection, and the floor was a mass of dirt and puddle, and the bed and clothes dripping wet. I mention my own tent only, because what was done in one case was done in others, and towards evening there were many tents re-pitched along the lines of our camps, though they were but sorry resting-places. Although the tents stood, they flapped about so much, and admitted such quantities of snow, rain, and filth from outside, that it was quite out of the question to sleep in them. What was to be done? Suddenly it occurred to us that there might be room in the barn used as a stable for the horses of Lord Raglan's escort of the 8th Hussars, and we at once waded across the sea of nastiness which lay between us and it, tacked against several gusts, fouled one or two soldiers in a different course, grappled with walls and angles of out-houses, nearly foundered in big horse-holes, bore sharp up round a corner, and anchored at once in the stable. What a scene it was! The officers of the escort were crouching over some embers of a wood fire; along the walls were packed some thirty or forty horses and ponies, shivering with cold, and kicking and biting with spite and bad humour. The hussars, in their long cloaks, stood looking gloomily on the flakes of snow which drifted in at the doorway or through the extensive apertures in the shingle roof. Soldiers of different regiments crowded about the warm corners, and Frenchmen of all arms, and a few Turks, joined in the brotherhood of misery, lighted their pipes at the scanty fire, and sat close for mutual comfort. The wind blew savagely through the roof, and through chinks in the mud walls and window holes. The building was a mere shell, as dark as pitch, and smelt as it ought to do—an honest unmistakable stable—improved by a dense pack of moist and mouldy soldiers. And yet it seemed to us a palace! Life and joy were inside, though melancholy Frenchmen would insist on being pathetic over their own miseries—and, indeed, they were many and great—and after a time the eye made out the figures of men huddled up in blankets, lying along the wall. They were the sick, who had been in the hospital marquee, and who now lay moaning and sighing in the cold; but our

men were kind to them, as they are always to the distressed, and not a pang of pain did they feel which care or consideration could dissipate. A staff-officer, dripping with rain, came in to see if he could get any shelter for draughts of the 33rd and 41st regiments, which had just been landed at Kamiesch, but he soon ascertained the hopelessness of his mission so far as our quarters were concerned. The men were packed into another shed 'like herrings in a barrel.' Having told us, 'There is terrible news from Balaklava; seven vessels lost, and a number on shore at the Katcha,' and thus made us more gloomy than ever, the officer went on his way, as well as he could, to look after his draughts. In the course of an hour an orderly was sent off to Balaklava with despatches from head-quarters, but, after being absent for three-quarters of an hour, the man returned fatigued and beaten, to say he could not get his horse to face the storm. In fact, it would have been all but impossible for man or beast to make headway through the hurricane. We sat in the dark till night set in—not a soul could stir out. Nothing could be heard but the howling of the wind, the yelp of wild dogs driven into the enclosures, and the shrill neighings of terrified horses. At length a candle-end was stuck into a horn lantern, to keep it from the wind—a bit of ration pork and some rashers of ham, done over the wood-fire, furnished an excellent dinner, which was followed by a glass or horn of hot water and rum—then a pipe, and, as it was cold and comfortless, we got to bed—a heap of hay on the stable floor, covered with our clothes, and thrown close to the heels of a playful grey mare who had strong antipathies to her neighbours, a mule and an Arab horse, and spent the night in attempting to kick in their ribs. Amid smells and with incidents impossible to describe or to allude to more nearly, we went to sleep in spite of a dispute between an Irish sergeant of hussars, and a Yorkshire corporal of dragoons, as to the comparative merits of light and heavy cavalry, with digressions respecting the capacity of English and Irish horse-flesh, which, by the last we heard of them, seemed likely to be decided by a trial of physical strength on the part of the disputants. Throughout the day there had been very little firing from the Russian batteries—towards evening all was silent except the storm. In the middle of the night, however, we were all awake by one of the most tremendous cannonades we had ever heard, and, after a time, the report of a rolling fire of musketry came down on the wind. Looking eagerly in the direction of the sound, we saw the flashes of the cannon through the chinks in the roof, each flash distinct by itself, just as a flash of lightning is seen in all its length

and breadth through a crevice in a window shutter. It was evident there was a sortie on the French lines. The cannonade lasted for half-an-hour, and gradually waxed fainter. In the morning we heard the Russians had sallied out from their comfortable warm barracks on the French in the trenches, but that they had been received with an energy which quickly made them fly back again to the cover of their guns. It is said that the French actually got into a part of the Russian lines in chasing their troops back, and spiked some of the guns within an earthwork battery."

Coming the next day into Balaklava, he thus describes the scene:—"The white-washed houses in the distance were as clean-looking as ever, and the old ruined fortress on the crags above still frowned upon the sea, and reared its walls and towers aloft uninjured by the storm. On approaching the town, however, the signs of the tempest of yesterday grew on one, and increased at every step. At the narrow neck of the harbour, two or three large boats were lying, driven inland several yards from the water; the shores were lined with trusses of compressed hay which had floated out of the wrecks outside the harbour, and pieces of timber, large beams of wood, masts and spars of all sizes formed large natural rafts, which lay stranded by the beach, or floated about among the shipping. The old tree which stood at the guard-house at the entrance to the town was torn up, and in its fall it had crushed the house so as to make it a mass of ruins. The soldiers of the guard were doing their best to make themselves comfortable within the walls. The fall of this tree, which had seen many winters, coupled with the fact that the verandahs and balconies of the houses, and a row of very fine acacia trees on the beach were blown down, corroborates the statement so generally made by the inhabitants that they had never seen or heard of such a hurricane in their lifetime, although there is a tradition among some that once in thirty or forty years such visitations occur along this coast."

The most remarkable proof of the force of the hurricane was, that heavy bodies, which could only be moved by great labour of man or horse, were scattered about. Laden arabas were overturned, broken, and their fragments and contents dispersed in every direction. Trusses of pressed hay, each weighing two hundred pounds, were hurled over the heights and down the ravines to Sebastopol. A large flock of sheep, which belonged to the fourth division, was dispersed and driven, some into the sailors' camp, and some into the city—nearly all were lost to their proper owners. When the rain, hail, and sleet abated, and the storm subsided, a fall of snow covered hill

and plain; winter began his sway, and the troops had a bitter foretaste of his power.

The condition of the Russians was no better than that of the allies. The valley of the Tchernaya was like a marsh, and the opposite heights were stricken by the utmost fury of the hurricane. Liprandi's forces could not but have suffered intensely. It was afterwards ascertained that many of the Russian troops died under the hardships of that night, and its events contributed not a little to the subsequent retreat of Liprandi from his menacing position against the flank and rear of the allies.

Thus terrible was the tempest in all the camps, and around the war-beaten city. In the little town of Balaklava, the devastation was as signal. A Russian gentleman, then on parole there, declared to the author that, although familiar with the Crimea and southern Russia from his boyhood, he had never witnessed such weather, or contemplated the possibility of such a scene as he witnessed at Balaklava that day. His description of the heavy articles of household furniture, empty casks, tiles, house-tops, doors, &c., forced upwards and borne a considerable distance on the wind, portrays a scene of tempest truly appalling, and such as we never before met with. The filthy little town was choked with portions of shattered dwellings, up-turned waggons, broken boats, prostrate mules and horses, beds, bedding, doors, shutters, chairs, hay-trusses, horse-boxes, pieces of wrecked shipping, and unaccountable material of every kind, such as the presence of a fleet and army in the neighbourhood might bring there. Barrels filled with various commodities were driven bounding along the narrow street, over the various wrecks, until they also were stove in, and their contents dispersed.

A number of sick at Balaklava were scarcely less sufferers than those in the French huts or British tents nearer the camps. Many sick Turks lay in the streets, exposed to the unmitigated fury of the elements—their poor countrymen exerting themselves in their behalf with a quiet and resigned air, themselves nearly as much to be pitied as those they aided. At sea, however, destruction had its grandest scope. Property to a vast amount was lost in the waves, or driven, damaged, upon the shore, and many brave men sunk beneath the raging waters; no human aid could avail them. From daylight the gale blew violently outside the harbour; at half-past eight the ships felt its utmost fury: yet no means were adopted to bring in any portion of the shipping, while that was practicable, although every experienced mariner must have seen that a resistless storm was breaking forth. Captain Cargill, the master of the *City of London*, put out to sea, steaming steadily with her head to

the wind. As he passed the *Prince*, he hailed her commander, warning him that the weather would soon be more severe, and urging him to follow his example. This warning was not taken, nor did any other ship profit by the prudence of Captain Cargill. At nine o'clock the elements were furious, as if under the direction and impulse of evil spirits. Sea and sky appeared to mingle; the wind swept along the waters with a screaming sound, or struck the sea with rapid and tremendous gusts, as if bolts were flung into it from heaven.

There is always exaggeration in the descriptions given of the height to which waves rise in a storm, and philosophers have made inductions on this subject, which show that, were waves to rise to the height supposed by ordinary observers, nothing could live at sea for a moment. On this occasion it would be difficult to exaggerate—the rush of waters rose half way up the tall cliffs of the iron-bound coast of Balaklava. The ships were swept onward to the rocks in spite of every effort which skill and steam could lend to keep them off. The first ship which succumbed was one of our fastest sailing transports, the *Rip van Winkle*. She parted both anchors, and at once rushed upon her fate; a wave, rolling "mountain high," as it is customary to describe such, bore her upon its summit, and dashed her, broadside on, against the shore. There were many spectators of this sad catastrophe, and they unite in describing the shock of the ship against the cliffs as if of an explosion—she struck, and instantly fell to pieces. Not a soul escaped, the whole crew were instantaneously engulfed. In a very few minutes two other ships were also swept in upon the rocks—these were the *Wild Wave* and the *Progress*. Their crews met with instant death, except two or three men of the *Wild Wave*, who were driven upon a shelving rock, to which they clung, until, when the storm abated, assistance reached them; they were nearly dead with cold, bruises, and despair. The *Kenilworth* was next in the sad series of wrecks. She did not go to pieces at once, as the other ships which have been mentioned, but after being hurled a few times against the cliffs, she parted and went down, all hands perishing. The mists, spray, rain, sleet, and hail, blinded those who made desperate efforts on the shore to afford some help, and the wind smote them repeatedly to the earth, driving them back as often as they attempted to desecr whether there were any whom they could succour. Suddenly the mists cleared, and a lull ensued, which inspired those who had gathered upon the heights with the hope that they could do something to mitigate the sufferings and lessen the chances of destruction of those below. The mariners

who found a space to cling to on the friendly shelvings were now discovered, and a cry arose for ropes; one brave man descended, and succeeded in rescuing them—they and their gallant deliverer were drawn up. Scarcely was this feat of courage and humanity performed, when again the storm resumed its power—a long wailing moan came over the sea—a burst like a thunder-clap struck the walls of the cliff—the sleet and hail fell in floods upon the heights, and the tempest, with a sustained roar, seemed to go forth in vengeance upon land and sea. The men on the heights fled for refuge wherever it could be found—all attempts to render assistance were given up. Strong men were struck to the earth, and, bruised and bleeding, had to seek cover from the strong pursuer. The mists again cleared, but the storm did not abate. Many turned and faced the enemy, moved by anxiety for friends, or a brave desire to see if anything could still be done for those on the more exposed element. The heights were again crowded with men clinging to the cliffs, and looking out to sea. A sight now presented itself which excited the deepest commiseration; and if human courage could have effected anything, the men who witnessed it would have incurred any risk that might have afforded the least hope to the objects of their commiseration. The *Wanderer*, which had held on with wonderful tenacity, dragged her anchors, and drifted towards the fatal shore. She seemed to have been abandoned by her crew, who, it was supposed, took to the boats early in the gale, and perished. Two boys were distinctly seen upon her deck, trying to cut away her foremast, and thereby secure for her a better chance of floating. Before they could effect their purpose she reached the shore, and was lifted up by a huge wave, and dashed by it, as if with conscious vengeance, against the cliffs. The vessel floated away in fragments, and the youths were seen no more. A thrill of terror ran through the spectators—a common cry of mingled pity and horror broke from every breast. While these feelings were finding full expression, a still more awful sight was presented. The *Prince*, the pride of the transport service, and one of the finest ships that ever carried a cargo, had held on valiantly by her single anchor. She had put on her full power of steam, and resisted the fatal tendency to the shore with all her force. It was in vain; steam availed nothing against the power which scattered the fleet as a man would cast from his hand the shells of nuts. The crew, perceiving that the vessel was rapidly yielding, began to cut away her mizen-mast. This was the turning event in her evil fortune; the mast fell just as the ship seemed to gain a position which gave her a

chance of safety, and when the wind sensibly lessened. The mast falling across her “fouled her screw,” and her force against the storm being lost, she rolled onward, and was hurled against the cliffs as if the sea and storm united in that moment their utmost violence. The good ship survived this stroke; but another effort of her enemies, and the victory over her was secured—a wave came with extraordinary velocity and threw her up against the rocks. The crash was louder than the storm; she parted midships; another giant wave struck the wreck on the instant, and completed the destruction. One hundred and fifty-three human beings went down with her into the boiling surge; some were thrown upon the rocks by the waves which crushed her. Lieutenant Inglis, of the Royal Engineers, had gone on board the previous evening to arrange the disembarkation of the apparatus with which an experiment was to be made to blow up the ships across the harbour of Sebastopol: this intelligent officer was among the lost.

To leave such a vessel to ride with one anchor, under the circumstances which we have described, was a matter of criminal neglect somewhere. The omission as to the proper clenching of the cables originally was equally criminal. It is but just to mention that it was afterwards denied that the cables were not in proper order, and the accidents to them were attributed to the violence of the gale; these representations are very doubtful—we fear that those given in a previous page place the affair in its correct light. The vessel was lost through sheer and disgraceful neglect of duty, or as criminal an abuse of authority. The *Resolute* was the next to strike. Her fate was similar to that of the *Prince*; her heavy cargo of ammunition, especially of powder, most valuable and much wanted, was scattered or sunk like the bales of clothing, scientific apparatus, provisions, &c., on board the *Prince*. The loss of the *Resolute* was the more to be regretted because of the strenuous efforts, already recorded, made by her master to enter the harbour. Several of the men and one of the mates of this ship were saved. Cut and bruised they clung to peaks of rock upon which the waves flung them; but none dared to offer help, so violent was the tempest, until Captain Liddle set the example, and soon found brave followers. Ropes were procured, and with great danger to the adventurous rescuers, the men were taken up. The *Pelloma*, with masts and yards all taut, was lifted up and precipitated against the rocks; her sides were stove in the first stroke, the next knocked her to pieces, and her wreck drifted along the shore. The Maltese brig never reached the coast—she went down, foundering beneath the weight of water

that broke over her. All the remaining ships seemed to the spectators to be drifting, and the mariners were straining every nerve in cutting away masts and otherwise lightening them. The *Aron*, of the West India Mail Company's service, was in great danger; her engines, of the finest make, were 800 horsepower, but her captain felt that the strain upon his cables could not much longer be borne, and he boldly slipped them and ran into the harbour, driven at the rate of ten knots an hour. He had watched his opportunity, and, during the lull already noticed, placed his vessel in a position which secured her going in by the force of the wind, while he so worked his engines as to check the rapidity with which she was sent before the storm. Her passage through the narrow entrance was most providential; her escapes were wonderful, as she scudded through the narrow winding passage by which the harbour is attained. Even when she entered her peril did not cease, for she was driven among the other shipping, causing much damage although she received little.

The most remarkable escape, however, where so few did escape, was that of the *Retribution*, one of our best steam frigates. The Duke of Cambridge had taken a berth in this fine ship—his bruises, fatigues, and illness, rendering it no longer possible for him to remain at the head of his division. When the storm began, the *Retribution* held on by three cables, each of 140 fathoms length. To prevent dragging, she steamed full power against the wind. She was, however, beaten by this king of storms, and dragged half-a-mile in the first hour. Nearing the rocks, two of her cables parted, and all hope of saving the ship was nearly lost. The anchor by which she still held was her smallest, and it was not expected to keep ground half an hour. Her stern was at this moment within ninety yards of the rocks, and 100 tons of water were on her main deck. Whatever prospect of salvation now remained, was by throwing her guns overboard, and thereby lessening the strain on her cable. In trying to throw overboard a long ten-inch gun, a heavy lurch broke it from the tackle, and it was hurled about the deck, smashing everything in its devious course; pitched from side to side with every commotion of the frigate, it wounded a number of the men, causing broken limbs and dangerous contusions. It was at last thrown aft, as the foreship rose on a high wave, and there the men continued to throw around it hammocks and sailcloth, so as to confine the range of its tossings and boundings. Guns, shot, and shell, were then thrown over, until the ship was greatly lightened. All hands flew to the pumps, and she was eased of much of her weight of water. The strain was sensibly relieved, and she weathered the storm

contrary to the expectations of the most sanguine of her officers. The Duke of Cambridge, invalid although he was, showed the same coolness and courage which he displayed on the rugged slopes of Inkerman under the especial fire of the Russian columns. It was reserved for the prince to know the dangers of the sailor as well as of the soldier—to partake of storm as well as battle in the service of his royal cousin and of his country; and on each occasion his conduct was such as justly to make both queen and country proud of him.

The extraordinary power of the tempest may be better conceived by what happened inside the harbour than even amidst the scene of destruction without. It is land-locked, there are no tides; even during the storm the water was not so agitated as to endanger any vessel upon it; yet the ships were driven from their moorings by the power of the wind alone, and the *Sanspareil* was in this way sent upon the steep shore several feet. The masts of the vessels were broken across, and several ships heeled over almost to their beam-ends. The damage to shipping in the harbour was very great, but there were no wrecks and no lives lost. Incredible as it may appear, it is nevertheless true, that heavy ships-boats were lifted up out of the water, and several were carried a considerable distance inland. The gig of the *Bride* was by the water's edge, and two men were lying in it—it was lifted up, the men of course thrown out and injured, and the gig itself blown over the houses, falling against that inhabited by the commissary-general, and driving in the partition of his bedroom. The strong iron paddle-boxes of some troop tugs were also carried into the streets.

At the mouths of the Katcha and the Belbek, where the fleets were, the force of the tempest was not felt quite so much; but there also it was such as might have caused the stoutest heart to quail, and it entailed extensive destruction. Six English transports were wrecked, but the presence of the fleet and the nature of the anchorage prevented loss of life—the crews were with difficulty saved. Our allies lost two transports, which went down at their anchors, and all on board perished. Indeed, the ships of our allies did not weather the hurricane with the same steadiness as ours—for all the war-ships, French and Turkish, suffered much more injury than the ships of the British navy. Three fine French liners nearly sunk at their anchorage. The flag-ship of Admiral Dundas barely escaped a similar fate. A beautiful Turkish screw-frigate was thrown on shore, her crew escaped; she was got off after the storm, and although extensively injured, was not actually wrecked. At Kamiesch the French transports were nearly all driven on the beach, but very few lives were

lost—the facilities for succour were many, and the organisation of the harbour perfect. The cargoes also were saved although damaged; the vessels were, however, much shattered.

Still further north the storm seems to have raged more furiously, for at Eupatoria the loss of life was awful, and the damage extensive, although it was thought that the roads of Eupatoria furnished a very safe anchorage; but no shelter could altogether secure a ship in the waters of the Crimea during the prevalence of this tornado. A Turkish line-of-battle ship of 90 guns was anchored at some distance off the harbour, and foundered, all on board perishing with her. Dreadful as the contemplation of such an event must be to every humane mind, it was hardly more distressing than the wreck of many of our own ships. The French line-of-battle ship *Henri IV.*, 100 guns, perhaps the best screw line-of-battle ship in the possession of France, was blown up on the beach and wrecked. The crew were saved. The *Fulton*, French steam-frigate, was also similarly destroyed. While the *Henri IV.* was stranding, the Cossacks descended, expecting to make her crew an easy prey, but they fled after a few shots. There is an authentic account of the wreck of this fine three-decker extant, written by the chaplain, the Abbé Bertrand. It is as follows:—“Our magnificent ship was wrecked on the 14th, at six o'clock in the evening. The tempest commenced at seven in the morning, and, in spite of all our care, our activity, and our energy, we had to yield to its violence. Since our arrival in the bay of Eupatoria, we have had two anchors thrown out, because the approach of winter was felt, and it was necessary to guard against the bad weather. When the hurricane came on, the captain had out a third anchor and a fourth. We thought we should be able to resist. Alas, no! The *Henri IV.* was destined to share the fate of several other vessels that were hourly broken to pieces on the coast. What a terrible spectacle! The sea was furious, and bellowed so as to prevent us from hearing each other, and the ship groaned beneath the blows she received from it. The whole of the furniture was flung from one part to the other with the rapidity of a railroad. I had remained in the captain's cabin after breakfast, and while he was on the quarter-deck, in order to direct the movements of the vessel, every article in the room was flung from one side to another, and for my own part, I was near losing my senses. We resisted for a good while: though two of our chains had broken, we held on with two, and the wind began to calm down. But what a sad thing it was to see the beach, on which a dozen merchant vessels had been just dashed to pieces! Alas! such also was the fate re-

served for us. About half-past five o'clock the captain and I were about to sit down to dinner, when all of a sudden we felt a shock, and a man rushed in and cried out, ‘Captain, the two last chains have just been broken.’—‘The two chains broken!’ the captain said; ‘impossible!’ He went up on deck again, which he had only left five minutes before. It was but too true—the ship was on her beam-ends. There was no further hope; the sea and the wind were too violent for us to hope to get out to sea. We had only to resign ourselves to our fate. All that was left for us was to be thrown on that part of the coast where the bottom was sandy. You cannot have an idea of the anguish we all felt, expecting every moment the first shock when the ship touched the ground. We did feel the first shock, the second, the third—and yet the good ship held out. We were aground, but we knew not at what distance from the shore, as we were in darkness. The weather continued awful. At last the day dawned, and we found ourselves at 200 metres from the shore, and our ship had not a single drop of water in her hold. At some yards from us a Turkish vessel had been wrecked at eleven o'clock at night, three hours after us. She drove on a bank, which threw her on her side, and we saw the whole of the crew clinging to the masts and shrouds, not being able to remain on the deck, which was completely under water. At last, after a night passed in indescribable anguish, fearing each moment that the ship was breaking asunder, the day dawned, and we found ourselves so near land that, in the event of any great accident occurring, it would not be difficult to save ourselves. Fortunately, the ship is new, five years having scarcely elapsed since she was launched. We shall all be saved, as well as the stores. We are, however, on the enemy's coast, and the Cossacks, who crowded down to us in the morning, have been received with musketry. I do not think they will return in haste. Oh! that Sebastopol were once taken! Perhaps we are to remain here until the ship is got off, and she is so noble and so beautiful a vessel that it would be a pity to abandon her. For the present, however, we have nothing to fear.”

The only ship at any of the anchorages which had ridden out the gale without damage was the *Fulcan*, iron troop ship. This powerful ship was built by Mr. Mare, of Blackwall, and he deserves whatever credit is to be attached to the endurance of this vessel.

The losses of the French it would be difficult to estimate, the government not allowing the same publicity as ours. Our Turkish allies lost 1000 men and several good ships, but not much property. The English loss was probably a thousand lives, and property worth one mil-

lion and a half sterling, independent of the value of the ships themselves. The cargo of the *Prince* was estimated by many good judges at half a million. Mr. Sidney Herbert, who ought to know, computed it at £180,000; but the estimates and opinions of that gentleman, before the war broke out, were among the causes of our misfortunes, when, almost unprepared, we had to encounter a well-armed enemy. When the vast stores of clothing on board the *Prince*, and of ammunition on board the *Resolute*, are taken into account, with all the other less valuable cargoes lost, such an estimate as that which has been generally received cannot occasion surprise.

When the losses were computed, the following lists were made out:—

AT BALAKLAVA.

The *Prince*. A total wreck. Crew all lost except seven.
The *Resolute*. Wrecked. The third mate and eight seamen saved; the remainder of the crew lost.
Rip van Winkle. A wreck. All on board drowned.
Kentworth. Wrecked. Crew drowned, or dashed against the rocks and killed, except three men.
Wild Wave. Wrecked. All lost but one boy.
Progress. Wrecked. All lost but two men.
Wanderer. Wrecked. All lost.
Peltoma. Wrecked. All lost but captain.
A Maltese brig. Wrecked. All lost.

VESSELS INJURED.

H. M. S. *Vesuvius*. Bowsprit, masts, and paddle-boxes gone. Much injured in hull. Almost a wreck.
H. M. S. *Retribution*. Lost rudder, guns, and stores, and otherwise much damaged, with several of crew hurt.
McBourne. Masts gone. Narrow escape from wreck.
Mercia. Totally dismasted.
Lady Valiant. Totally dismasted.
Caduceus. Totally dismasted.
Pride of the Ocean. Totally dismasted.
Medora. Totally dismasted.
Sir R. Sale. Totally dismasted.

AT KAMIESCH.

About twenty small French transports were driven on shore, the cargoes were saved. A large number of these transports were totally dismasted, but no accurate return of their loss ever appeared.

AT THE KATCHA, AMONG THE FLEETS AND TRANSPORTS.

H. M. Ships *Queen*, 116; *Trafalgar*, 120; and *London*, 90—lost rudders. Steamers *Ardent*, *Terrible*, *Spitfire*, and *Samson*—much damaged, and very leaky.
French fleet. *Ville de Paris*, 120; *Finnland*, 100; *Bayard*, 90; *Suffren*, 90—lost rudders, sprung their masts, and were otherwise damaged.
The transport *Tyrone* went ashore and was lost—crew saved; *Pyrenees* went ashore, and was set on fire—crew saved; *Lord Raglan*, totally lost—crew saved; *Ganges*, set on fire—crew saved; *Rodsley*, went to pieces—crew saved; and *Danube*, steamer, drove on shore.
The French transports *Annie* and *Marseille* went down at their anchors, with all on board; and the Turkish frigate, *Muhbiri Surur*, of 36 guns, was dismasted, and nearly wrecked.

AT EUPATORIA.

H. M. S. *Cyclops* had a narrow escape from total destruction.
The *Fulton*, French steam-frigate, got ashore, and went to pieces. Crew partly saved.
Henri IV., 100 guns, went ashore, and was lost. Crew all but seventeen saved.
Piiki Messeret, Turkish two-decker, went down with all on board.

The scene at sea, immediately after the hurricane, and during the evening of that day, has been described by one whose opportunities of seeing it were very peculiar—the special correspondent of the *Morning Herald*. This gentleman embarked at Constantinople just in time to arrive on the coast of the Crimea when the storm fell, and the scene of desolation along the shore presented its full horrors. In the following brief account the dreadful picture is placed vividly before us:—"The vessel in which I had come up from Constantinople joined the fleet at Belbek a few hours after these disasters had occurred. From what we had experienced of the weather *en route*, we were quite prepared to hear of dreadful catastrophes; but the truth surpassed our worst anticipations. I only saw the shore from Belbek to Balaklava, a distance of about thirty miles, but along this whole extent of coast there was hardly a spot upon the beach which was not covered with the fragments of some vessel or its cargo—masts, spars, sails, pieces of boats, oars, hatches, barrels of rum, cordage, bales of clothes, beds, blankets, rafts of timber, fragments of furniture, boxes and chests, trusses of hay, tents, and in fact a considerable proportion of all the numberless sundries which are necessary for the subsistence of a large fleet and army, lay floating about wasted and ruined. Some of the wrecks upon the shore which had been emptied, were set on fire and were blazing fiercely; others were surrounded by boats, which were bearing off everything of use or value before the hulls were abandoned to the mercy of the elements. Parties of men were landed upon the beach, interring, as fast as they came on shore, the mangled corpses of the transport seamen. I am sorry to say that this melancholy duty alone kept parties of men-of-war's men constantly employed. But at Balaklava the scene was worse. In the narrow rocky little roadstead outside the harbour, the whole surface of the still raging sea was covered with masses of wreck and hundreds of mangled bodies. Inside the harbour was quite choked with drift-wood, broken horse-boxes, and hundreds of trusses of pressed hay. After one in the day the violence of the hurricane abated; but it was questionable whether many of the vessels which still survived would be able to hold on throughout the night. Impressed with this idea, several of the transport captains, with a number of seamen, volunteered to go out in a boat and fetch the crews of those vessels which had dragged, and were in greatest danger, near the rocks. But none of the transports had a boat large enough for such dangerous service, and the captains who were going went to the *Sanspareil*, and applied for the loan of one of their large boats fit for the purpose. The first time Captain Dacres

was not on board, and after a short interval the captains returned again, when the officer of the watch told them Captain Daeres could not be seen, and that no boat of the *Sanspareil's* could be lent. Fortunately the fears of the gallant men who thus volunteered to risk their lives were not realised, and as the wind moderated the vessels outside held their ground. That night fifteen men died at camp from exposure and cold. On the 15th the full extent of the disaster which had overwhelmed the transports, and injured our fleets, was fully known. Never in so short a space of time had a gale done so much mischief. Of the vessels anchored off Balaklava nearly half were totally lost, and the rest were mere wrecks."

The scene on shore was briefly and graphically depicted by the special correspondent of the *Times*, under dates of 15th and 16th of November. Having described his experiences during the memorable day of the 14th, and the scarcely less miserable night which followed it, he says:—"With the morning came a bright cold sky, and our men, though ankle deep in mud wherever they went, cheered up when they beheld the sun once more. The peaks of the hills and mountain sides are covered still with snow. As rumours of great disasters reached us from Balaklava, I rode into town, after breakfasting in my stable, and made my way there as well as I could. The roads were mere quagmires. Another day's rain would have rendered them utterly impassable, and only fit for swimming or navigation. Dead horses and cattle lay all over the country, and here and there a sad little procession might be seen wending its way slowly towards the hospital marquees, which had been again pitched, charged with the burden of some inanimate body. In coming along the ridge by the French lines I observed the whole of the troops were turned out, and were moving about and wheeling in column to keep their blood warm. They had just been mustered, and it was gratifying to learn that the rumours which had been circulated respecting lost men were greatly exaggerated. Our men were also busily engaged in the labours of the camp—trenching, clearing away mud, and preparing for duty. The Russians in the valley were very active, and judging from the state of the ground and the number of loose horses, they must have been very miserable also. Turning down by Captain Powell's battery, where the sailors were busy getting their arms in order, I worked, through ammunition mules and straggling artillery-waggons, towards the town. Balaklava lay below us—its waters thronged with shipping—not a ruffle on their surface. It was almost impossible to believe that but twelve hours before ships were dragging their anchors, drifting, running aground,

and smashing each other to pieces in that placid lake. . . . The narrow main street is a channel of mud, through which horses, waggons, camels, mules, and soldiers and sailors, and men of all nations—English, French, Turks, Arabs, Egyptians, Italians, Maltese, Tartars, Greeks, Bulgarians, and Spaniards—seramble, and plunge, and jostle, and squatter along; while 'strange oaths,' yells, and unearthly cries of warning or expostulation fill the air, combined with the noise of the busy crowds around the sutlers' stores, and with the clamorous invitations of the venders to their customers. Many of the houses are unroofed, several have been destroyed altogether, and it is quite impossible to find quarters in the place, the preference being given apparently to the sutlers and store-keepers, who swarm on shore from every ship, and who are generally Levantines, with most enlarged notions of the theory and practice of buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market. The *City of London*, Captain Cargill, returned to Balaklava to-day, and entered the harbour. She was the only vessel which succeeded in getting out to sea and gaining a good offing during the hurricane of the 14th, and the captain told me, in all his experience (and, as an old Aberdeen master, he has passed some anxious hours in sea-water) he never knew so violent a wind for the time it lasted.

November 16.

"There was an affair of pickets last night between the French and Russians, in which a few men were wounded on both sides, and which was finished by the retreat of the Russians to their main body. This took place in the valley of Balaklava, and its most disagreeable result (to those not engaged) was, to be kept awake for a couple of hours. A good deal of clothing has been saved from the *Prince*, the bales floating up from the deep, proving how completely the ship must have been broken up by the rocks. Within the last month 3500 sick and wounded men have been sent to Scutari from Balaklava. The Turks are very unhealthy, and lie about the streets near the hospitals in abject misery. Their filthy habits increase the horrors of the place."

The conduct of the Russians when they ventured to approach the coast was, if possible, more infamous than when, after the battles of Alma, Balaklava, and Inkerman, they murdered the wounded. Several of the men cast on shore in the neighbourhood of the Belbek, Katcha, and Eupatoria, were massacred by the Cossacks; and when, after the storm subsided, boats were employed by the allies to pick up any men who might be found under the cliffs, the Cossacks from above fired upon the boats to deter the crews from accomplishing their

humane work; and, again, as the boats put off with the disabled and wrecked sailors, volleys from the cliffs were fired into them. Some of these poor fellows escaped the raging elements to fall by the bullets of their fiercer foes. On one wreck some thirty persons were clinging, still expecting deliverance—as the wreck drifted towards the cliffs volleys from the Cossacks' carbines were fired among the helpless sufferers: among them were several women, some of whom were wounded. Ultimately, the Russians brought field-pieces to bear upon the wrecks. Several Russian officers of distinction rode out in carriages and on horseback from Sebastopol, and to their interference it was to be attributed that these enormities were not carried to a greater extent. The sailors were disposed to risk all dangers, and incur every extremity of suffering, rather than fall into the hands of so barbarous an enemy.

The storm had scarcely subsided when the Cossacks appeared in force on the crest of the hill near the town of Eupatoria. They expected to find the batteries deserted in consequence of the violence of the gale, or that the sailors and artillery who manned them would be called off to assist the wrecked. When they discovered the gunners at their posts, they preserved their reconnaissance until cannon arrived, when they opened fire with fourteen pieces. The fire was returned with such spirit and precision that, after an hour's combat, the enemy retired, carrying away their killed and wounded.

The effect of the great storm upon camps and garrisons was to convince them that winter had at last set in, and that a new enemy was about to make war upon all the belligerents, the allies being more especially exposed to his ravages.

The Russian prisoner on parole at Balaklava, already alluded to, favoured the author with his experience, and the appearance of matters as presented from his residence, and from the beach, during and after the hurricane:—"On Friday evening, November 10th, there was a tremendous wind at Balaklava, which threatened to wreck the vessels in the vicinity; but fortunately it terminated without any calamitous results. Having heard the remarks that were continually made by captains of transports, of the danger to which vessels were exposed when anchored outside the harbour, and seen myself the danger that must attend those vessels, supposing a high wind should drive them on shore, I rejoiced to think that this danger had passed without accident,—as I supposed the authorities would then at once take the necessary precautions to avoid such danger for the future, and no longer disregard the verbal and written protests the commanders of vessels in that exposed situation had continually made to the authorities. However,

things remained in the same state until the 14th, on which day, soon after daylight, a storm commenced, which in a short time increased to a hurricane or tornado. The sea increased to an extraordinary degree, so that the largest vessels at anchor in the harbour of Balaklava were tossed about until many of them went on shore, and the remainder jammed together in such a way that it took many days before they could be released from their almost inextricable position. Of course a tremendous smash took place; few, if any, were uninjured. I recollect a long row of them wedged together side by side; then a long sharp steamer forced in lengthways between this row, and then another—the cutwater having entered deeply into the side of the first vessel of the second row. The house I occupied was opposite the centre of the bay, near the shore. The large screw-steamer *Sanspareil* lay broadside on just before our windows, having been swung round by the violence of the wind. Two merchant brigs got in between it and the shore, where they were soon aground; and the huge man-of-war having shared the same fate, was seen rolling over them and driving them further on shore. Fortunately the mud was deep there, or they must have been soon knocked to pieces. Warps were carried out, and every effort made, but nothing could withstand the violence of that mighty element. A chain cable was carried round a small building—but it soon crumbled and disappeared, the cable passing through it. Others were made fast to trees, but these were uprooted. A fine row of poplars, which had stood for many years, were blown down; and it was a curious sight to see them lying afterwards in one straight line, the upper branches of the first covering the roots of the next, and so on. It would appear that the house I lived in stood on a spot where the wind eddied, for notwithstanding its elevation and overhanging roof, it did not suffer from the storm, which was carrying tiles and every description of loose *débris* over it in one continual stream, such as can never be understood by those who have not seen something of the same kind, which it had never been my fate to witness. After the storm abated, the streets were strewn with broken tiles from the roofs, and many of the projecting verandahs were blown away. It seemed very wonderful that all the roofs were not blown off. I stood most of the time in the greatest fear lest this should occur with us, or that the windows should give way, and we be left houseless. The result must appear the more extraordinary when it is recollected that the Bay of Balaklava is situated in a hole, into which it would appear that the wind could not possibly penetrate. The harbour, after the storm, was covered with the pieces of wreck and the

cargoes of vessels that had been lost; trusses of hay and broken boats forming the principal feature. Now and then the corpse of a sailor would float into the bay, and I recollect one of them being buried afterwards close to the water's edge. Sailors were employed to save men with ropes and tackle let down over the sides of the steep cliff; and I believe great success attended the unremitted efforts that were made in this way. A cannon was placed on the top, from which a shot with a cord might be thrown across a vessel in danger. A fine three-masted transport was wrecked inside the harbour, and the masts were seen for some time afterwards in what was called Castle Bay. While this storm continued I could not think of leaving my family; but the next morning I hastened to the heights overhanging the sea, and could then form a good idea what must have been the feelings of those on board the vessels that had endured the

horrors of that storm outside the harbour. Most of those that remained were dismayed, which I believe effected their delivery, and every possible effort was being made to get them into the bay. Of those that were lost I cannot speak, as I had no opportunity of seeing them; but one that had a narrow escape, the *Pride of the Ocean* (according with the name it bore), I think one of the most perfect sailing vessels I ever saw. It was built in America, and no expense had been spared in fittings and decorations. The great depth of the anchorage was the principal cause of the disasters that occurred, as the vessels were borne down by the additional length of cable on their bows, which prevented them rising over the waves; and in some instances they were cut in two halves, from the bows to the stern. I believe Sir Edmund Lyons, in the *Agamemnon*, weighed anchor before it was too late."

CHAPTER XLIX.

RETIREMENT OF GENERAL EVANS.—PAUCITY OF GENERAL OFFICERS IN THE CRIMEA.—DIFFICULTIES IN CARRYING ON THE SIEGE.—SKIRMISHES AND COMBATS.—SUFFERINGS OF THE TROOPS.

"Long have ye heard the narrative of age,
The battle's havoc and the tempest's rage!
Long have ye known reflection's genial ray
Gild the calm close of valour's various day!"—ROGERS. *Pleasures of Memory*.

WE have carried on our relation of events to the day following the great tempest, in order to maintain consecutiveness in the narrative.

An incident of much importance to the army took place on the 11th. Lieutenant-general Sir de Lacy Evans, to whose rare qualities as a man, a soldier, and a general, we have so frequently had occasion to refer, resigned the command of his division. The letters between the gallant officer and the commander-in-chief place both men in a light the most favourable. The self-sacrificing and heroic character of Sir de Lacy Evans is brought out naturally, and the gentlemanly and amiable spirit of his superior in authority, although his inferior in military skill, experience, and enterprise, is not less conspicuous. Sir de Lacy Evans dated his resignation from the flagship of Admiral Dundas, on the 11th of November. It was as follows:—

MY LORD,—On the 30th ult., an aide-de-camp of mine had the honour of informing your lordship that after being confined to bed in my tent for nearly two days, I had a severe fall on my head, my horse partly rolling over me, which, added to previous suffering from illness or exhaustion, rendered me totally incapable of duty. Your lordship immediately granted me such leave of absence as I might require, and had the goodness even to send your carriage to convey me to Balaklava. Hearing on the 4th, however, that some attack against the enemy was intended, I wrote the military secretary to ask when it was to be, being desirous, if possible, though far from

well, to be at least present at it. Colonel Steele was so obliging as to reply, "Lord Raglan begs me to say you must not think of moving until you are quite strong." On hearing heavy firing on the morning of Sunday, the 5th, though the weather was bad and I had taken mercury, I proceeded as fast as I could to the point of attack, and remained there till the close of the battle, but felt neither justified nor fit to take the command of the division from General Pennefather, which he had exercised with so much ability in the previous part of the day. Your lordship, on hearing that I was on the field, sent for me, and with your usual kind consideration desired me to go back to the ship I had been staying in—which, acknowledging my inability for any useful active service, I obeyed. But the fatigue and exposure to weather I had undergone did me injury.

I have now for nearly a fortnight had the benefit of the greatest care and hospitality possible, and a warm cabin, from my generous naval friends, Captain Daeres in the first instance, and now no less so from the admiral-in-chief in the *Britannia*. But five months without cessation under canvas, with some unavoidable privations and alterations of temperature, latterly at night not unfrequently severe cold, with the shock occasioned by my fall, have had their effect on one in his sixty-eighth year. Indeed, owing to the chances of the service, I believe no other officer of the same advanced age and rank has had the same continuous test to bear up against. And with all my present rest and advantages I am still left with but little feeling of strength or freedom from ailment. This has been greatly added to by the heavy and peculiar responsibility that lately fell to my lot for almost a month—namely, from about the 4th, I think, till the 30th of October.

The post I was charged with during that long period was, I believe, deemed of the utmost importance to the safety of the French and English armies. Frequently but few troops remained to me for its defence, against sometimes tenfold our numbers of the enemy, within a

short distance from our front. I had the honour of frequently submitting my opinion of the weakness and precariousness of the position of the second division to your lordship, and, indeed, also to General Canrobert, and of the small means at my disposal to place it in more security. Its liability to be suddenly attacked at all times it was also my duty to represent. But the various exigencies to be provided for on other points at that time scarcely left it possible, I believe, to afford us any material reinforcement, or means for the construction of defence. I have ventured into these details to account for the harassing nature of the duty alluded to, and of the anxious and almost sleepless nights and days it occasioned me. I feel in consequence much depressed, worn out, and exhausted; a severe chronic complaint I am subject to having been also extremely aggravated during the cold nights we latterly had in camp, and which are now becoming more frequent and severe with the advancing winter season. I should not, however, have been so prolix, for in your lordship's letter of the 31st you were pleased to refer to some of these circumstances as follows:—"Nothing can have been more satisfactory than the whole of my intercourse with you, and it is painful to my feelings to see it interrupted. But, unfortunately, no man can command health, and you have had to undergo not only great fatigue but anxiety of mind, since your division has occupied the important position it now holds, and so gallantly maintained under your directions a few days ago." Such expressions of approval, from your lordship, are indeed a great happiness to me to have received.

About a month ago, when the generals of division were summoned to head-quarters to receive a communication, your lordship may recollect my mentioning that I had only been able to attend by taking ammonia and other stimulants. During the occasional northerly winds I was obliged, sometimes, to have my tent for twenty-four hours together wholly closed, and gave and received orders through my unopened tent doors. Some also of your lordship's staff will remember how often, in bringing me orders, they found me on my bed, or rather in my blankets on the ground, when I ought rather to have been, if I could, on horseback. I was well aware, though others may not have been, that this invalid condition prevented my attending to many other things which I knew it was urgent I should have personally seen to and executed. Under these circumstances, instead of asking your lordship for longer leave, which I am sure you would grant, I think it the more proper course to solicit your lordship's permission to resign my staff appointment with this army, the very arduous executive duties and responsibilities of which my impaired health and want of strength render me no longer adequate to. And I trust that the several wounds I have received, and the services I have faithfully endeavoured to perform in various parts of the world, will be deemed to render me deserving to close at length my active duties, when unable to continue them with justice to the public service or to myself.

I have now only to repeat my expression of warm gratitude for the uniform kindness and indulgence I have been treated with by your lordship, and have the honour to remain,

Your lordship's most humble and obedient servant,

DE LACY EVANS.

To General the Lord Raglan, G.C.B.

Lord Raglan replied to this communication as follows:

Nor. 13th, 1854, at night.

MY DEAR GENERAL,—Your letter of the 11th only reached me this afternoon, when I was engaged preparing my despatches for the mail, and I have not until now found a moment to reply to it.

It contains what is to me, and will I am sure be to the second division, and many others your gallant companions in arms, most painful intelligence—your desire to be permitted to resign your staff appointment with the army, which your impaired health and want of strength render you disqualified for in your own estimation. Every man is the best judge of his own feelings and bodily powers; and I am grieved to have to acknowledge that you may be right in your impression of them; but I, and

those whom you have so recently commanded with such advantage to the public service, know that your mental faculties and gallant spirit enabled you, no longer ago than the 26th of last month, to meet the enemies of your country in the field, and successfully to repel a most powerful attack on the position occupied by the second division. I view the loss of your assistance with the deepest regret, but I cannot ask you to stay after the statement you have brought before me, of your sufferings from illness, anxiety of mind, exposure to the weather, and over fatigue. You will be at liberty to go when you please, and be assured that you will carry with you my best wishes, and those of all with whom you have been associated. I trust that English air, and the comforts of home life, will gradually restore you to health, and enable you long to enjoy the reputation your services have acquired for you.

I cannot close my letter without sympathising with you on the death of your aide-de-camp, Captain Allix, who appeared to me to be a most promising officer, and fully to deserve your confidence and good opinion.

Believe me, my dear general,

Very faithfully yours,

RAGLAN.

Lieutenant-general Sir de Lacy Evans, K.B.

General Evans landed at Folkestone, having come home through France, where the imperial court and French public treated him with the distinction due to his high position and glorious deeds. Before leaving that salubrious watering-place for his own house in Bryanston Square, an address was presented to him from the inhabitants of the Cinque Ports, together with a sword, the value of which was 160 guineas. On his arrival in London, the inhabitants of Mary-le-bone, the electoral district of the metropolis in which he resides, made every demonstration of respect for their fellow-citizen that is customary for public bodies to make, when the most renowned persons are the objects of their favour.

His constituents of Westminster, for which city Sir de Lacy Evans has a seat in parliament, headed by their other member, Sir J. Shelley, presented him with an address expressive of their sympathy with his illness, their congratulations in his safety, and the pride they felt in having as their representative a man whose genius in peace and war made him so competent to the duty, and so worthy of the honour. His fellow-representatives were nearly as prompt to do homage to his deserts as were his constituents; for the House of Commons resolved upon a vote of thanks to the general in person. February the 2nd, 1855, was the occasion selected for this just tribute to their fellow-commoner. The House assembled for the express purpose; and at four o'clock the general entered in full uniform, wearing the orders and military decorations which had been bestowed upon him for his heroic services in so many fields. As soon as he appeared, a loud cheer—such as has seldom rung through the Commons House of Parliament—burst forth from all sides; his old political opponents, and the men who derided his military talents from political motives, were as demonstrative as his

friends, or as his friends could wish, in their tokens of respect. Every member uncovered, and remained standing until the general took his seat. What a noble scene was this—the representatives of 25,000,000 of people standing uncovered in the presence of a man who derived nothing from birth, although a gentleman and of illustrious lineage; who held no relation to the court or courtiers, although one of the most devotedly loyal subjects of his queen; and who owed nothing to military favour or routine, although endowed with military rank, experienced in high command, and his breast glittering with the insignia of military glory! On the floor of that house, as a faithful member of parliament, he had as often battled for his country as he had with arms in his hands upon the fields of war. The men with whom he waged the warfare of debate, and whom he opposed and thwarted with patriotic vigilance and constitutional jealousy, now crowded the opposite benches to do him honour, and declare in the face of the empire that his fidelity to his country was attested by his fortitude and valour. When the members had resumed their seats, the Speaker rose, and thus addressed the honourable and gallant member:—

“Sir, I have to inform you that on the 15th of December last the house agreed *namine contradicente* to a resolution that the thanks of this house should be given to Lieutenant-general Sir de Lacy Evans, Knight Commander of the most Honourable Order of the Bath, and several other officers therein named, for their gallantry, ability, and distinguished exertions in several actions in which her majesty's forces have been engaged with the enemy. Sir de Lacy Evans, it is with feelings of pride and satisfaction that the house welcomes the return of one who has borne so distinguished a part in the brilliant achievements which have characterised the present war. At the battle of the Alma you encountered and overcame with admirable coolness and judgment the almost insuperable difficulties to which you were opposed, and with the assistance of the gallant second division gained possession of the heights. You repulsed the attack of the Russians on the 26th of October, and the energy and valour with which you led your troops on that occasion will ever be honourably recognised. But it was on the heights of Inkerman you displayed that undaunted courage and chivalrous conduct which have called forth the admiration of your country, when, rising from a bed of sickness, you hastened to assist with your council and experience the gallant officer in temporary command of your division; and you refused to withhold from him the honour while you shared the danger of the encounter. Your conduct throughout this memorable campaign has been marked by the same intrepid gallantry which distin-

guished your early military career, and which has justly earned for you the highest honour that it is in the power of this house to confer. It is, therefore, my agreeable duty, in the name and by the command of the commons of the United Kingdom, to deliver to you their unanimous thanks for your zeal, intrepidity, and distinguished exertions in the several actions in which her majesty's forces in the Crimea have been engaged with the enemy.”

Sir de Lacy Evans rose, and with deep emotion, yet in a firm tone of voice, replied:—“Sir, I beg leave to assure you and the house that I appreciate most deeply the very high honour now conferred on me. I am fully impressed with the conviction that there is no honour to which a British subject can aspire with more ardent anxiety, or be more justly proud of, than the recognition of his services, whatever they may be, by the representatives of his fellow-countrymen in this house; and I shall be pardoned if I very imperfectly express my feelings on this occasion. It is true that it is almost a novelty to me to be received in this manner on account of my military services; for I certainly do think that I was as good an officer some twenty years ago as now. I did feel, then, that I had a much more difficult and intricate duty to perform, and I performed it, however imperfectly, with success at least equal to that with which I have performed the less important one which I recently endeavoured faithfully to discharge. When I allude to that circumstance, I cannot abstain from tendering my thanks to those honourable gentlemen who do not concur with me in political opinions for the kindness they have manifested towards me on the present occasion. I am, indeed, more grateful for the reference made to the second division, which I had the honour to command, than I am even for the terms of approbation used in respect to myself; for I should not, in fact, have had the remotest chance of obtaining the kind and honourable mark of regard which I have this day received at the hands of the house, if it had not been for the noble gallantry and devotion of that division, from the highest officer down to the commonest soldier. I repeat that my position at this moment here is almost exclusively attributable to the noble conduct and complete devotion to their duty of that division. I must confess that I am under the necessity of saying that when the vote of thanks which I am now here to receive at your hands was moved by the noble lord lately representing the government in this house, the noble lord's official statement made on that occasion very much astonished me, because he appeared to take a totally different view of the operations of the army, or, at all events, of the particular part acted by the division I had the honour to command,

from that taken by the commander of the forces. I am sorry to be obliged to allude to this subject, but when nearly one-half of that division has perished from the chances of battle, or by other causes, I think I should be wanting in gratitude to them if upon this occasion I did not endeavour to place the matter upon a more just footing. The noble lord gave a sort of theatrical description of the battle of the Alma, which reminded one of the opinion of the witty Sydney Smith, who we all know said that the noble lord considered himself capable of commanding the Channel fleet. Now, it is evident that the noble lord considered himself a better judge of the transactions of the battle of the Alma than Lord Raglan. The noble lord described this battle rather minutely, and seemed to imply that the battle was won by the first and light divisions, and omitted all notice of the conduct of the second division. Now, the fact is that Lord Raglan has represented in his despatch that the two leading divisions on that occasion were the light and second. It is quite clear that the noble lord passed the second division by from a total obliviousness of its services, and thus caused inferences to be drawn perhaps which might reflect grievously upon it. The noble lord then approaching the two lesser actions of the 25th and 26th of October, gave all due credit and honour to the gallantry displayed on the 25th of October, but he entirely passed over the much more successful action on the subsequent day—an action that was deemed worthy of the highest approbation by her majesty, and by the commander of the forces, and also deserving of notice in a despatch from the general-in-chief of the French army. The noble lord, however, in his official statement to this house, took no notice of that action. With respect also to the battle of Inkerman, in which the second division was engaged as much as in any other of the battles, in which, too, it suffered so severely, and where it had to stand for some time the brunt of an attack from about 20,000 men, not the slightest reference was made by the noble lord in his speech to the conduct of that division on that occasion, though it was the only division prominently engaged in three general actions. I therefore think that that division and myself have some reason to complain of an official statement of that kind coming from the noble lord. I beg pardon for this unpleasant digression, but I think I have some claim to indulgence, not on my own account, but on account of the men whom I had the honour to command. I feel deeply grateful for the honour now done them and myself, and I should like to say a few words, though I am aware that this is not the proper occasion for the purpose, with respect to my fellow-countrymen so gloriously struggling in the present contest. Though not prepared to take an

arduous or constant part in the transactions of this house, I hope I may find some opportunity of expressing my opinion on the subject to which I have just referred. At all events, I may now add that I am convinced that the manifestation of the approbation of the house on the present occasion in respect to so humble an individual in the army abroad as myself will have an animating effect upon the feelings of my brother soldiers. I again repeat that I feel most deeply grateful for this expression of your kind regard."

Lord Palmerston then rose:—"I rise to perform an office in respect to which I am satisfied I shall receive the unanimous and cheerful concurrence of this house. Sir, there is no function belonging to the individual who fills the chair which you so worthily occupy that can be more agreeable or more honourable in its discharge than that which you have just performed—namely, the function of conveying the thanks of parliament to men who have distinguished themselves by noble exploits in the field, and who have earned by a long career of military services the gratitude and admiration of their country; and I will venture to say that there never was a Speaker who had the opportunity of being more completely the faithful organ of the feelings and opinions, not only of this house, but of the nation at large, than it has been your good fortune to have on the present occasion. The eloquent and feeling expressions in which you have conveyed to the honourable and gallant officer the thanks of this house ought to remain a perpetual record for the encouragement of others to pursue the same career as my honourable and gallant friend has nobly followed, and for the satisfaction of those brave comrades in arms whom he has so ably headed in the field of battle. I beg, therefore, to move that the words spoken by Mr. Speaker, in conveying to Lieutenant-general Sir de Lacy Evans the thanks of this house, together with so much of the observations which have fallen from the honourable and gallant member as contains his expression of gratefulness for those thanks, be printed in the votes of the house."

Mr. Walpole, in seconding the motion, said he did so with the heartiest desire to concur with the noble lord in every word he had uttered, and also in the words which had been so well addressed by the Speaker to the honourable and gallant general. He would add no more than that he seconded the motion most cordially. The question was put in form, and agreed to *nemine contradicente*.

The mode in which Sir de Lacy Evans vindicated the claims of the second division to the high distinction of having had the post of danger and honour in every battle, was censured by many as not in good taste upon such

an occasion. Had the manner of Lord John Russell been less marked, and had it not been notorious that there existed a jealousy with a section of the ministry in reference to the popular opinions of the general,—his sympathy for the common soldiery, his want of confidence in the capacity of certain parties at headquarters, and his disapprobation of the ministerial management of the war,—his lordship's omissions would not have had such significance as to make it a duty for General Evans to vindicate the honour of his division, and call the attention of the country to the sly attempt to "damn with faint praise," which Lord John Russell, so much at home in such performances, had practised. The eulogy of Lord Palmerston, coming from the greatest living statesman of England, was as high a compliment to General Evans as the vote of parliament itself. The Horse Guards have never done justice to Sir de Laey: he and Sir George Brown have been too frank, manly, and independent for the moral atmosphere of that region. These two generals, therefore, who endured most of the toil and perils of the early part of the war, remain unrewarded. Such men as Generals Airey, Simpson, and Codrington, had honours heaped upon them; they were from various causes favourites with the commander-in-chief, and certain persons to whom even the commander-in-chief defers; but Generals Brown and Evans were honest, outspoken men, good soldiers and bad courtiers, and the result was they remained lieutenant-generals, while men who had not seen a tenth of their service were advanced to high positions. If the words of the House of Commons were true in which it conveyed to General Evans its thanks, what respect to that opinion was there shown at the Horse Guards when men in every way General Evans' inferiors were promoted over his head? Such conduct is calculated to raise questions as to the constitutional control of the army, and call up a parliamentary interference which it is neither wise nor safe that men in high places should provoke.

Another honour yet remained for the hero of Inkerman. The gallant soldiers who fought under him in Spain convened a meeting of their numbers resident in and around London. An address was voted, and a deputation of the war-worn veterans presented it to him at his house. The address and reply do not form a part of the history of this war, but we notice the fact of the devotion of these gallant fellows to their general as illustrative of the qualities of head and heart by which General Evans never failed to attach to himself all who came under his command. We trust that, having braved "the battle's havoc and the tempest's rage," the gallant soldier and good citizen

may be enabled to enjoy what the corresponding words of our motto so sweetly express—

"The calm close of valour's various day;"

and should the call "to arms" again in our day stir the hearts of men, may the veteran general be again able, with re-invigorated health, to lead his countrymen to victory in a position of higher command, and therefore more befitting his experience and his capacity.

This notice of General Evans has been carried down to the close of his active connection with the war, in order that an unbroken narrative of his services and honours might be given. When Sir de Laey Evans resigned his command, there was a dearth of generals in the British army—Inkerman and sickness had sadly thinned their numbers. The general commanding the first division, his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, was on board ship invalided; his second in command, Sir Colin Campbell, held the military government of Balaklava, and therefore could render no service in the trenches. The other brigadier of his royal highness's division had been wounded. The second division was not only deprived of its chief, Sir de Laey Evans, but of Brigadier Adams, who received a mortal wound at Inkerman. The third division retained its generals, for although no man was more anxious, active, and vigilant than Sir Richard England, he seemed, like Sir Colin Campbell, to be endowed with great physical endurance. The fourth division lost all its generals on the fatal hill-side of Inkerman. The light division was deprived of its indomitable chief, Sir George Brown, he having been dangerously wounded in the late battle. The Earl of Cardigan, second in the cavalry command, remained an invalid on board ship. An accession of superior officers, men of tried resolution, sound health, and extensive experience, was as requisite to Lord Raglan as strong reinforcements of men; neither came in any adequate proportions until overwork and watching still further reduced the diminished and suffering army.

Although the tidings of the battle of Inkerman did not excite the same enthusiasm in England as the battle of the Alma did, it won for the English soldiers on the continent, and especially in France, still more admiration; and tended very much to strengthen the feeling of our ally, that the army of England, however numerically inferior, was not surpassed—the French press generously said not equalled—by the troops of that great military nation. The English government conferred on Lord Raglan the baton of a field-marshal, and a rule was made to confer commissions upon those non-commissioned officers who most distinguished themselves for skill and valour. This much—

required resolution was not promulgated until several weeks later.

Horse Guards, December 9.

The queen has been pleased to command that, as a mark of her majesty's recognition of the meritorious services of non-commissioned officers of the army under the command of Field-marshal Lord Raglan, in the recent brilliant operations in the Crimea, the field-marshal shall submit, through the general commanding-in-chief, the name of one sergeant of each regiment of cavalry, of the three battalions of the Foot Guards, and of every regiment of infantry of the line, to be promoted to a cornetcy or ensigncy, for her majesty's approval; and, with the view to render immediately available the services of these meritorious men, her majesty has directed that the field-marshal do appoint provisionally, and pending her majesty's pleasure, the sergeants so recommended to regiments in the army under his command; and her majesty has further been graciously pleased to signify her intention that, on the several recommendations receiving her majesty's approval, the commission shall in each case bear date the 5th of November, 1854.

The chief points in the royal warrant, dated the 4th of December, concerning annuities and gratuities to soldiers, are the following:—

Whereas, we deem it expedient to mark our sense of the distinguished, gallant, and good conduct of the army serving in the East, under the command of Field-marshal Lord Raglan, our will and pleasure is: that one sergeant in each regiment of cavalry and infantry, and of each battalion of the Foot Guards, and of the Rifle Brigade serving in the East, in the Crimea, or elsewhere, under the command of Field-marshal Lord Raglan, shall be selected by the commanding officer, and recommended to us for the grant of an annuity, not exceeding £20, provided that the aggregate of grants now made and to be made shall not exceed £4000 in any one year. The annuity so granted is to be at the disposal of such sergeant, although he may be still in our service. It is also our will and pleasure to extend the provisions of our royal warrant of the 13th of April, 1854, and with the special view of marking our sense of the distinguished service and gallant conduct in the field of our army now serving in the East, in the Crimea, or elsewhere, under the command of Field-marshal Lord Raglan, to order and direct that the commanding officer of each regiment of cavalry shall be allowed to recommend one sergeant, two corporals, and four privates; and the commanding officer of each regiment of infantry, and of each battalion of Foot Guards, and of the Rifle Brigade, shall be allowed to recommend one sergeant, four corporals, and ten privates, to receive a medal and a gratuity of—

For a sergeant	£15
For a corporal	10
For a private	5

The gratuity to be placed in the regimental savings-bank, there to remain in deposit at interest until his discharge from our service, and to be deemed to be his personal property, in conformity with the terms of our royal warrant of the 13th of April, 1854.

The tidings of the great storm, following so closely upon those of the great battle, convinced the government that aid must be speedily sent to Lord Raglan. It will scarcely be credited by readers not acquainted with the character of the Aberdeen government that the reinforcements resolved upon amounted to no more than 6500 men! It was generally believed that, but for the letters of Mr. Russell in the columns of the *Times*, even that miserably inadequate assistance would not have been sent forth. The first battalion of the Grenadier Guards, and the 31th, 62nd, 71st, 90th, and 97th regiments of the line received orders to

proceed to the Crimea, with various other detachments. Some of these troops were never sent, and all that were dispatched arrived too late in the season to do anything but share in the sufferings of their brothers in arms previously in the field. The apologists of the government excuse its tardiness in sending supplies of men and munitions after the united effects of Inkerman and the storm had so completely exhausted the army. The examinations conducted by the Sebastopol Committee threw light on these matters; Lord Hardinge, the commander-in-chief of the forces, gave the following evidence:—"Our peace establishment had been so very low indeed, that, after making the first effort, and sending out 25,000 men, we could do nothing more than send out young recruits. We made them pretty perfect in drill in a couple of months, but instead of sending out bone and muscle, they were, I may say, only gristle. Our peace establishment had been so low, that when the war broke out we were obliged to raise men as fast as we could; and the great difference between the army under the Duke of Wellington on his going to the Peninsula in 1808, and the army in the Crimea, is this: in 1808, we had for six or seven years previously a very large force of second battalions and of militia, to resist invasion. All those men, from twenty to twenty-five years of age, were in the highest state of discipline, and when we drew upon them, we knew we should get soldiers whom we could rely on. But when we came in November and December, in the face of the winter in the Crimea, to send out those raw recruits—and we had no others to send—it was impossible to expect them to resist hard work and the inclemency of the weather so well as other and more seasoned men."

The French reinforcements were dispatched with great order and alacrity—20,000 men augmented the French army; but however generous and sympathetic our allies were in every other respect, they were very unwilling to share the labour of the trenches with the British. They did their own part well; but the English were numerically unequal to the proportion of labour which they had undertaken, and the French were unwilling to assist them. Lord Raglan, either from over-anxiety for the pride and dignity of the British army, or expecting reinforcements as they might be required, undertook a proportion of the common toil which his numbers, in comparison with the French, by no means justified. His lordship knew as well as any man that supplies of men from home could not be relied upon to a very great extent; but as he was a personal and political favourite with the court and the government of the day, he relied much upon

his own influence in obtaining whatever he required. He knew well also that there were still regiments at home sufficient to afford substantial help. The specious evidence of Lord Hardinge before the Sebastopol Committee may appear to contravene this; but we had four battalions of household infantry, three regiments of household cavalry, several heavy and light cavalry regiments, and strong depots, and battalions of the line, which might have been promptly embarked for the seat of war, but were kept uselessly at home.

When the effects of the storm were at last obliterated, so far as the camp was concerned, the work was actively renewed in which the English soldier bore so patient and suffering a part. The trenches were enlarged, batteries were repaired and remounted, the approaches were pushed forward, and the toiling English worked on without respite, sickness and fatigue still their portion. To these the rigours of winter were now added—

“—chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare.”

The Russians also toiled and also suffered. Through the haze of the Crimean November the opposing hosts regarded one another, as if each were afraid to strike, and yet longed for the decisive moment when battle terminates suspense.

A gentleman who followed the armies to Roumelia and Bulgaria, and wrote some of the most interesting letters which came thence—letters rivalling those of Mr. Russell or Mr. Woods, although these possess a wider fame—thus notices the state of things around the war-beaten city after the storm and through the month of November:—“If a traveller familiar with Sebastopol and its environs were to take his stand on one of the heights held by our outposts, and to look down upon it, knowing all that has occurred, undoubtedly one of the first impressions made would be that resulting from the little change effected in the appearance of the town and its fortifications, notwithstanding the number of shot, shell, and other destructive missiles discharged against it for more than a month past. The next thing that would attract his notice perhaps, would be the number of earthworks and batteries erected on the south side of the town and dockyards, and on the high points as far as Careening Bay, also on various prominent positions in the town itself, and again on the north side of the roadstead and heights above. But the principal forts remain unchanged, and apparently as perfect as ever. The great Fort St. Nicholas, seen in reverse, with its stone arcades, extending in long concave lines one story above another; the lofty, but comparatively narrow stone tower of Fort Paul, with its two wings, exhibit no change.

The rows of dockyard buildings, the storehouses, the loftier and more spacious buildings in the town itself, preserve their original outlines. Three buildings, from their elevation and structure, particularly attract the gaze in looking at the town. One of these, the loftiest, is crowned by a dome covered with bright lead or other shining metal; another has the appearance of a Gothic church with several pinnacles rising from its roof; the third has the form of a Grecian temple, and from its proportions, portico, and columns, appears to be a copy of the Parthenon. These seem to have been untouched; but the last-mentioned building exhibits, by its partly stripped roof, the effects of the late hurricane. The nearer buildings, consisting of private residences, public offices, or warehouses, show here and there an opening made by the entrance of a shot, but seldom exhibit any more extensive damage. To the left, the work of destruction is more manifest. Several lines of one-storied barracks, a considerable number of houses and other buildings—a few large, but generally of an inferior character—in their rear, are here in a state of ruin. The only works of a more imposing kind, which show the effect produced upon them by the guns of the besiegers are, on the right, the Round Tower, battered by the English; and on the left the Fifty-gun Fort, which terminated the south end of the loop-holed wall of the town, and which has been destroyed by the French. These are the only two stone works which are in a dilapidated condition. Of course, the forts on the north shore of the roadstead show no change, as they have not been touched, excepting Fort Constantine at the entrance; and from the distance, although it is said to have been severely shaken, and to be propped up within by timber, no alteration can be perceived. The heavy guns on its roof remain as before. The effects of the firing are manifest only in the immediate neighbourhood of those points against which the efforts of the besiegers, as well as of the besieged, have been concentrated—namely, the earthwork batteries which each antagonist has mutually raised in the course of the period which has elapsed since the 28th of September.”

The uncertainty of the information transmitted from the seat of war, and the irregular reception there of despatches, were vexing to the army, and to its friends at home. Remonstrances and petitions to the Post-office in St. Martin's-le-Grand, and to the government, were alike unavailing. In this respect our French friends contrasted very favourably with us: the regularity of their despatches, and the punctual receipt of letters by the soldiery deserved the highest eulogy.

The conduct of the French commander-in-

chief at this juncture was passing excellent. No commander ever showed more sympathy for his men. Attended by his intimate friend, Bosquet, he might be seen daily, almost hourly, about the camp or at Kamiesch personally superintending everything, and consulting his skilful general of division on every point which required deliberation. He visited the hospitals, and inquired individually at the beds of the soldiery as to their condition and requirements. He inspected the medicine chests, conferred with the medical staff, saw to the repair of ambulances, the better construction of huts, the supply of coffee, bread, and fresh vegetables. He went on board the transports, talked to the skippers, acquiring and giving information. It appeared as if he united in himself the functions of commissary, assistant surgeon, and lieutenant of engineers. Many of his excellent arrangements were attributed to General Bosquet, but the kind motive and the active disposition needed no prompting.

The English soldiery, still patient and unmurmuring, remarked the different conduct of the staff of their own army. Canrobert was a younger man than Lord Raglan, and better able to undergo this great amount of exertion; Bosquet was also a hale and vigorous man. Lord Raglan was really ill, and his habits were more contemplative and literary than such as the exigencies of the situation required. In early life, Lord Fitzroy Somerset was one of the most active officers in the army, and on the staff of his great chief, the Duke of Wellington, served in the vigorous performance of every duty; but for many years he had settled down in an easy chair in the Horse Guards, at the desk of the military secretary, and this sedentary life had obtained ascendancy over his habits; he was, besides, far advanced in years considering the requirements of his position. His staff were not active. General Esteourt, the adjutant-general, was, like his chief, one of the most gentlemanly and amiable of men, and he did his duty conscientiously and to the best of his power; but he was a man of little general capacity, and intellectually totally unequal to the magnitude of the undertaking. General Airey, the quartermaster-general, was a very active man, always bustling about, doing and undoing—and with so little skill that his department was the centre, if not the source, of most of the confusion that ruled in the camp, and excited at home so much indignation and shame. Every body gave General Airey credit for the best intentions, but he and his *alter ego*, Colonel Gordon (son of the premier) were so self-sufficient that the most experienced generals were not consulted, and their requests and remonstrances were frequently unheeded. The officers and men were dispirited and disquieted by these things,

although they evinced a fortitude the most unyielding.

The arrival of "the drafts" cheered the men, and those of the Guards brought out drums and fifes, which had a very inspiring effect on the soldiers as they encamped on the bleak plateau. "Cheer, boys, cheer," "Pop goes the Weasel," and "the British Grenadiers," were in great request; but the shivering soldiery after a time appeared to lose interest in these home-strains—so stern and all-exacting were their tasks and toils.

Our Ottoman ally sent forward his reinforcements, such as they were, well provided with *matériel*, although the Turkish troops already in the Crimea were utterly neglected and their condition deplorable. With the small reinforcements of Turks there arrived some very large and magnificent guns. These were brass cannon weighing 75 cwt. each, but which threw shot and shell nearly as heavy as our own of 95 cwt. As soon as these fine pieces of artillery were landed they were sent up to the batteries, and placed in important positions. What were termed the staff-corps arrived from England, but the advantages expected from this body were never realised.

Such was the state of the camps and siege when, on the 20th of November, a smart combat took place which redounded to the honour of the British infantry, and in which one of the most promising officers of the service lost his life.

In consequence of the reduction in numbers of the English army it was impossible to occupy various outposts in sufficient strength, and from some it was necessary to remove the detachments altogether. The broken ground beyond the British batteries furnished excellent cover for riflemen, and the English had placed there small parties who kept up an incessant and deadly fire upon the enemy. As these men were gradually drawn in, for the reason already given, the Russians, well knowing the reason of their withdrawal, advanced and took possession of every sheltered hollow and cover whence they might in turn annoy us. Opposite the English left attack, then under the cautious and skilful command of General England, there was a hollow place where the ground was rocky and uneven, and the surrounding rocks indented by caves of singular construction, formed by the decay of the softer portions, between the strata of which the rocks are composed. These caves afforded very convenient shelter for the occupants of the post, and the whole formation of the ground enabled them to sally out and take sure aim upon an advancing enemy with impunity. Besides these advantages, there were several broken limekilns and two ruined buildings, admirably adapted to protect the men, whether

actually engaged with the enemy or on bivouac. This place obtained the name of "the Ovens" among the English, from the likeness of the old limekilns to such useful culinary appendages. When the Russian riflemen ensconced themselves in this snug post, they began operations by a smart fire upon the extreme of the French right attack. On the night after the great storm, and on the 15th, the French suffered seriously from the sure aim of the sheltered enemy. Many of the men of their fatigue parties working in their second parallel were hit. It became necessary to dislodge the Russians from the position, and on the night of the 16th an attempt to do so was made by orders of the commandant of the French right attack. The French found to their surprise that the post was occupied by at least 300 men, and as not half that number had been sent to dislodge them, the Russians not only kept possession, but drove back our allies with severe loss.

Emboldened by success, and finding the value of the situation, the Russians doubled their garrison there, and turned their attention to the English left attack, picking off the gunners and the men of the working parties. Under these circumstances General England thought it necessary to attempt their dislodgment, and committed the arrangement of the attempt to his skilful brigadier, Sir John Campbell. Lord Raglan, in his despatch, thus calls the attention of the home government to the success which attended it:—

Before Sebastopol, Nov. 23, 1854.

MY LORD DUKE,—The Russian advanced post in front of our left attack having taken up a position which incommoded our troops in the trenches, and occasioned not a few casualties, and at the same time took in reverse the French troops working in their lines, a representation of which was made to me both by our own officers and by General Canrobert, a detachment of the 1st battalion Rifle Brigade, under Lieutenant Tryon, was directed, on the night of the 20th, to dislodge the enemy; and this service was performed most gallantly and effectively, but at some loss both in killed and wounded, and at the cost of the life of Lieutenant Tryon, who rendered himself conspicuous on the occasion, was considered a most promising officer, and held in the highest estimation by all.

The Russians attempted several times to re-establish themselves on the ground before daylight on the 21st, but they were instantly repulsed by Lieutenant Bouchier, the senior surviving officer of the party, and it now remains in our possession.

Brigadier-general Sir John Campbell speaks highly of the conduct of the detachment, and of Lieutenant Bouchier, and Lieutenant Cunningham, and he laments the death of Lieutenant Tryon, who so ably led them in the first instance.

This little exploit was so highly prized by General Canrobert, that he instantly published an "Ordre Général," announcing it to the French army, and combining, with a just tribute to the gallantry of the troops, the expression of his deep sympathy in the regret felt for the loss of a young officer of so much distinction.

RAGLAN.

His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, &c.

In this despatch of Lord Raglan's some things are overlooked. A small body of Rifles,

under the command of Lieutenant Tryon, is represented as having captured the post, and the same detachment, under Lieutenant Bouchier, as successfully defending it on the 21st. The facts were, that two companies of the 1st battalion of the Rifle Brigade, supported by four companies of the 68th regiment, were appointed to the undertaking. Lieutenant Tryon was the senior officer of the two Rifle companies, and as he was regarded as a first-rate officer for outpost duty, the four companies of the 68th were ordered to follow his directions. The whole of these troops remained in the second parallel of the British left attack until the hour which Sir John Campbell appointed for the enterprise to proceed. When that hour arrived, Tryon led his Rifles forward with profound silence and caution, creeping from crag to crag, and furtively advancing upon the foe. In this manœuvre the Rifles had greatly the advantage of the 68th, who made slower progress and some noise, which was ultimately heard by the Russian sentinels. The night was one of excessive rain and storm; such nights are seldom dark, a fact often overlooked by persons who describe the incidents of war, and by officers who have to direct the movements of a surprise: the night of the 20th of November was, however, dark, as rain accompanied the wind—and this favoured the more rapid progress of Tryon and his party. There was still some fifty yards distance from the hollow where the Russians were lying sheltered, and unsuspecting of the vicinity of any assailant. The Rifles were scattered, the men of the 68th advanced more compactly, and their tramp roused the vigilant ear of the sentinels, who, springing up, fired and fell back. The advance was discovered, the Russians were at their post in an instant, with rifles ready to give our troops a deadly reception if there were only light enough to take aim. The British, perceiving that the sooner among the enemy the less fatal the encounter, rushed forward as if by a common impulse. An irregular volley from the Ovens was the only resistance; its possessors fled before the bayonets of the English, not, however, until a number were victims to that destructive weapon. The captors found very valuable prizes, which they hastened to appropriate; there was a large supply of black bread, and nearly every man among the conquerors secured a flask of spirits and a blanket—booty most welcome.

According to Lord Raglan's despatch, the enemy next day attempted to regain the place; Mr. Woods declares that five minutes did not elapse before the renewed attack began. Both statements are incorrect, although the language of the despatch may seem to have literal accuracy, for the Ovens was captured before

midnight of the 20th; after midnight, and therefore on the 21st, the Russians returned to retake it. They came back in great force, but were met with a determined and successful resistance. In a popular memoir of Lieutenant Tryon, his men are represented as "firing destructive volleys into the head of the various Russian columns as they came on to the attack." This is mere hyperbole; a force of about 1200 men constituted the attacking party, whereas the defenders of the post barely numbered 400; these had, however, the advantage of position, and most gallantly used it: not a nook, or spot of cover which the ground afforded but was occupied by the Rifles, while the detachment of the 68th was judiciously drawn up so as to receive the enemy with bullet and bayonet as he came on. The rain too abated, and as the clouds drifted before the careering gale, the night brightened, enabling the British to take aim as the foe came within rifle range. As soon as our men opened fire their opponents fell fast. The fire was returned at great disadvantage. The Russian officers perceiving this, gallantly, sword in hand, endeavoured to lead their men at the charge; but they remembered Inkerman, and quailed before so early a repetition of a bayonet contest with the English. They turned and fled, leaving on the field 150 killed and wounded; at least twice that number of wounded were brought off the field. Before they retired, Lieutenant Tryon was killed; he was considered the ablest rifle officer in the service, and the best marksman. At Inkerman he fired 119 rounds from his own rifle, and was supposed to have destroyed more of the enemy than any twenty men in the English or French armies. At the Ovens he had brought down eleven Russians, and was raising his rifle to take aim at a Russian officer, when he received, by a chance shot, a bullet in the brain. This gallant officer was son of Thomas Tryon, Esq., of Bulwich Park, county of Northampton. Lieutenants Bouchier and Cunningham conducted the defence after Tryon fell; and both officers obtained and nobly merited the approbation of the army.

The spirited enterprise of the Ovens was the last which the English troops attempted before Sebastopol during the year 1854. The dreary winter fell upon them with renewed vigour, disabling the army from all active exertions. The privations of the English caused desertions; the men were seldom more than eight hours at a time off duty; and hunger, cold, and sickness, struck mortal blows around. The Russians, aware of this state of things by the increasing desertions, made frequent petty sorties, approaching the outposts and parallels, and often finding the English soldiers asleep at their posts, bayoneted them. Some-

times the men who were thus overpowered with slumber sank to wake no more, the cold depriving them of life.

The French, well housed, well fed, with numbers sufficient to do the labour of their own trenches, and those of the English also (in which, however, they did not in the least assist), continued to work their approaches, to strengthen their parapets, and to replace their worn guns in their batteries. Parties of Frenchmen might be seen daily, beyond their own parallel, gathering sticks for fuel, unmolested by the Russians, who only occasionally fired upon them. At night, however, the French and Russian Rifles had constant skirmishes on a small scale, by which neither side gained anything. The severity of the weather conquered the active disposition of all the belligerents, and the grim and stricken hosts confronted one another with surly and discontented mien.

Occasionally, however, some event of startling interest would animate the allied armies. Thus, on the 24th of November, a very brisk affair took place, between the Chasseurs de Vincennes and the Muscovite riflemen, in front of the Flagstaff Battery earthworks. While yet the rifle combat was maintained with fluctuating fortunes, the batteries of the town opened the most furious cannonade heard since the cessation of the bombardment. For seven hours the dark sky reflected the flashes of the artillery. The French suffered very little from this unexpected outburst from the enemy's batteries; and although the flame from so many pieces of ordnance threw light over the ground where the skirmishers fought, yet the noise of such a sustained roar of artillery enabled the French stealthily to push on, unheard, detachment after detachment in support of the Chasseurs, until at last a dash was made by these increased numbers. The Russian outposts were driven back with the bayonet under heavy loss. The Chasseurs still pressing forward, followed the enemy within his lines, entered the intrenchments, bayoneted gunners, spiked guns, and established themselves at last so firmly within the *enceinte*, that it was afterwards seriously discussed by the officers of both the allied armies whether, if this success had been followed up, the place might not have been successfully assaulted. There was, however, no preparation for such an event. The general-in-chief of the French army lacked enterprise, as well as that of the British; and no chances, which arose so frequently, of this nature were ever made available. In the condition the British troops were at this time, the conquest of Sebastopol might not have ensued, even if the French had entered in full force.

On this night the Russians showed some disposition to renew their attack upon the

Ovens, and some men were detached in support from the Green Hill Battery on our left, but returned. The French sent a strong detachment across the ravine, to assist in keeping the post—the preservation of which was as necessary to the security of the men in their right attack as to those in the British left.

Wearied, harassed, and sick, as were the English—although rain and storm scarcely intermitted, and the track from the camp to Balaklava was a vast puddle, through which the horses had to wade up to their sides—yet desperate efforts were made through the latter part of November to arm the English batteries afresh, and prepare them for a renewed bombardment. What our allies were able to effect on their side by numbers, the British performed by dint of indefatigable toil, under which some of them dropped down dead; and numbers sunk each day after their task was over, unable again to resume a degree of labour so unremitting and oppressive. Sixteen 32-pounders, from the armament of the *Britannia*, were landed on the 26th. Twenty-four other guns, of the same calibre, were landed from the armaments of other war-ships the same day; sixty tons weight of shot and shell were also landed; and efforts, successful but most onerous, were put forth to bring these and other large stores of material up to the trenches.

On the night of the 26th, another skirmish between the French and Russians enlivened the British left attack. The French surprised a mud fort at the Quarantine Battery, and drove out the Russian detachment there stationed; the latter, reinforced, sought to regain it; but the French continued to hold possession, after having suffered a loss of men altogether disproportioned to the value of the post, except so far as that every advantage produced a moral effect which tended to dishearten the enemy. The fire of the Russian Rifles was, on this occasion, more sure than the French had as yet experienced; and the men seemed to handle their weapons with increased confidence. They were unwilling to charge home with the bayonet, but approached the French very closely, taking deliberate and often fatal aim, as far as the little light afforded enabled them to do so. The increased confidence which the Russians showed in their fire-arms on this occasion arose from the fact that they had been recently armed with the Liege rifle,—an excellent although cheaply-constructed weapon, which the Belgian manufacturers, with the willing assistance of the Prussians—and it was reasonably credited of the Prussian government—supplied to our enemies. Belgium was deeply indebted to England and France for her independence, and was pledged by her constitution, and by the very terms of her political existence, to a faith-

ful neutrality; but both the people and government were faithless, and showed to Russia all the sympathy they dare avow. Prussia professed to be an ally, but acted as an enemy. The Prussian people declared very generally their desire to see the allies victors; but they supported their government in a double-dealing policy, and regarded their temporary commercial advantages, and individual interests, more than the cause of liberty, with which they professed to sympathise. The Russians had no difficulty in obtaining from Belgium, *via* Prussia, excellent rifles, muskets, rifle-carbines, and pistols, with which they gradually displaced, to the disadvantage of the allies, the inferior arms previously used.

By the night of the 27th a fine new battery was erected by the English, to be manned by their dauntless tars, whose usefulness at the Sailors' Battery had been so severely and successfully tested during the recent bombardment. This battery was fitted to bear twenty-six guns of the largest calibre; it was thus described:—"It is a *flèche*. The right side of the *flèche* commands the Inkerman Road and battery; the left side sweeps the head of Inkerman Creek, and commands the shipping, which will now be driven down towards Dockyard Creek."

A Polish deserter came into the trenches in the dusk of the morning of the 27th, and related that the Grand-duke Michael had reviewed, on the 25th, 12,000 men in the city, and personally exhorted them to drive the heretics into the sea, intimating that they should soon have an opportunity for putting his exhortations into practice, as another attack would be made upon the flank and rear of the allies. The exhortations of the prince were followed by donations of money and a distribution of extra rations of food and spirits. When the prince retired, the priests dispersed themselves among the various battalions, repeating the exhortations, and in the name of the archbishop distributing additional donations of money, clothing, and raka. The men were much excited—their national and sectarian feelings were roused to fury; their tenacity in the night combats of the 25th and 26th were in a great measure to be ascribed to the enthusiasm thus enkindled. The Poles, who were listeners to these exhortations, were moved to anger—their religious and political sympathies being with the allies; still their disposition to desert was checked by the thoughts of the loved ones at home, whom they knew they never could see again if they did not remain in the Russian ranks.

The severity of the weather and the sufferings of the army—officers as well as men—now operated upon a class of camp-followers who acted as sutlers, servants, valets, chapmen, &c. These men were Maltese, Ionians, and Greeks, chiefly, mingled with Albanians and Rouma-

nians. They took every opportunity during the last week of November to leave—deserting the officers, to whom they had engaged themselves as servants, in their utmost need; and frequently manifesting the basest ingratitude to those who had fed them when themselves scantily supplied, and watched over and tended them in sickness. Many of these men were spies, and such was their greed of money and utter baseness, that they would have betrayed into the hands of the enemy the very men whose salt they had eaten, and who had succoured and saved them. During the closing weeks of November the dead bodies of wrecked seamen, the mutilated trunks of others, and sometimes a head or limb, were washed ashore along the coast of the Crimea, the strong winds which continued to prevail driving them in from the sea.

Several occurrences before the month of November expired, disgusted the English army with the official management, which had so much to do with its sufferings. The rain and wind which set in about the 8th of the month continued to its close. Before and after the great storm the gales were high and dangerous—after that deplorable event the cold continued to increase intensely, the rain often becoming sleet, and followed by occasional snow-storms. The trenches were frequently nearly filled with water; the road from Balaklava to the camp, and the various offshooting tracks, were almost impassable from the mud created by such incessant rains falling upon a soil peculiarly adapted to yield to it. Chill damp vapours hung every morning over the plateau, and hid the valley of the Tchernaya beneath a sea of mist. As the day advanced, the high winds swept these mists partially away, but generally a deluge of rain or sleet was shaken, as it were, from the wings of the wind, darkening the day. The men were drenched perpetually. Efforts to dry their clothes, when fuel was procurable, afforded only temporary respite from the chillness which pervaded their frames. Nothing at this dismal period was more valuable than fire-wood, yet vast quantities were drifting about the harbour of Balaklava, and along the adjoining shores, and no efforts were made to collect it. The wrecks of the 14th would have supplied the army with fuel for a space of time which would have been sufficient for saving many lives. The soldiers made repeated attempts to collect the wood thrown up upon the beach, but for so doing they were treated by the incapable and impracticable authorities as thieves. Any man caught *stealing* the drift timber became the victim of the provost-marshal's wrath. As soon, however, as fuel ran scarce at headquarters, the *Caradoc* was employed to fish up so much of what then remained as might supply the comforts of Lord Raglan and his

attendants. The young gentlemen, nephews and friends of his lordship, and the quartermaster-general's staff, did not like the cold and damp any more than the common soldiery; the latter were left to perish without any effort to procure what would have been life to them, nor were they even permitted to help themselves, but the navy was brought into requisition the moment the necessities or convenience of head-quarters required a supply. In this a contrast was presented to what took place in the French army, conferring as much credit upon the one as it reflected disgrace upon the other. The heartless contempt for our poor soldiers—as if being humbly born was a crime in the esteem of the men to whose care these brave fellows were committed—was an infamy which no qualities of excellence, personal or professional, on the part of those guilty of it, can ever redeem.

The distribution of green coffee had also much to do with the ill health and discomfort of the soldiers. They had no means of roasting the berries, no means of grinding them; requisitions and remonstrances to supply them with the roasted berry, or ground coffee, or the means of preparing it, were not even noticed. The men threw the berries away, and in many cases drank the water in which their ration pork was boiled—the pork being excessively fat and salt. During the last ten days of November neither sugar, coffee, nor tea, were given to the troops. Scurvy began to prevail among the men to a deplorable extent, yet no means were resorted to for procuring fresh food. Vegetables were landed to a considerable extent at first, but they were piled up in vast stacks at Balaklava; the persons in charge would not part with them without written authority from their superiors; the written documents could not be obtained at all, or only after a tedious interval. Contempt for the humble soldiers, and an indifference to their comfort and health, which were hardly disguised, prevailed where everything that was just, honourable, manly, patriotic, humane, and even grateful, should have prompted vigorous and thoughtful effort. Ultimately the stacks of vegetables rotted on the beach, in the sight of the scurvy-stricken and often hungry men; and these rotting masses were allowed to remain in that state, their smell horribly offensive, and adding to the prevailing sickness, because it was no one's business to remove them. When the nuisance became utterly unendurable some one assumed authority, and the vegetables were thrown into the sea.

The state of the men's clothing during the month of November was most wretched; few ever took off their clothes from the beginning of the bombardment. So ragged and tattered were they that it would have been difficult for them, had they taken them off, to get them on again.

The soldiers were covered with parasites; the camps and the trenches were literally alive with them. All this time bales of warm clothing were carried about from port to port on board the transports, or were stowed away in the tossing ships uselessly lying at Balaklava, or were piled up on shore, where they were cast, soaked with sea-water and rain, after the wreck of the *Prince*. On the last day of November, the *Ottowa*, which had stores of warm apparel on board, was ordered to land them, but from some inscrutable causes the soldiers profited little in the result. All the detail connected with the supply of an army was conducted as badly as it was possible for the like to be conducted—so far as it depended upon the management of head-quarters, and the order and efficiency of the departments at home.

The condition of the medical men was truly deplorable: their number was so small that their work was incessant, and they received neither aid nor sympathy from the military authorities; while the chiefs of their own profession were as gifted in official bungling as the officials of the more martial departments of the army. The medical men made requisitions for medicine, and for such comforts as would aid in the recovery of the sick, but in vain; neither by the chiefs of the navy or army were they treated with respect, nor their patients considered with humanity. When they applied for laudanum or opium, in cases of diarrhœa, they were supplied with epsom salts or cream of tartar; and in return to their requisitions for other important medicines, they received vast quantities of alum. Alum pills was the prescription for every complaint, because the doctors thought it necessary to humour the common soldiers, who put faith in medicine. Several of the more intelligent of the medical men, who were acquainted with the shores of the Bosphorus and Black Sea, urged upon the authorities the feasibility of obtaining fresh provisions from Trebizond, and other of the Asiatic ports, and also from Bulgaria and Roumelia; but no effort was made to do so. Offers to form contracts to supply the army with any amount of cattle, and large quantities of vegetables, were refused. Ships which ought to have been employed to carry these commodities were lying idle, and knocking against one another, in a filthy condition at Balaklava. *There was no head.* It was discovered long after, that much of the starvation, sickness, and misery, might have been mitigated—that supplies to any amount could be had at Trebizond; and contracts were offered, some of which were accepted; but even then the genius of mismanagement deprived the army of most of the benefits which would otherwise have been derived. Our regimental

officers, and the men of both army and navy, sustained the honour of the English name—so did our generals of division and brigade; but the staff of the army disgraced their country, and nearly ruined her cause. Nor were the officers of the navy exempt from blame: their neglect and mismanagement at Balaklava, and their ineffectual blockade of the Russian ports at this period, call for heavy censure. The disposition of the chief military and naval authorities to shift the blame upon the commissariat was unjust. The commissaries, from the humblest man in the department to their chief, were treated with contumely. There was no organised system of connection between the departments. The horses of the commissariat were employed to bring up shot and shell, and Mr. Filder was blamed for not bringing up his stores when his means of conveyance and carriage had been arbitrarily withdrawn from him. The necessities of the army were many, and the confusion in attempting to supply them, as well as the indifference which neglected to supply them, were alike signal. Head and heart were wanting where the government at home should have taken care to provide both.

The state of things at Balaklava, at the end of November, is thus described by one who proved himself a faithful witness; and the contrast between the disorder in the English navy there, and the order in the French navy at Kamiesch, is testified with painful accuracy:—"The gales of wind to which the fleet has been exposed are excessively strong and violent. Every night there is a storm for a few hours; every day there is a 'breeze of wind' and rain. Will it be credited that, with all our naval officers in Balaklava with nothing else to do—with our *embarras des richesses* of captains, commanders, and lieutenants—there is no more care taken for the vessels in Balaklava than if they were colliers in a gale off Newcastle? Ships come in and anchor where they like, do what they like, go out when they like, and are permitted to perform whatever vagaries they like, in accordance with the old rule of 'higgledy piggledy, rough and tumble,' combined with 'happy-go-lucky.' Now in Kamiesch Bay the vessels are about tenfold more numerous than those in Balaklava, yet the order and regularity which prevail in the French marine are in the most painful contrast to the confusion and disorganisation of our own transport and mercantile marine service. Captain Christie avers that our merchant captains wont attend to him. Captain Powell, of the *Vesuvius*, a most active and indefatigable officer, is beach-master, but he has no power of interference in such matters as I have alluded to, and there is no harbour police whatever."

Such was the state of affairs at the close of the first winter month in the Crimea. The men were fed on half rations of salt pork and hard biscuit; they lived in threadbare tents, which had done service in the war of the Spanish Peninsula. They walked, and to some extent slept, in mud: they were nearly destitute of clothing, wholly destitute of fuel, hard worked, sick, without medicine, and exposed to the attacks of a powerful and insidious foe, perfectly well acquainted with their condition. The Russians in the valley and on the Tchernaya heights were nearly as unhappily circumstanced as to material comforts, or the flank and rear of the allies would again have been attacked by overwhelming masses of troops.

The guns and heavy mortars landed on the 29th by the *Golden Fleece* could not be brought up to the batteries, nor could the other munitions of war ordered to the camp from Balaklava—the road was so utterly cut up and so overlaid with vast piles of mud. Along its course might be seen dead horses, broken carts and arabas, gun-carriages stuck fast, and relics of every description of camp material, left behind in despair. As part of this road lay under the fortified position of General Bosquet, whose men had little duty to perform except to keep a vigilant look-out towards the army of Liprandi, it is extraordinary that no assistance was afforded by him to repair it. Certainly intimations were frequently made that such assistance would be welcome, and would be regarded as most generous and humane; but no formal requisition was made from British head-quarters, which some attribute to national, some to personal pride: others alleged that the requisition was not made because it was known that it would have been refused. An invalid English officer, who was moved down to Balaklava at this time, describes what he suffered and what he saw in the following terms:—“I was fortunate to be able to get up my baskets and other articles from the *Colombo*; and my servant and pony arrived at a late hour, tired out from the dreadful state of the roads, for it was a day's work to go to Balaklava and back. I was in a wretched state of weakness, and did not see much chance of my health improving, since for many days I could not get any fresh meat from the hospital, and was obliged to live on biscuit and tea. While in this state R—— received a box from Mr. G——, of the *Vengeance*, in which were a loaf of bread for me and a bottle of wine. The bread was a fortnight old, and rather mouldy, but, barring the crust, it was a great luxury, and lasted me for some time. Every third day my servant was obliged to go away some distance for fuel, and to pick up small roots and chips of wood, as it was almost an impossibility to make fires of the green brushwood

which the soldiers used, in rainy weather. This took him some hours, and it generally ended in my losing my dinner altogether, and contenting myself with a cup of tea. At this period the men only remained in the trenches twelve hours at a time, which was a great relief to them, and I believe this course was first proposed by Lord W——. It was impossible to procure any sort of comfort for them at Balaklava. I lent my pony, and sent my pay-sergeant down frequently, but he was unable to procure any flannels, or woollen comforters, socks, or anything that might be useful. He bought some boots there, which fell to pieces the first time they were used in the mud, and this was a total loss to the poor fellows. The town was full of ‘sharks,’ but I think the prices in some instances were made exorbitant by the masters of transports selling things to the shops from their stores at frightful prices. It is to be regretted that some of the shopkeepers and robbers were not turned out of the place, for then we might have been able to obtain provisions at a price something like their value. M—— and I sent my pony to Balaklava for some potatoes and onions, if the servant could buy them; and he brought us a sackful, for which he paid nothing, having been allowed to help himself on some steamer, together with a number of soldiers. Difficulties arose at this time in the commissariat department. The store of pork and biscuit being exhausted, we were asked to allow our *bât* ponies to go to head-quarters (about two miles) for biscuit, as the roads were in such a state that it was impossible for even an araba to move in them. It was now decided by the medical men that I ought to go to Balaklava for a few days to recover my health, and accordingly, on the 3rd, the principal medical officer of our division came to see me, and decided that I was to go thither and remain on board ship for a week or two. Consequently an application was drawn out, which had to be signed by six different people before I could obtain leave to go thither for a fortnight. The country was a perfect quagmire, and you could scarcely discover the road, except that it was in a little worse state than the ground through which it ran. I waited a day or two for an ambulance, and at last, on the 5th, when tired of waiting, I decided on riding down with my servant, and borrowed Colonel D——'s pony, my own being ill. My servant filled my saddle-bags with a few necessaries, and I managed to get on the animal, and turned his head straight across the mud to Balaklava. . . . I felt very ill on the road, but my servant kept close to me, and every now and then I was obliged to make a halt and start afresh. The mud was fearful, and there were numbers of dead horses near the French camp, in every stage of decomposition. I even

saw two bullocks, which had fallen down in an araba, and not being able to rise from weakness and exhaustion, had been relieved by death. Many of the carcasses had been skinned, and the hides used for the roofs of huts; but very few appeared to have been buried. I met six artillery-horses drawing a limber-waggon, that could scarcely move their load, which was a truss of hay. It resembled more a Canada swamp than anything I had ever seen. On reaching the edge of the plateau, looking down on the valley of Balaklava, I could plainly see a large body of Russian cavalry occupying their old position, while the Cossacks were on the hill where formerly our redoubts stood. The worst part of the road now lay between us and Balaklava, and I met several bāt-horses and men plodding their way to camp. One cavalry officer remarked to me that they were fine roads to belong to the quartermaster-general and engineers."

The condition of inferior officers it will be seen was little better than that of the men. Invalid subalterns were almost as roughly treated as the privates. Those who were put on board ship for Scutari suffered indescribable hardships in many cases. The sick and wounded soldiers were often obliged to lie out on the deck, exposed to the pelting rain and cold high winds then prevalent. The officers were placed under cover in cabins and nooks, without furniture and without bed-covering. In one ship, where the officers and men were destitute of every comfort, there were bales of blankets which were carried back and forward over the Black Sea and through the Bosphorus. The officers in vain expostulated and requested some portions of those valuable commodities for themselves, and for their men. On board some of the transports there was no physician, or if an assistant surgeon were allowed to go, he had no medicines; no attendance of any sort was provided, nor were the crews, or even officers, always as kind as might be supposed from the reputed generosity of our tars. On many occasions, however, the sailors behaved with great humanity, and did everything men could do for their suffering countrymen. This was, however, chiefly the case on board the ships of war. The officers of her majesty's fleet were most considerate of their brothers in arms—often denying themselves every comfort to bestow it upon those who were for the voyage regarded by them as their guests. Nor was Jack slow to follow the example of his officers in such cases.

During this state of affairs with the English, the Russians, comparatively unmolested, prodigiously increased the strength of their defences. They succeeded in escarping the ground in front of all their batteries, and constructing a strong abattis in front of their lines, which

would cause great loss of life in the event of an assault, and render its success a greater difficulty. They raised earthworks on every salient point, and mounted them with the heaviest ordnance. Sunken batteries were made by them before all their redoubts, and before the Round Tower, and along the scarps of the slopes. The appearance of the allies on the Russian side at this time was thus described by an eye-witness:—"Riding along the heights over the French lines, from the telegraph to the lower road to Balaklava, one could see the Russians chafing their hands over the cooking fires, few and far between, rubbing down their horses, or engaged in collecting wood. Any one who has visited Selborne, and clambered up to the top of the Hanger, will have a very fair idea of the heights over the valley of Balaklava as it sweeps round towards Inkerman, always barring the height and magnitude of the trees, for which he must substitute dwarf oak and thick brushwood. From the angle of the plateau over the Tchernaya the heights are destitute of timber or brushwood, and descend to the valley in shelving slopes of bare rocks or gravel banks. The valley lies at the bottom, studded with a few giant tumuli, on which the redoubts which formed so marked a feature in the affair of the 25th of October are situated. It is about a mile and a-half across from the telegraph to the base of the heights at the other side of the valley, which rise in unequal plateaux, on one of which is Kamara, on another Tehorgoum, on another Baidar, till they lose their character of tablelands and become rugged mountain tops and towering Alpine peaks, which swell in the distance into the grand altitude of Tchatir Dag. Along this base the Russian horse, which seems to number 6000 or 7000, are constantly moving about between the Tchernaya and the redoubts in their possession, but at times some of them disappear up the gorge of the Tchernaya, as was the case this morning. Possibly they go for provisions to the more open country behind the gorge. Their infantry, which does not appear to exceed 8000 or 9000 men, are stationed up in these mountain villages, or amid the plateaux which are covered with shrubs and bushes. Their artillery must be stationed in the villages."

The Russians closed the month by a heavy cannonade upon the French works, followed by one of their usual sorties, which the nature of the ground before the French works favoured much more than that before the British. Volley after volley of musketry rattled over the space which intervened between the hostile lines, but the issue was as usual—the retreat of the Russians, pursued by their active conquerors.

The chief object of attack on this occasion was the French advanced battery of ten guns,

which the Russians supposed, from its long silence, to have been worn out or disabled. A British officer, posted near the French position, thus describes the incident:—"It was a stormy dark night, with a very high wind and rain, when they attempted to destroy it. It was not much more than 110 yards from the Russian Flagstaff Battery, and had done great damage to it. An unusual noise was heard about midnight by the French picket. One of them immediately crept forward unobserved, and found a strong body of the enemy mustering inside their works. On his giving the alarm, 700 French sallied forth to meet them. The enemy, numbering about 3000, sent a volley of balls at them, without effect, when the French sent in a shower of Minié bullets, which caused them to waver, and the French then charging them, they fled in the greatest confusion, leaving behind them an officer and 250 men. The loss of the gallant little French band was nine officers and ninety men, killed and wounded. We could plainly hear the firing at night in our camp, but after listening a little time we used generally to say, 'It is only the French!' and turn over and go to sleep again—so frequent were the sorties and skirmishes in their quarter."

The English were encouraged on the closing day of November by the arrival of Captain Gibbs and a strong company of sappers and miners. The same night three German soldiers deserted from the Russian batteries, who confirmed the conjectures that Liprandi's army had been much reduced by cold and sickness, as well as the heavy losses inflicted by the allies. The gift of warm clothing was a welcome event for the 30th of November, but the distribution was incomplete and partial. The closing incident of the month was one which interested the army very much. Mr. Russell, who witnessed it, thus relates it:—"A very long reconnaissance of our lines was made to-day, at the distance of about 1000 yards, by no less a person than the Grand-duke Michael and a very large staff, among whom our knowing people said they could see Prince Menschikoff and General Liprandi. The grand-duke was recognisable by the profound respect paid to him by all; wherever he went hats were taken off and heads uncovered. He was also detected by the presence of a white dog, which always accompanies him. He is a fine stout young fellow enough, but he could not have seen much about Balaklava to put him in a good humour—for he is avowed by the best telescopes to have looked mightily displeased. While making his inspection, the enormous telescope through which he gazed was propped on two piles of muskets and bayonets, and he made frequent references to a very large chart, which could be seen on a portable table. The

grand-duke, after closing his review of us, rode back up the hills towards Tchergoum. Most of the Russian cavalry have disappeared from our rear, and the force in and over the valley seems greatly diminished."

The probable reason for the selection of the 30th of November for this grand reconnaissance by the prince and the whole staff of the Russian army was, that it is the day dedicated to the service of St. Nicholas, the patron saint of the then reigning emperor.

Before dismissing the history of November before Sebastopol, it is necessary to refer to the mismanagement of the cavalry and cavalry horses; the misfortunes attending which continued all through the winter, and exemplified the incompetency that prevailed among those entrusted with the direction of affairs, more than perhaps any other of the miserable transactions which filled the army with suffering and confusion, and the homes of England with sorrow and shame. When it was too late to repair these misfortunes, a royal commission was sent to the Crimea to inquire into their causes, and in 1856 a commission of general officers sat to investigate the report of that commission, or at all events to hear what the inculpated persons had to say in their defence. It would be a tedious task for our readers to be required to wade through the evidence *pro* and *con*; nor would it be appropriate to the pages of a popular history to transfer to them the contents of voluminous blue-books. We shall, therefore, briefly depict here the realities of the case, as during the month of November they began to be developed. After the battle of Balaklava, it will be recollected the cavalry were moved from the valley before Balaklava to the plateau—a situation utterly unsuitable; where men and horses were exposed to the inclement blasts which swept over it; where there was not a blade of grass for the poor beasts to nibble; and where, in relation to their supplies, the men were most awkwardly placed. Subsequently they were moved nearer to the position at Inkerman, between the division of General Evans and the French corps of observation under Bosquet. This was a worse position, if possible, than their former one. They occupied it at the battle of Inkerman, in which they could render no service, from the nature of the ground. When the road to the camp became so cut up and clogged with mud that the greatest difficulty was experienced in bringing anything up from the harbour, the horses were badly fed; there was no grass, no hay, no corn allowed them, except about three pounds of barley per day, and a little barley straw. The horses of course lost condition, and were rapidly starving. All the while trusses of hay innumerable were floating in the harbour, or lying on the beach—no effort whatever being

made by the staff of the cavalry, or of the general army, by harbour-master, beach-master, or naval commandant, to save this vast quantity of fodder, and thereby save the horses. Corn and hay could have been procured from Asia and from the Bosphorus during the month of November, but no person seemed willing to incur the obligation. If, indeed, Mr. Commissary Filder could have carried up the hay at Balaklava on his back, the troopers would have doubtless fed their horses with it; or if Mr. Filder had had the command of the fleet, the direction of the transports, and money at will, he might have brought more provender from Asia Minor; but unless he was able to do everything, or to work miracles, the horses must starve. There was no foresight, no authority anywhere—or, at all events, if there were, no one made use of it. The authorities in the Crimea did not even take the trouble to write home in forming government of their urgent necessities, and their helplessness to do anything whatever to mitigate them, so as to give the country the chance of finding out some means of remedying the dreadful state of listlessness and impotency which prevailed in the camp. It will hardly be credited in England even now, that ships were constantly sent with despatches from Lord Raglan to Varna and Constantinople, whence forage for the horses, as well as lemons (so important when scurvy prevailed), potatoes, and other vegetables, could be obtained in any quantity, *and yet the vessels brought back nothing*, having no orders on the subject. Perhaps Samsoon and Sinope were the nearest points from which corn, cattle, and vegetables could be procured; and they were so near that it only required some one with understanding and forethought of a very ordinary degree to look to the matter, and plenty might have reigned in the camp. Beasts of burden, in any numbers, might have been obtained from the same market for the purposes of the quartermaster and commissary-generals.

While the cavalry were posted near Inkerman, Mr. Crookshank, the commissary officer attached to it, wrote to Lord Cardigan and his senior, Lord Lucan, warning them that the road from Balaklava would soon be altogether impassable. Lords Lucan and Cardigan, with Mr. Filder, forwarded to Lord Raglan the representations made by Mr. Crookshank to them, and requested the immediate removal of the cavalry to a more convenient place for obtaining food. Lord Raglan expressed his regret that he could not comply with their request, as it was the wish of General Canrobert that the cavalry should occupy their present position. His lordship regretted the facts stated, as to the impossibility of feeding the horses there, but could suggest no remedy!

A more extraordinary reply it is scarcely possible to conceive. Surely, General Canrobert could never desire the British cavalry to continue where they were, after representations were made that the horses could not be fed! Of what avail would be the troopers for the purposes of either commander if their horses were dead? It is plain that the statements of Mr. Crookshank, Mr. Filder, and the Earls of Cardigan and Lucan, were never placed before the French chief, for he was too provident and considerate of the comforts of his own army to have persisted in a request so irrational where his ally was concerned. But if the French commander were guilty of such obstinacy and folly, that could be no reason for the acquiescence of the British chief. Mr. Crookshank then went to the commanding officer of each regiment, suggesting that a certain number of horses each day should be sent down to bring up forage for the regiment to which they belonged. The commanding officers approved of the plan, as the only expedient to which they could resort. This was not, however, to be carried into effect. Lord Cardigan could not allow it without the approbation of Lord Lucan, and he, although well disposed to it, must have the authority of Lord Raglan, and his lordship would not authorise it; and so the troop horses began to languish, and at last to die, from cold and insufficient supplies. Still the cavalry were kept posted near the front, as if folly ruled at head-quarters. When many horses died, orders were sent to the generals commanding to send down detachments to carry up provender from Balaklava. But what Mr. Crookshank suggested and urged when it was practicable, was only authorised by head-quarters when impracticable. The horses had become so attenuated and exhausted that they were not able to walk through the mud seven miles, and return, laden with cut straw and barley, the same distance through the same difficulties. It was attempted, but most of the animals perished. Some got as far as Balaklava, and died in the streets; others received their burden, and fell with it in the slough, as they returned, never to rise again; and not a few dropped down dead under the exertion of getting half-way down from the camp.

On the 2nd of December the cavalry were ordered to their old quarters at Kadikoi, having first eaten their own pack-saddles and one another's tails. About 120 troopers, whose horses could not be removed, remained a few days until death relieved them of their charge. The others were led carefully down the track—a distance of four miles—and into the plain, the sick and hungry soldiers rendering their once spirited chargers what aid they could. Never did men exert themselves more than

the insulted and ill-used commissariat officers, whose labours were incessant to find food for both the men and horses of the division. It is certain that very inexperienced and careless young men were attached to this department, but generally, at this juncture, the class deserved the highest commendation.

The French horses were well fed and cared for; Kamiesch, the French place of support, was nearer to their lines; there were more men available to assist; the commissariat and transport services were under stringent regulations, and General Canrobert himself saw that all orders were executed. Had the French, however, with all these advantages, occupied Balaklava and the English lines, they must have undergone great suffering: their men were less hardy, patient, and enduring than ours.

Several officers of experience, and agents connected with the commissary service, urged the commencement of hutting; but while the French promptly adopted the plan, the English had no materials. The fleets could have supplied vast stores of canvas and tarpaulin, also of poles and planks. Constantinople may be called a city of carpenters, as the people live in wooden houses—thence workmen and wood might have been procured very cheaply; but the English authorities did nothing, and all the severities of a Crimean winter were allowed to penetrate the camp and decimate the army without any skill, foresight, or aptitude for such an emergency being put forth. Many of the men did their best to burrow in the earth, or build huts of mud, but they proved to be bad architects, and their material was but little adapted. In the *Morning Herald* a humorous description of some of these performances was given at the time:—"The French began to hut themselves in holes in the ground. They were not the kind of residences which a man would choose from taste, but they were just the sort which he would be glad to get if he had no choice between them and exposure in a tent. Our own men made a few abortive attempts to construct similar retreats. I saw one of these, bearing an uncomfortable resemblance to the most dilapidated variety of Irish pigsty. Its walls or rather mounds, were leaning out at total variance with each other, and its particularly heavy and misshapen 'top' looked as if its inmates would certainly require some strong protection against the roof itself. Yet outside this sat two good-humoured, hairy Irishmen, extolling the 'illigance' and 'nateness' of the mansion, and expressing astonishment that neither Raglan or 'General Canrobber' gave up their comfortable houses for the delights of such a residence. The 'illigance' of the abode some might question, but its 'nateness,' when the puddle in the centre had

subsided, must have been beyond a doubt. Such as it was the men were pleased with it as with everything else. I never saw troops more contented, or enduring bitter hardships with more cheerfulness. They said they had seen the worst then—that they could not have more rain or more wind, and with such plain reasoning got over all their difficulties. In their *désagrémens* a battle with the enemy was never thought of, or, if anticipated, only as a rather enlivening and cheerful incident."

The sailors on shore erected habitations of a very peculiar sort, which, to all appearances, were very comfortable; but Jack, however at home in making all 'tant' on shipboard, was a novice in tent and hut building. "Rough timber shanties fastened together anyhow, and roofed with tarpaulin," constituted the refuge from the storm which our tars provided for themselves. Jack also had obtained some charcoal which a ship had brought over for some purpose or other from Sinope. At that place this material could be had in great abundance at a nominal price; and if the soldiers had been provided with good fuel rations of this commodity, many lives would have been saved, and genial warmth afforded to those who, although they survived the winter, languished long after in foreign hospitals or at home.

Rapidly through the month of November, the scrub and brushwood disappeared from the plateau and ravines—the men had rooted it all up for fuel; and as no attempt was made to provide any substitute, they were obliged to eat their pork raw, or confine themselves to half rations of biscuit. Early in that month the steamer *Sea Nymph* had brought a vast quantity of patent fuel from England, made up like the sods of turf used in Ireland, but this treasure was never distributed. When landed, it was piled in rows of low stacks in the courtyard of Lord Raglan's house at Balaklava, where it remained until the stacks were thrown about, and covered with filth and refuse of all kinds. In the spring of 1855, when the place was cleared out, the relics of the valuable cargo were discovered. The greater part had been stolen by sailors, camp sutlers, Tartars, &c. All around Lord Raglan's head-quarters on the plateau there were trees, but the soldiers were not allowed to take a single branch, although dying from wet and cold. This fact sank deep into the minds of many of the soldiers, who, notwithstanding their bravery, sense of duty, patience, and willingness to bear without a murmur any amount of hardship that was inevitable, could not but feel that their lives were set against the value of a few trees and vines, which made head-quarters look a little more picturesque. One poor fellow, a guardsman, exclaimed as he perished in his misery, "I die for an ungrateful country." Well might

he feel so when such scenes were witnessed, when such sufferings were endured.

The men were especially solicitous to obtain boots; they would give any sum of money, and even their greatcoats, for a pair of boots or shoes. Those with which they were supplied from home were often so badly made, and of such worthless material, that they fell to pieces after the first day's struggle against the tough mud on the plateau, especially on the road, which now became more impassable for man or horse than the plateau itself. Strange anecdotes were current in the camp of the exploits performed by the soldiery in their attempts to capture or kill a Russian for the sake of his shoes—the following will serve as a specimen:—"Yesterday, on returning from the quarries, in front of the fourth division, where I had been to get a good look at the besieged town, I met one of our riflemen and a Russian sharpshooter walking slowly together. As I came near I saw that the Russian was limping along in pain, resting his hands on the captor's shoulder, who, with his rifle under his arm and a pipe in his mouth, was walking easily and coolly along, evidently giving his wounded opponent some good advice, which I have no doubt was all the better relished for not being understood. I waited till they approached, and asked the

rifleman how he got his prisoner? 'Is it where did I get him, sir?' said he, with an accent of surprise, 'faith, I shot him with my own two hands.'—"Where did you shoot him?' I inquired. —'Where? I shot him down there of course,' said he, pointing towards the trenches. 'He was down there behind a wall, sir, when I hit him with my last round in the knee; and I've got his pipe, sir, and I've got his bacca, sir, and all I wants now is his boots, and I'm leading him to the hospital, when I can take 'em off him comfortable.' Having said this much with a droll earnestness to which no words can do justice, he quietly resumed his way towards the rear, assisting and helping his poor wounded prisoner, who, during the whole time of our dialogue, had been bowing, cap in hand, from one to the other, as if to implore our mercy and forbearance."

Dreadful as were the scenes, depicted faithfully in the foregoing pages, those which occurred in the following month were still more harrowing to the feelings. The words pronounced by Lord John Russell long afterwards in his place in parliament, and which vibrated upon the heart of the nation, but too truly expressed the condition of affairs—"horrible and heartrending." A further account of these calamities is reserved for another chapter.

CHAPTER L.

SUBJECTS OF THE PREVIOUS CHAPTER CONTINUED.—CLOSE OF THE YEAR BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

"We are but soldiers for the working day!
Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field;
There's not a piece of feather in our host
(Good argument, I hope, we shall not fly),
And time has worn us into slovenry;—
But, by the mass! our hearts are in the trim."—SHAKSPEARE.

THE state of the troops became worse in every way as December advanced. The weather grew more intensely cold; perhaps no winter was ever known to be so severe in the Crimea as that of 1854-5. The old Tartars declared that, forty years before, they had been accustomed to mild winters; but that every year since, with rare exceptions, especially during the last twenty years, the cold had become progressively more intense. Snow fell during the latter part of the month; and the keen cutting north winds swept the bleak plateau, so as to make it doubtful if human life could possibly endure.

December was nearly half over, and many of the soldiers had perished of cold before the cargo of the *Ottowa* was entirely apportioned—so miserably tardy was the distribution. The clothing was of the most flimsy texture, and so scanty that it was a burlesque

to call it apparel. Each soldier was supplied with one flannel guernsey shirt, one pair of gloves, two pair of socks, and one woollen comforter. The flannel shirt was such as persons who wear flannel next the skin at home put on after winter is over; these shirts were all worn out before the month expired. The socks were scarcely thicker than the shirts. The gloves were warm and substantial, but a single pair did not last longer than a fortnight, so incessant was the use of them. The comforter was a narrow strip of coloured woollen manufacture; the largest specimen of this absurd article of "winter clothing" for a campaign was not large enough to afford any warmth to a drum-boy. The men laughed at them, and threw them away. The winter clothing aggravated the sense of neglect under which the men laboured. Great as was their amazement at receiving such articles, it was greater

when they discovered that they were all to be paid for; and when the amount deducted from their pay became known, indignation was felt by every soldier in the camp, the price being so exorbitant. The officers shared in the indignation of the troops. Specimens of these useless articles were sent home, and were displayed on the Exchange at Liverpool to a vast crowd of merchants, amidst groans and cries of "shame."

Provisions were as inadequate in quantity, and as carelessly provided, during the month of December as in November. Scarcely any food which the men obtained but what was more or less spoiled; the mud and filth of the stores of Balaklava, or sea-water, having generally come in contact with it. Half and three-quarter rations were luxurious; often the men were a whole day without food. All this while the stores of Balaklava were crowded with provisions; they were stacked in the dirty streets, piled amidst the fetid collections of decaying and decayed matter on the beach, lying in confusion on board transports in the harbour, or sailing about on the Black Sea. In all the ports of that sea, and the neighbourhood of the Bosphorus, European and Asiatic, there were still provisions of every kind, and live stock in abundance, and there were ships enough idle to carry ten times the quantity required.

The state of the cavalry, men and horses, during November has been related; the horses had died off in great numbers, leaving comparatively little trouble in caring for the survivors during the more inclement month of December. The cavalry division, which had numbered 2000 men when the campaign commenced, and which only once (at the battle of Balaklava) suffered from the arms of the enemy, was now reduced to 200 available men. The division was therefore dissolved, and the few men and horses remaining were used in carrying biscuit up to the front. Each soldier led one horse, which he had to help along by methods which taxed his inventive faculties. So covered with sores, and so attenuated and feeble, were the poor animals, that it was with much labour to the dilapidated trooper it was brought up to the lines; 80 lbs. weight was a horse load, but the poor beasts often fell under the burden, and generally remained where they fell, until removed by the voracity of the wild dogs, or covered by mud or snow.

The applications of the commissariat agents to form depots of provisions nearer to the camp began to be seriously entertained at headquarters; but, as in the case of most other good resolutions there, it was too late. The state of the only road to the camp, and of the tracks sometimes used for foot-passengers and horses, was such as to render it next to impossible to

get any large loads of provision to the camp. Loose stones suitable for road-making were abundant, and the commissaries had suggested the collection and employment of them while the Turks were able to work. They were sufficiently numerous, and from the posts they occupied they could have been well spared. The representations of the commissaries were disregarded, and the matter was only taken up when the Turks were dying at the rate of 300 a day, and the whole Ottoman force struck with cold, hunger, typhus, cholera, and dysentery—so stricken with numerous and complicated disorders as no body of troops ever were before. The absolute necessity and practicability of making the road at an earlier period is thus put by the correspondent of a metropolitan morning paper:—"If any of our great geologists want to test the truth of their theories respecting the appearance of the primeval world, or are desirous of ascertaining what sort of view Noah might have had when he looked out of the Ark from Ararat, they cannot do better than come out here at once. The whole plateau on which stands 'the camp before Sebastopol'—the entire of the angle of land from Balaklava round to Cherson, and thence to the valley of Inkerman—is fitted at this moment for the reception and delectation of any number of ichthyosauri, sauri, and crocodiles—it is a vast black wilderness of mud, dotted with little lochs of foul water, and scamed by dirty-brownish and tawny-coloured streams running down to and along the ravines. On its surface everywhere are strewed the carcasses of horses and miserable animals torn by dogs and smothered in mud. Vultures sweep over the mounds in flocks; carrion crows and 'birds of prey obscene' hover over their prey, menace the hideous dogs who are feasting below, or sit in gloomy dyspepsia, with drooped head and drooping wing, on the remnants of their banquet. It is over this ground, gained at last by great toil, and exhaustion, and loss of life on the part of the starving beasts of burden, that man and horse have to struggle from Balaklava for some four or five miles with the hay and corn, the meat, the biscuit, the pork which form the subsistence of our army. Every day this toil must be undergone, for we are fed indeed by daily bread, and only get half rations of it. The painful reflection which ever occurs to one is, what necessity is there for all the suffering and privation created by this imperfect state of our communications? Why should not roads have been made when we sat down before the place? Their formation would have saved many lives, and have spared our men much sickness and pain. Had there been the least foresight—nay, had there existed among us the ordinary instincts of self-preservation—we would have set the Turks to work at once

while the weather was fine, and have constructed the roads which we are now trying to make under most disadvantageous conditions. The siege operations have been sometimes completely—sometimes partially—suspended, and the attack on Sebastopol has languished and declined. Neither guns nor ammunition could be brought up to the batteries.”

To add to all the other miseries of the wretched state of our men, symptoms of the re-appearance of cholera had broken out on the 28th of November: a few cases occurred in the camp that day, and men died in the trenches that night. The two following days there was no increase of the number of deaths, although each night the victims were augmented. On the 1st of December sixty men perished, and for the first week in December this was the average loss of life from that cause alone: afterwards the disease spread and became epidemic, in the Turkish quarters sweeping away the men by hundreds daily, a few hours often sufficing for the cold hand of the avenger to chill the tide of life in the victim's frame. There was no means of medical treatment, and so rapid and deadly was the stroke in almost every case, that it is doubtful whether any medical assistance could have availed.

The wretched condition of the Osmanlis tended to throw an air of despondency over the whole of the allied armies; they died off rapidly from hunger and disease. Immediately after the occupation of Balaklava, the Turkish commissariat disappeared, no one could say how, and the unfortunate soldiery were left to chance or charity. They partly supplied themselves by stealing, and when that became impossible from the vigilance and energy of the English commissaries, they betook themselves to begging; but, alas! the generous marines and soldiers of England could not spare much from half rations of innutritious food, and the Turks famished in numbers in the streets of Balaklava. It is possible that they would have all perished had they not eaten the dead horses. Strange as it may appear to English ears, such of them as resorted to this supply found it wholesome, and preserved their health better than those who, being in the service of the English commissariat, had tolerable rations of fat salt pork. The clothing of the Turkish soldiers was in such tatters that it would have been difficult to say with what garments, either as to form or colour, they had been originally apparelled.

Their medical officers were most humane, and in some cases, having received their education in London and Edinburgh, were men of reading and skill. The hospital assistants were strong athletic fellows, and as tender to their poor sick countrymen as even women could be. There were vast stores of Turkish medicines, but ill-assorted and ill-suited, and no proper hospital

accommodation. Death trod so rapidly in the progress of all the sanitary efforts made by the medicals, that the places which were used as hospitals became charnel-houses. The Turkish government allowed money sufficient to meet the exigencies of its Crimean army, but these sums were squandered by minions of the court and pashas, while Jews and Armenian bankers made a trade of buying up contracts which were never fulfilled.

The accounts given by Mr. Russell and other correspondents of the London press, and by officers and medical men, who witnessed the horrors of the Turkish camp and hospitals, are too voluminous even to condense—a volume larger than this History might be compiled from these letters and statements. There is one account extant which, however, surpasses all others for its fulness and brevity, and for the graphic fidelity with which it portrays those dismal and heart-harrowing scenes. Mr. Woods seems to have witnessed them under circumstances terribly advantageous for conceiving all that was awful in connection with them. He went to the chief physician in the Turkish service, an officer of superior parts and humane disposition, to make inquiries as to the true state of the men, for he could not believe the terrible reports current in the camp. This officer informed him that:—“The men were without clothes, without food, and without shelter,—literally left to die. He said the 110 drachms of biscuit granted by our commissariat was utterly insufficient to support the men under the duties they were expected to perform. They were brought in to him all day, and day after day, dying from exhaustion, and he had nothing to give them—not even a refuge where they could pass away quietly. We descended the hill towards a good-sized building—a new Greek church—the roof of which had not been quite finished, and which, with many houses, had been given up to the Turks for the use of their sick. As we came near it, two or three men were being carried in. The surgeon, pointing to them, said solemnly, ‘None of those poor fellows will come out alive. I have not saved a single man who has once entered that fatal building.’ I asked him, had he any medicines? and he replied, pointing to two large tents, covering trunks and boxes, that he had a considerable store of them. ‘But they are useless,’ he added; ‘the men are dying of hunger, and medicine is of no avail.’ His patients, when admitted, were too weak to masticate their small ration of bread, and they soon ceased to require his care. An acute kind of diarrhœa, somewhat similar to cholera, always terminated their sufferings. He said he had many times entreated our commissariat authorities to spare him a little meat of any kind, salt or fresh, with a little rum, for the use

of the hospital, but in vain; so he thought they had none to give.* I asked to be allowed to see his hospital, but he advised me strongly not to go inside, as the atmosphere of the place was almost poisonous. However, I pressed my request, and, with some reluctance, he advanced towards the door of the building, across which, as in Turkish houses, hung a piece of matting. He pulled this aside, and the sight that met my gaze rooted me to the ground, and made my heart sink within me. The building inside formed a square of about 100 feet, and every inch of the space was covered with Turks. Not a soul was in the place but the dead and dying. The deadly foetid air which issued from this charnel-house made me involuntarily shrink back from the door with loathing, and I already repented my rash wish to enter. But the surgeon had gone in, and I followed. The sickening horrors that I saw would be repulsive to dwell upon; but the principal features, which surpassed all that the imaginations of Defoe or Boccaccio ever conceived, may be soon told. The building had once been used as a cholera hospital; and, before the Turks, the Russian wounded had been put there, and all died. Since the allies first took the place, the floor had never been cleaned, and it was now ankle-deep in filth of the most abominable description. The Turks lay in this without blankets, covering, bed, or bedding. The latest comers—those nearest the door—had a wan, pinched, mournful look, in which death was plainly written. They did not speak, but raised their eyes in mute appeal as we passed. Those further in, who had been inmates of the place some three or four days, were dying fast; many were dead, and lay rigid and almost unnoticed among the rest. Beyond small jars of rice-water here and there, there was no food or medicine of any description in the place. At the upper end of all, my blood crept to perceive that both the Turks that lay there, and the walls of the building, were completely covered with maggots, which crawled in all directions. While I was there, four men of the burying party entered, and began looking carefully among the prostrate forms. They had not long to search. Five corpses were carried out by the arms and legs, and laid upon the stones in front of the place, from whence another party bore them to their last home. Other incidents occurred, but of so harrowing and dreadful a nature that it would be impossible to mention them here. Dizzy and sick with what I had seen, I hurried into the open

air. The surgeon followed me, and, in reply to some of my exclamations of horror, said the place would yet, he feared, be worse before the winter was over. I promised to see him again, and obtain a detailed account of all the sufferings of his unfortunate countrymen, which he said he was most anxious to give me. But on the following day he was sent to Eupatoria, and I saw him no more, and, literally, had not the courage to visit the 'hospital' again."

The Turks pay particular attention to the burial of the dead; in other pages of this History this fact is recorded and exemplified; nothing, therefore, could be a stronger proof of the state of misery, helplessness, and despair to which our Turkish allies were reduced, than the neglect shown to the deceased and their place of sepulture. The author last quoted thus refers to what he observed on this head:—"One day, as I came down the slope of the hill from the old Genoese castle into Balaklava, I saw a numerous burying party of the Turks interring their dead comrades in little shallow troughs scraped on the hill-side. I went over towards the spot with my companion, who was a naval officer. A great many graves, such as they were, had already been filled, and others were being made. Thirty-seven corpses, some on their faces, some on their backs, all in their clothes, just as they had breathed their last, lay in ghastly rows upon the ground close by. As fast as some were buried, others were carried up by the legs and arms from the building at the foot of the hill, called the Turkish 'hospital.' By this time I was well used to horrid scenes, but such tokens of rapid mortality terrified me. While looking with painful feelings on the rows of dead, a Turkish officer approached and said, in very good English, 'This is a dreadful sight, is it not?—all these men were starved to death.' I was shocked to hear this thus told me, though I had before surmised it; and I entered into conversation upon the subject with the officer. He was a surgeon high in the service. He had been educated in England, taken his diplomas at Guy's, and knew well most of the leading medical men in London. He gave me a fearful narrative of the way in which the Turkish soldiers were abandoned by their government."

The distance from Constantinople to Balaklava is about 306 miles, so that the Turkish army was within easy distance of its proper source of supplies, and no enemy could cross the track of its transports; while every assistance in the way of carriage might have been rendered by the allies, if so disposed, or if the confusion regnant in maritime as well as military affairs allowed. It may be interesting to our readers to know the impressions produced upon an American by witnessing the condition of Balaklava, its harbour, and its neighbour-

* It need hardly be remarked how gladly, in spite of Mohammed, the Turkish soldier would have eaten salt pork and drunk rum if they had only been allowed the chance. At present, the majority of the Turks hold that the injunctions of the Koran against the use of wine or spirits do not apply to those exposed to privation or great fatigue.

hood at this time. Mr. R. C. McCormick, jun., of New York, ventured, like other military amateurs, upon a visit to the Crimea. He arrived early in December on board the *Medway*, and thus describes his arrival and what he witnessed:—"As soon as we had anchored, army and navy officers—men worth thousands of pounds—rushed on board, anxiously seeking an interview with the steward. One went away with a keg of butter, another took off a turkey, another made a prize of a head of cabbage; while another carried a basket of bread; and still another walked off with a live sheep! and seldom have I seen men better satisfied with their purchases. Many inquiries were made for long-legged waterproof boots, and Indian-rubber coats and leggins, and several of our passengers who had brought some of these articles on speculation, effected a speedy and profitable disposal of their stock. I remember that one officer 'from the front' was overwhelmed with delight at the opportunity of securing a pair of Indian-rubber boots at the moderate charge of seventeen dollars. It rained merrily as we entered the harbour, and indeed during the entire day, as well as the succeeding one. I thought that I had never seen such a doleful place. The ship having been fastened very near the shore, we could plainly see everything that was going on in the village. There was little to induce us to encounter the thick black mud through which we saw the well-drenched soldiers 'plodding their weary way.' But curious to find how matters appeared on a still closer inspection, a walk through the miserable streets was finally agreed upon. How shall I describe our first impressions? Confusion worse confounded stamped everything. Men, horses, waggons, and carts crowded the slimy beach, where all sorts of stores were carelessly scattered. The horses mere breathing skeletons; the men jaded and worn; not one in complete uniform, and every jacket and cap as tattered and forlorn as though it had been through all the wars of the last dozen centuries."

We will conclude our distressing detail of the sufferings to which the troops of all arms and all nations were subjected during the month of December by a narrative of his own experience and observations, from an English officer who fought at the Alma, occupied the post nearest to the enemy to which our infantry advanced at the battle of Balaklava, and who, although not engaged in the fierce strife of Inkerman, was usefully and dangerously employed in the trenches that day, and on many a day and night, from the landing in the Crimea to the 12th of December, fought or endured as duty imposed those obligations upon him. Invalided and ordered to Scutari, he was carried down to Balaklava, and thus writes concerning what befell him:—"I had

great difficulty in finding the principal medical officer, who happened to be out at the time. Dr. Lawson, however, gave me an order to go on board the *Z*— transport, at that time receiving sick. She was lying close to the wharf, but it was some time before I could get put on board. On producing my certificate to the master, I was shown into a cabin without a vestige of any furniture of any kind, except a looking-glass, which was about the very last thing I then required. No bed or mattress was to be had at any price, so I told my servant to return to camp the following day and bring down my camp-bed. In the meantime, I begged the steward to make his way into a bale of government blankets in the hold, in which I slept that night, and a pretty hard time I had of it. Several invalids had been put on board that day, and one soldier was dead when he arrived on the stretcher! There was only one officer besides myself, Captain C—, 5th Dragoons, who was very ill. It would be impossible to describe the feelings I experienced the first night when I found I had something more than canvas between me and the firmament of heaven, and that I could bid defiance to the rain which was pattering on the deck. The following day my servant came down with my bed, and I got up for a few minutes to have it put in the berth, but I felt extremely ill after the exertions of the previous day. Our medical officer, Dr. D—, in charge of the ship, came on board and took up his quarters next to me. He had two assistants on board, S— and W—, but the former was removed to another ship shortly after his arrival. Nine poor fellows were put on board on the evening of the 6th of December, and had some arrow-root and port-wine given them, and were made comfortable for the night, when notice came that they had gone to the wrong ship. Accordingly they were turned out in the cold, and taken off to another vessel which was loading in the harbour. They had come down from camp that day. The master of the transport came in to see me, and told me that he wanted to get out of the harbour, that it was full of arms, legs, and pieces of human flesh, and his men and officers were dying of fever."

The first week of December resembled November in its dull and murky weather; the rain, however, was not so heavy nor incessant, and therefore by the 6th of the month the whole of the works of what was called the new attack were completed, but not armed. On other points old guns were displaced, and five guns of position, and three thirteen-inch mortars, were packed with the reserve artillery in the camp. On this day, just after midnight of the 5th, a series of a numerous concourse was heard land in the bay by the arrival of Despatch No. 1. The alarm was given, and

the French stood to their arms awaiting the event. Lights were seen flashing to and fro, voices hoarsely giving orders rose through the stillness of the night, and the din of marching men fell upon the listener's ear. Communication was made to the English at Balaklava, who had heard nothing. The previous evening the Russian camp showed all its usual tokens of fixity, and there were even some signs of menace, as though a reconnaissance in force, or an attack, was intended on our positions in the rear. In the morning the English videttes observed that the Cossack patrol ordinarily in front of them was not there; and as the English advanced, they soon discovered that the camp was deserted. The French, who had been on the alert all night, moved down their cavalry and took possession of the abandoned camp. The Russians had departed, leaving "dummies" (mock cannon) where their guns of position had been posted; and their tents, which were neat and clean, and every way better fitted for a campaign than those of either the French or English, were in many instances left standing. There was no booty found, for such of the tents as were not removed, and the plank-building for stables, and other loose camp commodities, were set on fire before either the English or French pickets approached. That which principally arrested the attention of the allies was the number of graves. Many of them were accounted for by the battle of Balaklava; but in order to occupy so many homes of the dead, there must have been fearful mortality in the Russian camp. This cause probably influenced Liprandi in moving his men, for their hardships rivalled those of the English: all supplies, or nearly all, had to be brought down by way of the McKenzie heights, and the road was nearly as bad as the English mud track from Balaklava over the plateau. It was, however, reported in the allied camps that Liprandi, being informed that French forces had landed on the north side of Sebastopol, and alarmed by this false rumour, so generally circulated through all the camps of the belligerents, made what he intended to be a timely retreat.

When the night of the 6th closed over the trenches, the Russians pushed out strong forces of carbineers, armed with a new Belgian weapon, as serviceable as the Liege rifles. These men were reinforcements which had arrived, and they came on boldly, taking what deliberate aim the dim starlight permitted. They first, as usual, fell upon the French, and were repulsed with rapidity; they then with increased numbers advanced from the direction of the Ovens towards the English left attack; the Rifle Brigade gave them a reception which cost them many men, and they doggedly retired, carrying off their wounded and some of

their dead. On the night of the 7th a severe frost congealed the mud tracks on the plateau, and the pools of water in and around the trenches. The men suffered from the cold, especially in their hands and feet, but all hoped that by the frost setting in the road would be so hardened that provisions and munitions of war might be more easily brought up. On the morning of the 8th, the sun rose warmly and genially, rapidly thawing the congealed slush and pools, and leaving the mud tracks as impassable as ever. The night of the 8th there was a harder frost, which was thawed on the following day, and guns and mortars were brought to the lines. The spirits of the men revived, and hopes of soon re-opening the bombardment more effectually were entertained. This was the more opportune, as Lord Raglan had at last become alarmed at the insufficient supply of food, and found fault rather sternly with Mr. Filder, the chief commissary. The latter replied by referring his lordship to the memorial presented on the 12th November, requesting the commander-in-chief to allow depots to be made near the camp, which his lordship refused, although informed that, if not permitted, the troops could not be fed. It was his lordship's fate to resist every suggestion until it was no longer possible to act upon it, and then to order its execution, and censure those who could not execute it, and who had made the proposition itself when opportune and feasible. This occurred in reference to almost every department of the service.

The English papers containing Lord Raglan's despatch concerning the battle of Inkerman had now found their way to the camp through various sources. The Guards murmured long and loudly that due honour was not rendered to them. His lordship's despatch did not certainly convey a very good idea of the battle, but he had no intention to do the Guards an injustice, whom he always favoured when he could. The Guards fought at Inkerman in a manner calculated to exalt the dignity and honour of their country; but well as they behaved—and no troops could behave better—other corps equally distinguished themselves. The 41st and 55th, all General Evans' division, and portions of the light division, fought as gallantly as even the Guards. Mr. Woods and Mr. Russell gave too much countenance to these murmurs; no invidious distinctions were intended by Lord Raglan; and it is evident that so far as different corps were concerned, his despatch was written in an impartial spirit. He gave due credit to all, whether the fortune of war gave them a little more or less opportunity of being conspicuous. As Young says—

"Who does the best he can does well, acts nobly,
Angels can no more."

Lord Raglan's despatches were frequently found fault with during the winter for various reasons.

During the first three weeks of December reinforcements arrived very fast; 10,600 English, 5600 French, and 4800 Turks, landed in the Crimea; nearly all were afflicted with diarrhoea or dysentery soon after. Most of the evils which afflicted the army were concealed as much as possible from the home government. To this end the mails were delayed, and every obstacle possible thrown in the way of the correspondence of the army. The correspondents of the London press, who were treated with hospitality and kindness by the officers, and with the greatest respect by the men, were literally hated at head-quarters; because it was well known that the selfishness and mismanagement displayed there would be exposed to the English public, and possibly bring down punishment and disgrace upon all concerned, and upon the government at home, for conniving at these things, and sheltering the offenders. This was as foolish as it was unjust, and as criminal as the neglect, obstinacy, and ignorance that led to such a resort.

A supply of warm clothing for the officers was burnt off Constantinople, and a cargo of great-coats for the men was left lying in lighters in the harbour of Balaklava until, with leakage and rain, they nearly rotted; no one would take charge of them without orders—they dare not incur the responsibility; and at head-quarters there was no head large enough to comprehend such vast details, or direct any complicated arrangements.

A cargo of iron stoves and charcoal, about the middle of December, was regarded with great joy. The officers, however, had the exclusive advantage, and, as it turned out, the exclusive disadvantage; for, in consequence of the construction of these stoves, carbonic acid gas was generated in such quantities as seriously to injure the health of those who used them; and one officer, Captain Levington, R.A., was found dead in his tent.

Much annoyance was caused, during the most trying days of December, by the Zouaves. Their conduct to the commissariat, and to the fatigue parties bringing up provisions, was execrable. If an araba stuck in the mud, or an axle of a forage cart broke, the Zouaves who hung about rushed forward and plundered it, breaking open spirit casks, and taking not only the contents, but the casks and the araba itself to make firewood. Application had to be made to the French commander-in-chief to put guards along the line, to prevent practices so disgraceful to the French army. These Zouaves were not starved, like our men, and had no excuse for their predatory habits in

this instance; and when the condition of our soldiers is considered, the conduct of these allies was infamous. Had not the French chief taken precautions to check the marauders, collisions, perhaps involving a general quarrel between the soldiers of both armies, would undoubtedly have taken place. These Zouaves, however, often rendered friendly and well-timed assistance, in carrying up ammunition and carrying down the sick.

Perhaps the most mortifying thing which occurred to the soldiery during the latter part of December was the fact that, although government sent out huts, and the huts arrived safely, the men had not received them. They were on shipboard in Balaklava, or floating about in the harbour, or knocking about on the beach, or stolen by the Zouaves, or made firewood of by those who could lay hold on them, or turned into stabling for the officers' horses, or their planks huddled among the timber of the wrecks fished up from time to time to feed the glowing fires which diffused their comfort at head-quarters. No one at Balaklava would have anything to do with the huts; no orders were given—and of course nothing could be done without orders.

The army melted away, and no plans to save it originated with its chief or his quartermaster-general, or any one connected with them. Three thousand men were sick in camp at Christmas, and about 7000 men were sick on the Bosphorus. Every twenty-four hours 100 men were lost to the army, all of whom might have been saved, or nearly all, if a man like the Duke of Wellington had been at its head, or if any active and humane man, capable of organisation, had held authority in the British force. Never, in the world's history, was such utter helplessness seen, as in those who had the responsibility and control in the British army of the Crimea in the winter of 1854.

Great efforts were made in England to relieve the distresses of which the people became aware—not through the English authorities in the Crimea, or the government at home, but through the newspaper correspondents. The *Times* appealed to the British community with a terribly earnest eloquence, before which the whole tribe of jobbers and corrupt officials trembled. Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Sidney Herbert, the Duke of Newcastle, the Earl of Aberdeen, Sir James Graham, and their subordinates, resorted to every trick and artifice of words to hide the truth; and denials the most unqualified were given by those high authorities to the statements of the newspaper correspondents, which statements were all ultimately proved to be less than the truth. Never were the arts of evasion, sophistry, and political intrigue and trick, more shamelessly resorted to than by the government, and its minions

and advocates, to destroy the reputation, more especially of the *Times'* correspondent; whereas truth, stated with moderation and firmness, characterised all the communications of Mr. Russell, and of the other gentlemen who, like him, roused their country to the calamities entailed by an incompetent government at home, and an equally incompetent command abroad. A subscription opened at the *Times'* office swelled to a vast amount, and a gentleman every way worthy of the trust was sent from that office to act as the trustee of this treasure. At Scutari, and in the Crimea, the sums entrusted to him were the means of saving thousands of lives.

Through the instrumentality of "the *Times'* commissioner," as he was termed, even the officers in the Crimea were glad to replenish their exhausted apparel, and to obtain things essential to the continued endurance of December's rains, and sleet, and snow. One regiment was furnished by this judicious and talented man with warm clothing, without which the men must have perished—sent out as they were in the depth of winter from England unprovided with those necessities which were so obviously required for the service upon which they were sent. Things of all sorts were despatched from home by the government for the army; but wrong things were sent, or to the places where there was no one to use them; or they were placed on board ships in such confusion that there was no telling in what transport any commodity might possibly be. Summer clothing was actually sent out in winter, and good winter material arrived when the spring sun glared upon the Crimean heights. The comforts for invalids sent up from the Bosphorus in December by the *Times'* commissioner, were received by the medical officers with a burst of enthusiastic gratitude. Will it be believed that these benefactions were regarded by the authorities with the utmost jealousy, and the *Times* became the object of additional hatred and virulent abuse; not only in proportion as its eloquent articles roused the country to a sense of the indignity all this mismanagement entailed, but also in proportion as it, by timely succour, saved the lives of our poor neglected and condemned soldiery—condemned by those who held high command in the army, the reputation of which their valour redeemed!

There existed at this juncture an all-pervading sympathy in England for our heroic men. Fair hands worked cunningly devised comforters, and knit and wrought socks, hose, and gloves, of consoling substance. Our aristocracy thinned their parks of game to send rich Christmas presents to the brave men who fought England's battles on the shores of the stormy Euxine. Wine, porter, brandy, rum,

fruits, preserved meats, all conceivable luxuries, were sent in order to reach the camp before the 25th of December, and to cause the Christmas bivouac to be gladdened with old English cheer. What a communion of mind with the far-off brave filled the breasts of the people of England! How happy it made us all to think, as we enjoyed our Christmas fire and our Christmas fare as the short days of 1854 darkened over our comfortable and warm homes, that the men who bore arms for our honour were partakers of our festivities and our most cheering cup, that our banquet was shared by them, and that they drank cheerily a brave health to merry England under shelter of the well-planned hut we contrived for them, and by fires fed with the fuel we had so carefully prepared for their use! What a delusion and a mockery! The huts rotted in the sea, or blazed on Lord Raglan's hearth; the fuel concealed beneath shine, and mud, and filth, no one then knew where; and the fat bucks, and dainty meats, and delicious preserves, and cheering wines, and warm garments, were lying in the holds of ships, beneath piles of heavy shot and shell, or stowed carelessly away in Varna, Constantinople, or still further off from those who so bitterly realised that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick." These things disgraced our country, but still deeper has the stain of disgrace sunk into the national name since the men of all other lands have learned that the authors of all this infamy enjoy impunity, and that honours decorate the unscarred breasts beneath which no sympathy for the brave, who suffered so manly, was ever shown. High up on the roll of infamy let the names of the men be found written who held posts for which they were not fit, although thousands of their best and bravest countrymen therefore perished, and who themselves neither partook of the Crimean sufferings, nor felt for those who unrepining died.

While all the privations were experienced which the foregoing pages record, Lord Raglan was seldom seen in the camp. There was no report of his being ill, and the men freely commented upon his seclusion. Applications for leave of absence from officers during the month of December were so numerous, that had the commander-in-chief granted them, the army would have been nearly without officers. The men deemed it unsoldierly to complain, unless when gross neglect showed an indifference to their fate where they had a right to expect care and interest. The way in which our great ally regarded the state of things in the English army may be seen from an article in the *Constitutionnel*:—"The first thing that would strike a spectator arriving at Sebastopol is the great contrast which exists between the

English and French armies. In the former are to be observed the reign of formality and the strict observance of rank and of social position. After the hour of combat there are no longer any relations between the officers and the privates. Whilst the French officers, always mingled with their men, constantly occupy themselves with the means of supplying their wants, the English officers remain inactive, if not indifferent; this is the affair of the government. On the other hand, they have the highest possible sense of honour and of their duty, and will perform the most heroic actions. The English soldiers are somewhat of the same stamp as their officers; they fight admirably, but keep bad watch, and are not very good for work. They require to have paid hands for this latter purpose. It is an army splendid in combat, but it is not made for undergoing sufferings. The organisation is bad, because it is incomplete, and because proper administrative services do not exist. It is shown that the French army, on the contrary, is essentially calculated to support suffering, and consequently war also—provided there be constant emotions to keep alive such excitable imaginations. A kind of familiarity exists in the relations of the officers with the men, and, on the part of the superior officers, a kind sympathy which supports and encourages. There is a sort of solidarity in all the degrees of rank in the French army; but what appears most striking in that army is the ready aptitude of the French officers which is so remarkable. Many of them, it is said, are deficient in education; but the presence of mind natural in the nation replaces it, by transforming itself on the spot into a practical instinct which renders them skilful in drawing the greatest possible advantages from the most different elements. It is owing to this that so many men are found, who, after two months' service, make good sub-officers, and in twelve months, efficient officers. It is remarked that the natural vanity of the French serves them in this respect. A wish to attract attention is the occasion of acts of valour, and jokes which cause laughter and support the mind. Each man wishes to outdo his comrades. There is the same rivalry in cooking their food as in firing their musket, or in giving proof of intelligence."

One of the chief causes of the deficient care of the wounded and sick in the early part of the war was the constitution of the ambulance corps, which consisted of Chelsea pensioners. These men had been already worn out in the service, and were utterly incapable of taking care of the ambulances, or even of themselves, far less of the sick men. Most of these poor pensioners perished at Gallipoli, Varna, and Scutari. But even this wretched ambulance

corps would have been some aid before Sebastopol had it been there.

Meanwhile the efforts at home to relieve the sick and wounded, and to send them every necessary, were sustained with wonderful generosity and patriotism. An occurrence at Portsmouth tended to increase those praiseworthy exertions, and at the same time to direct popular indignation against the mode in which public affairs were managed. The *Himalaya* brought home a great number of wounded soldiers. She entered Portsmouth and landed her freight of brave and suffering men upon the jetty. No one attended to them. Admirals, generals, officers of ordnance, dock and storekeepers, officers of every conceivable rank, and belonging to every existing branch of the service, were at hand, but not a soul among them all stirred to help our wounded braves. There the poor fellows stood or lay on the jetty—sympathy for them among the officials did not appear. The inhabitants at last collected omnibuses, which supplied the place of ambulances, and the sick soldiers were borne by the people to the hospitals. Seldom was the heart of the country more outraged than by this display of official callousness. The *Times* only expressed the public sentiment when it thus denounced the conduct of those in authority at Portsmouth:—"Everybody knows that Portsmouth swarms with officials, naval and military, and that if the queen had been landing from Osborne, instead of our helpless and crippled soldiers from the Crimea, there would not have been wanted one of the tail to swell the unmeaning pomp and idle ceremony. We should have had the admiral-superintendent, the port-admiral, the lieutenant-governor, and a host of other officials whose titles it is not worth now recording, as none of them could find time to attend to this ordinary duty of hospitality and humanity, or to see that the noble freight of the *Himalaya* was received with all honour, all gratitude, and all tenderness."

Some have apologised for the authorities by throwing the blame on the system; but if the men had been any better than the system, they would, in such cases, have shaken off its trammels. The dying words of Justice Talford were verified by the incident, that the great defect of our social state in England is the want of sympathy. Another incident at Portsmouth soon showed that, bad as the system was, it might be made to work if those who directed it knew and felt their duty. Within a week after the disgraceful reception of the wounded from the *Himalaya*, the *Candia* landed 200 more wounded; then the naval and military authorities had made every preparation for their reception. The indignation of the public alarmed the authorities, and within a

week from the heartless reception of the one detachment of wounded, there was a suitable reception of the other. Portsmouth in these cases illustrates Balaklava. The neglect and distress in both places arose from the *spirit of the service*; the sudden activity at Portsmouth exemplifies what would have happened at Balaklava if the force of public opinion could have been timely brought to bear upon the lazy, or indifferent, or incompetent persons, upon whom the higher responsibility devolved.

While the people of England were exerting themselves in every possible way to augment the public treasures for the relief of the suffering, the heads of departments were putting forth remarkable statements of the prodigious exertions made by them to purchase, both on the Bosphorus and in the Crimea, the most ample supplies of comfort for the sick and wounded, as well as for the army in the field. A complete account of these supplies, or alleged supplies, would occupy too large a space for any history, however voluminous. The following must suffice as specimens of the details given to the press by these officials. Dr. Andrew Smith was chief of the medical staff of the army at home. After the battle of the Alma had brought to light the total want of preparation in the expeditionary army for the charge of the sick after an engagement, and public indignation ran high, the doctor wrote to the London morning journals, giving an account of the vast amount of stores sent out by him. Wine, sago, arrow-root, brandy, medicines of all sorts, were ranged in the long catalogue. There were sent out 250 medical officers, each provided with instruments and appliances of every known kind; 780 stretchers for carrying the wounded, and fifty ambulances for the same purpose, were also sent. The doctor urged the folly of private exertions, as the sick at Scutari and Balaklava had every necessary. He was especially eloquent in his dissuaves as to lint, old linen, &c., vast stores of which had, according to the doctor, already reached their destination. Afterwards, when "the Crimean commission" and "the Sebastopol committee" had made their investigations, it became known why all these things had not reached their destined ports, and why the useful commodities which had arrived out were not given to the men. Official routine, and the indifference and incompetency of those upon whom the chief responsibility devolved, accounted for all misfortunes. Dr. Smith was very minute in his particularization of all things provided by him; his description of the ambulances will illustrate this, and show the reader what a wide gulf existed between the theory of supply in the offices in London, and the actual facts where the wretched army withered away. Dr. Smith could have had

no certainty that these stores had ever left England,—so complicated were the departments and their distinctive duties,—and it was therefore a great error to interpose between the public and their benevolent purposes. He thus describes the ambulances:—"The slightly wounded are accommodated towards the front of the carriage, placed back to back, separated from each other by wooden partitions, and prevented from falling outwards by each compartment being provided with a chain covered with leather, to be passed across the chest when the seat is occupied, with a view as well to safety as support. The badly wounded, extended on elastic stretchers, six feet six inches long, and two feet wide, are placed behind, and, as already stated, in separate compartments, into or out of which the stretchers glide with facility, from their being provided with rollers. Each of the compartments is fitted with a ventilator from end to end, which can be closed or opened by the person lying on the stretcher. A waterproof roof, supported on wood hoops, covers the body of the carriage, and under it is a depository for firelocks, knapsacks, caps, accoutrements, &c. There is also under the seats for the slightly wounded men a large capacious locker, in which may be placed water-sacks—for barrels soon become useless, especially if exposed to weather and sun—bedding, and other articles, which the medical officers of the army may consider as likely to be useful; and under the hinder part of the wagon is a convenient box, in which medicines, instruments, &c., can be carried if required. At the back part of each vehicle there are two iron brackets, which fold down to support a stretcher, and so afford the means of forming a convenient table. This plan I from the first preferred to one which was strongly urged on me—namely, to form a table by placing a stretcher across two panniers." There were also waggons for the aid of the medical department:—"Each wagon is capable of carrying from the field, or from field-hospitals to hospitals in the rear, ten persons—namely, four badly and six slightly wounded men, each in a separate compartment. By this arrangement, every person will be insured against inconvenience or injury from his immediate neighbours, which would, did no partition exist, certainly prove most detrimental, especially to weakly and severely wounded men, who might have to be transported along an irregular, broken, or sloping road, or over a country where no roads exist." Other vehicles were also described, "intended for the carriage of bedding, stores, &c., to be used in field-hospitals; and, in the event of their not proving sufficient for the purpose, the waggons intended for the transport of sick and wounded are capable of being quickly

dismantled internally, and made available to supply the deficiency. They, like the others, are placed on springs, and, in case of necessity, can also be used for the carriage of sick and wounded."

Among the most remarkable efforts put forth at home to relieve the distresses occasioned by the mismanagement of the war, was what was called "the *Times*' Fund." We have already alluded *en passant* to the benefits conferred by "the *Times*' Commissioner" in the Crimea. It is desirable to put on record a more particular account of the endowments made through the editors of that journal. Although all editors are supposed to be shut up in the *sanctum* of their office, yet it is generally pretty well known in the literary world who they are. The editors of the *Times*, with all their mystery and their power, are no exception to this rule. These gentlemen are known to be men of honour and principle—fearing none, and dealing impartial justice to all. Accordingly, the public offered large contributions through the medium of the *Times*' office. Two separate amounts, of more than £10,000 each, were transmitted to the Crimea and Scutari. A gentleman named Macdonald, one of the *Times*' staff, was selected for the management of this fund, and he performed his embarrassing and dangerous task with judgment and assiduity. The originator of this fund was Sir Robert Peel, who, in a letter directed to the journal named, dated October the 12th, enclosed a check, and thus opened the list of subscriptions. In a few days a fourth of the whole amount was subscribed. The suggestion of Sir Robert Peel was to form a committee, but the money came in so fast, and the wants of the suffering brave were so urgent, that the *Times* adopted a more prompt mode of action. Sir Robert and the editor, Mr. Delane, were made joint trustees, and the three principal subscribers regularly audited the receipts and disbursements. The following extract from an article in the *Times*, published a week after the suggestion was first made, shows the spirit of the whole procedure:—"It was only on this very day last week that, in the course of our duty, we invited public attention to the necessities of our disabled soldiers at Scutari. We had certainly no idea at the time of becoming the bankers of the charitable public, or of undertaking the distribution of such funds as might be forthcoming; but so rapidly were contributions poured into our hands, and so indispensable did immediate action appear, that we accepted the trust which our own appeals had called into being, and now find ourselves engaged in the duty of applying directly for the benefit of our soldiers the gifts of their countrymen at home. During the

seven days which have elapsed since our first appeal on behalf of the sufferers, we have actually received for their use a sum considerably exceeding £5000—the whole of which amount has been subscribed for the single object of comforting the inmates of the British hospital in Turkey."

While the "single object" of the fund was defined as being for the comfort of "the inmates of the British hospital in Turkey," Mr. Macdonald, unlike the routine gentlemen of the different departments there and in the Crimea, diverged from the sole application of the funds in that way—giving aid in the Crimea, and even supplying some soldiers on their way to the seat of war with warm clothing, without which all would have suffered and many perished. When Mr. Macdonald waited upon the Duke of Newcastle, the Minister of War, and upon Dr. Andrew Smith, they both assured him that Scutari and Balaklava were supplied with every necessary. Mr. Macdonald knew well to the contrary: the *Times* employs those only upon whom it can rely, and its correspondents had given the clearest evidence of the malversation and stupidity which balked all the efforts of the well-intentioned at the seat of government at home.

As we reserve the state of things at Scutari for another chapter, we shall not follow Mr. Macdonald thither in our narrative at present, but notice his timely benefactions at Balaklava. He there found worthy coadjutors in Dr. M'Shane, of the *Caradoc*, and the Rev. Mr. Haywood, army-chaplain. These men had to battle against the opposition of the officials, who evidently had hints, if not orders, from the departments at home to impede all voluntary efforts to assuage the sufferings of the army. Preserved meats, vegetables, tea and sugar, arrow-root, wine, and brandy, to the amount of £2000 in value, were sent thither by Mr. Macdonald; and during the short time the supply lasted, it diffused comfort, gladness, and gratitude, among the men in front. All the power of the government was not, at the time, equal to the distribution of the tenth part of such a store of comforts. It may be at once gratifying and curious to our readers to see the description of the various articles required by the army, and supplied by the *Times*' Fund. The following was Mr. Macdonald's account of the expenditure of less than £12,000:—

Articles of Diet and Nutriment:—Tea, 20½ chests. Arrow-root, about 33 cwt. Sago, 14 cwt. 2 qrs. 14 lbs. Tapioca, 70 lbs. Sugar, 107½ cwt. 20 lbs. Preserved soups, meats, &c., 4024 canisters or about 80,000 portions. Preserved vegetables, about 80,000 portions. Port wine, 313½ dozen. Marsala, 2½ quarter-casks, and 3 dozen. Brandy, 70 dozen and 200 gallons. Fowls, 18 dozen. Calf-foot jelly, a large quantity. Bottled ale, 33 dozen. Jams, 74 dozen. Macaroni and vermicelli, 1½ cwt. Pearl-barley, 1 cwt. Tamarinds, 2 cwt. Lemons, 366 dozen.

Biscuits, 12 canisters. Butter, 2 kegs. Isinglas, 11 lbs. Gum-arabic, $5\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. Figs, 12 drums. Pepper, 15 packets. Mustard, 20 bottles. Vinegar, 20 bottles.

Articles of Clothing and Personal Use.—Cotton shirts, 713 $\frac{3}{4}$ dozen. Flannel, worsted, and woollen shirts, 932 $\frac{3}{4}$ dozen. Flannel drawers, 3053 pair. Socks and stockings, 10,542 pair. Night-caps, 311 dozen. Comforters, 492 $\frac{3}{4}$ dozen. Gloves, 377 dozen. Woollen sashes, 125 dozen. Slippers, 1865 pair. Quilted gowns, 365. Pocket-handkerchiefs, neck-ties, &c., 1100. Tartar stockings, 50. Tartar boots, 50. Flannel in pieces, 927 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Calico, for sheets and shirts, 1310 yards. Soap, 1840 lbs. Paper, 56 $\frac{1}{2}$ reams. Envelopes, 1200 packets. Ink, 144 bottles. Steel-pens, 30 boxes. Sealing-wax, 10 lbs. Wafers 20 boxes. Stationery, 1 box. Postage-stamps, £14 10s. Clay-pipes, 7044. Tobacco, 1347 lbs.

Articles Pertaining to Hospital Use.—Towels, 379 $\frac{3}{4}$ dozen. Quilts, 200. Mattresses, 75. Basins, 702. Bowls, 99. Blankets, 780. Bed-pans, 290. Close-stools, 20. Kitchen-stove, 1. Tin drinking-cups, 80. Tin pails, 30. Gamelles, 80. Knives and forks, 64 $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen. Spoons, 62 dozen. Corkscrews, 2. Tea-spoons, 10 dozen. Kettles, 6. Scrubbing-brushes, &c., 27 dozen. Dust-pans, 3. Sponges, 12. Chloride of lime, 27 lbs. Sacking to wash floors, 3 pieces. Shoe-brushes, 22 sets. Sadirons, 6 pair. Starch 3 cwt. and 33 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. Washing-tubs, 3. Hair-combs, 4 dozen. Wall-lamps, 100. Olive-oil, 3 cwt. Oiled-cloth, 130 yards. Carpet-mats, 20 pieces. Mosquito-muslin, 2 pieces. Marking-ink, 4 bottles. Cotton-tape, 3 pieces. Needles, 12 boxes. American-clocks, 12. Castor-oil, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. Charcoal, 1 ton 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. Millboard, 150 sheets. Calico, for towelling, 4 pieces.

The distribution of the above included Sentari and Balaklava, and also benefactions made to the sick on board ships, from the battle of Inkerman to the end of the severer portion of winter.

Another spontaneous effort of the public to meet the dreadful state of affairs, was the formation of "The Crimean Army Fund." The object of this benevolent project was to send to Balaklava nourishment and warm clothing. An agent, acting under the direction of a committee, was to land the whole there. The sum collected exceeded £20,000, which was sent in to the committee within two months after the beginning of the subscription. The scheme adopted for distributing the money involved two separate modes of succour. One of these methods of relief was to give to the troops certain articles of necessity; the other was to establish a depot at Balaklava for the sale of useful articles at such a price as would prove a great boon to the troops. In consequence of the adoption of such a general plan, the committee advertised their willingness to receive goods as well as money. As soon as this became known, there was a generous rush in every part of the country to contribute something, and the strangest varieties of things were hurried up to London—the railways carrying without charge all packages for the Crimean Fund. The benevolence of the nation seemed to adopt for its motto "*Dis dat qui cito dat*," and, accordingly, in an incredibly short space of time, the depot was loaded with specimens of all things eatable or wearable, and with many things which the ingenuity of the committee could never have comprehended in its

suggestions. In the beginning of December, the *Fairy* yacht was placed at the disposal of the committee, to convey this heterogeneous but useful mass of commodities, and dispatched with a freight of tea, sugar, tobacco, wines, arrow-root, &c. A small steamer was afterwards chartered, and the Earl of Ellesmere lent his large yacht of 220 tons burden. Before Christmas the committee chartered the steamer *Pioneer* of 700 tons burden. The following was the published list of articles destined for this useful service:—blankets, shirts, flannel, hose, wash-leather waistcoats, leather for shoes, shoemaker's tools, needles, thread, buttons, tape, tobacco, preserved meats, portable soup, arrow-root, tea, chocolate, sugar, essence of coffee, pearl-barley, preserved vegetables and milk, salt, pepper, mustard, Cayenne-pepper, hams, tongues, bacon, cheese, ale, porter, wine, spirits, coffee-roasters, coffee-grinders, and patent fuel.

The severity of the weather, and various delays interposed after the vessels had entered the Dardanelles, prevented the arrival of these treasures so soon as was expected; and instead of Christmas and New Year's-day being enjoyed with English comforts in the camp, the season of home festivities was the period of hardest privation there. It was not until January asserted his cold and stern sovereignty in the Crimea, that the good things began to be distributed which were provided by the Crimean Fund. By the termination of winter, however, a report was made by the committee to the subscribers, in which it appeared that the following distributions were made:—6 $\frac{1}{2}$ tons of tobacco; 3000 lbs. of tea; 28 barrels of sugar; 85 cases of cheese; 30 casks of butter; 18 casks of herrings; 30 cases of bacon; 190 cases of Price's patent candles; 6 cwt. of chocolate; 165 dozen of port; 70 dozen of sherry; 160 dozen of brandy; 30 dozen of whisky. Together with large quantities of porter, ale, preserved meats, woollen goods, and sundries.

Independent of the foregoing media of relief, various others were formed by the zeal and ingenuity of particular donors—amateurs, sea-captains, gentlemen of the press, sailors, soldiers, nurses, doctors, all sorts of persons were invoked to become the bearers of gifts more or less welcome in the Crimea. Some of these donations never reached their destination, especially such as were committed to the care of the government. Gifts of food and nourishment were ingeniously contrived—such as soluble chocolate in cakes, ground coffee, potted venison, preserved soups and broths. Warm clothing was a favourite selection, and nothing was more useful—such as flannel shirts, thick cotton shirts, mitts, comforters, knit and wove hose, flannel vests and drawers, substantial

fustian jackets. Large presents of linen were sent to the officers, and cases of wine and brandy, porter and ale. A London tobacconist sent out cigars for their use to the value of £250. Commercial firms undertook to send packages, and the Screw Steam Navigation Company conveyed them free of charge. The benevolence of the country had taken many forms from the breaking out of the war—such as the “Central Association in Aid of the Wives and Families, Widows and Orphans, of Soldiers ordered to the East.” Before the end of December the funds contributed through this channel reached £100,000; and by that time 5000 women and 8000 children were receiving assistance—proving how large a portion of the brave men who fought, and who volunteered to fight for their country in that campaign, were men of domestic tastes, and bound to their country by bonds of love and virtue.

“The Patriotic Fund” was the largest source of aid which the country provided. In the year 1803 a “Patriotic Fund” was raised, under a like pressure, in a manner highly creditable to the country. £200,000 were then provided by the liberality of the people, and from some cause or other about £8000 of this money remained unappropriated, this formed the nucleus of the new fund of 1854. It was opened by royal proclamation on the 13th of October, and thirty commissioners were appointed for its custody and administration. The queen herself headed the list of subscribers, public bodies and individuals munificently followed, and the humblest classes of tradesmen gave a portion of their earnings. The provinces were more liberal in proportion than the metropolis, with the exception of Lancashire, which, although always first in acts of splendid liberality, was not so on this occasion—the city of Glasgow giving more than Manchester and Liverpool together, although much less wealthy than either. Edinburgh, in proportion to its population, surpassed even Glasgow in generosity, and all Scotland seemed moved with a fervour of patriotism and charity in this emergency. Nobly did the sons of Scotland dare for their country in the field, and nobly did the sons and daughters of Scotland at home sympathise with their chivalry and their sufferings. In Ireland also the appeal was responded to with generous emotion, nor was there a distant colony of England which did not hear the appeal, and answer it with feeling heart. In Gibraltar, Malta, the Ionian Isles, at the Cape, in the Mauritius, India, Australia, and in the islands, cities, and backwoods of the western hemisphere collections were made. From the gold-fields of Australia, and the pine-forests and prairies of western Canada, money was transmitted. The “Six Nations Indians” sent £100. British settlers, temporary or per-

manent, in every country contributed. The English excavators working on a Danish railway marched twenty miles on a Sunday appointed for the purpose, and deposited a dollar each for the British Patriotic Fund. A musical fête in the Crystal Palace, at which the band of the French Guides assisted, realised £3000. By the beginning of December the amount collected was £100,000, which during the month was trebled. It was trebled again in the month ensuing, and went on still increasing until it reached the enormous amount of a million and a half sterling. The mode in which this fund was distributed, and the spirit which actuated the commissioners, may be best judged from their report, made when all the hardships of the winter and spring were over, and relief had been extended with no parsimonious hand. In that report they express the willingness of the country to meet the largest demands upon its liberality, and the desire universally felt by the donors that the widows and orphans of the soldiery rather than of the officers should be relieved. There were, however, cases as much deserving the country’s consideration connected with officers as with the humblest soldiers who fought or sickened by their sides. It was remarkable that while so large a portion of those who fell, up to the end of the year 1854, were married men, and left wives and children, comparatively few of that class were numbered among the victims of 1855. The old soldiers were taken off during the former period, and their places were supplied by raw lads during the latter.

Numerous old institutions of a charitable nature, chiefly intended for widows or orphans of deceased soldiers, were revived during this period of excitement, and established on a more useful scale; and others sprung into existence—some metropolitan, others provincial—but none so local as to be exclusive or illiberal in their constitution.

The religious efforts to meet the wants of the army kept pace with those of a temporal nature. The “Religious Tract Society,” the “Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts,” the “Soldiers’ Friend Society,” the “Society for sending Scripture Readers to the East,” a “Society for providing extra Chaplains for the Army,” &c., made vigorous exertions to send to the men the means of religious instruction, while receiving the sympathies and succours of temporal benefactors.

When the tidings of all these movements reached the Crimea, the men were much encouraged; the love of country, if it could have been increased in their gallant breasts, burned still more fervently, and to “do or die” (one of their common phrases) seemed if possible to be more their determination than ever. The state of mind in which the men were, was also

favourable to religious influences; and never, perhaps, did any men listen to the consolations of the Gospel with readier ear than the sick and wounded sent from the shores of the Crimea to the shores of the Bosphorus.

The generous attentions of the British public were necessary to sustain the loyalty of the soldiery to their generals, however unswerving it might have been to their country, as throughout December the impression that their chief officers had no concern in them grew rapidly. This cannot excite the surprise of any person who reads the report of her majesty's commissioners for inquiring into the causes of the disasters in the Crimea, or the commission for inquiring into the state of the hospitals at Scutari and Balaklava. Dr. Bruck, the surgeon of the Scots' Greys, was one of the witnesses examined by the latter commission, and he thus certifies as to the neglect of which the men were the subjects, on the part of those from whom they might have expected the most anxious care:—"With the French authorities I believe the greatest deference is paid to the medical department, and every assistance rendered them; nobody has presumed to say that this is the case in the British service; it is a notorious fact that the reverse holds good. When a man gets sick, he is handed over to the doctor, and, generally speaking, nobody but the doctor takes much interest in him. During the time I have been in the Crimea—that is, since the landing of the regiment in September last up to this date (January 23rd, 1855)—no general officer has visited my hospital, nor, to my knowledge, interested himself in any way about the sick. What is the cause of this apparent apathy it is impossible for me to conjecture; but this I maintain, and this I would earnestly beg to impress on the minds of the gentlemen whom I have now the honour to address, that unless general officers, or those high in command, do take an interest in their sick soldiers, or until they do lend a helping or a willing hand to their medical officers, it will not be possible for the duties of the medical department to be satisfactorily and efficiently carried on in the field."

The report of the former commission represents the loss of the cavalry as thirty-five men out of every hundred. Let it be remembered that they had no night-work in the trenches, and except at the battle of Balaklava were but little engaged with the enemy. They were not exposed to the endless cannonade or the nightly sortie, yet one-third of their number perished. Much as has been said against Lord Lucan in connection with the loss of men and horses, it is obvious that his representations to head-quarters were so frequent, and of such a nature, as to transfer much of the re-

sponsibility which it has been sought to fix upon him.

One of the worst arrangements connected with the sick and wounded was fixing the hospital at Scutari, hundreds of miles from the scene of action. Had the dismasted transports been turned into hospital-ships, many valuable lives would have been spared; but when the men were brought down to Balaklava, they were either left unsheltered for many hours—perhaps a day or night—on shore, or else hurried on board some ship about to sail, without any suitable accommodation for them. The very ill died in great numbers while the ships were tossing about on the Black Sea; many survived just long enough to be handed over to the authorities at Scutari a few days before death terminated their sufferings, the chief of which were experienced on board ship; *many cases recovered on the voyage*; a few days rest at Balaklava, on board a well-ventilated, clean, and convenient hospital-ship would have restored them. There were two such ships for the sailors and marines, and they admirably answered their purpose. The *Diamond* and *Pride of the Ocean* returned convalescent most of the men placed in the hospital berths fitted up on board. As this subject must recur again in our chapter on Scutari, we dismiss it for the present.

Such was the state of the troops, their privations, endurance, trials, and fortitude, during the month of November, and such were the efforts made at home to cheer and help them. At the end of the third week in the month the frost broke up, and for several days the whole country was again deluged with rain as in the dreary days of November: by some *mal à propos* arrangements, the removal of the sick to Balaklava was ordered on some of the most drenching of these dreary days, and the result was the return of every form of disease prevalent the previous month, and great increase of cholera.

Amidst all their privations the enemy kept the allies from seeking rest. They had not only to work hard in preparing for a renewed bombardment, but often to stand to their arms and resist the sallies of the ever-vigilant foe. It is a tribute to them, just as it is eloquent, paid by one who shared their perils and privations:—"Englishmen need never hesitate to speak of the winter campaign in the Crimea. Like the light cavalry charge at Balaklava, it was a bright though melancholy proof of what English soldiers will dare and endure. We may blush for the government, and blame some generals; but the soldiers at least were faithful to their trust, and in their long struggle with cold and hunger were never doubtful or dismayed. To the enemy they opposed courage; to the evils and mismanagement of their own

military system, endurance: encountering both they died, but died nobly, and doing their duty to the last."

On the 20th of December the Russians made a sortie in the neighbourhood of the Ovens, and penetrated up the ravine which separated the extreme right of the French from the extreme left of the British. It would appear that the worn-out troops which formed the picket had laid themselves down, trusting to the vigilance of the sentries, who were probably also overpowered with sleep—for the Russians quietly bayoneted them and fell upon the picket, some of whom they also put to death without firing a shot. The troops on duty consisted of a detachment of the 50th regiment, and while the enemy entered among them the command was given in French, which deceived the British officers. Major Möller, detecting the *ruse*, called upon his party to form, and charged the enemy with the bayonet, who, not expecting so daring an act from so small a body of men, fled from the work. The brave picket mounted the parapet, and opened fire upon the retreating enemy, who speedily rallied, and again assaulted the defence. The little band would have been inevitably overwhelmed but for a picket of the 34th, which hurried to their relief; the enemy was again repulsed, having lost about sixty men: they carried off two of their officers who were slain. The loss of the British was seventeen men bayoneted, eleven made prisoners, and as many wounded by musketry. Captain Franklyn and Lieutenant Clarke were among the prisoners, Major Möller among the slain. This excellent young officer was of the lineage of a respectable foreign family, which came originally from Flushing, but settled at Hamburg before leaving the Continent for England. Major Möller was third son of Charles Chaussin Möller, Esq., of the 18th Hussars, a regiment which greatly distinguished itself in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, but which, with the 19th Lancers, was broken in Dublin a few years subsequent to the return of the British army of occupation from France after the fall of Napoleon. Major Möller had served with the relics of the 44th in India when that corps had suffered from the unfortunate affair at Cabul, but exchanged into the 50th, and had attained the rank of major only a few months before he bravely fell. He seems to have had a presentiment of his fall, for in a letter from Varna, written to a relative, he says:—"We sail in a few days for Sebastopol. It is hard to say, Farewell! but God's will be done. As we are not to meet again here, remember that we shall meet hereafter." The commanding officer of the 50th wrote home to inform the bereaved family of their loss in terms most flattering to the deceased:—

Before Sebastopol, Dec. 22, 1854.

"DEAR SIR,—It is with deep regret that I now perform the melancholy duty of communicating to you the intelligence of the death of Major Möller, which took place here this morning. He was on duty in the trenches on the night of the 20th inst., when the enemy made a sortie, and he received a mortal wound from a musket ball through the body. He fell close to me as he was gallantly cheering on the men. I enclose a letter from him which arrived to-day. I must beg you to break the sad news to Mrs. Möller, and, with my kindest regards, to assure her how sincerely I console with her for this sudden bereavement.

"I remain, dear sir, yours faithfully,

"R. W. WADDY,

"*Lieutenant-colonel, 50th regiment.*"

It is remarkable that Lieutenant-general Möller, of the Russian service, is descended from the same family.

On the 26th the French lent the British 500 horses, a most valuable succour. The following terse summary of events is entered in the journal of Mr. Russell for the 27th:—"The 18th regiment (Royal Irish) arrived in the *Magdalena* to-day, all well. Their fur caps and new coats made them objects of great attraction to the tattered old campaigners on the beach. The Russians are very active getting up guns in every possible direction along our approaches. The French have also pushed a trench within 180 metres of St. Vladimir. Continual firing and skirmishing are going on at night in front of our lines and along the French works. The Turks continue 'to die like flies.' They literally are found dead on their posts where they have mounted guard." The night of the 28th was one of excessive rain. The Russians were not prevented by the deluge from pouring in shot and shell upon the French batteries, which suffered little. On the 29th, the French, of General Bosquet's corps, made a reconnaissance in force, supported by the 79th Highlanders, and four companies of the Rifle Brigade, sent out by Sir Colin Campbell to cover their right flank. The Russians withdrew sullenly, their cavalry fighting as they retired a brief battle with carbines. The French chasseurs found an admirable opportunity for charging, which they accomplished with great spirit, driving the Russian horse before them. Having compelled the corps of Liprandi to retreat beyond the village of Tcherngoum towards his main body upon the McKenzie heights, the allies withdrew to their respective positions. The moral effect of this reconnaissance, which was beautifully executed, was advantageous to the allies. The troops now felt that their flank and rear were not liable to be perpetually menaced.

The general condition of our ally, and the views entertained by the French chief of the aspect of affairs, were thus presented in a despatch, dated the 22nd of December, addressed to the French minister of war:—

MONSIEUR LE MARÉCHAL,—The bad weather has continued, with rare and short intervals of improvement. We nevertheless continue, as much as possible, to encircle the place with our trenches, and all the siege operations become perfect and solid, notwithstanding the rainy season, which renders the transport very difficult.

The two armies mutually assist each other. I am indebted to the English army for the transport of nearly all the cavalry I have under my orders in the Crimea, and, on my part, I have placed at the disposal of Lord Raglan my mules to convey his sick to Balaklava, and teams to convey his ammunition. These exchanges contribute to keep up excellent relations and perfect cordiality between the two armies.

There scarcely passes a night without some points of our lines being attacked by sorties, which generally cost dear to the assailants. Yesterday, at two, A.M., the Russians, after having made a sortie on the third parallel of the English, who vigorously repulsed them, made also a demonstration upon the centre and left of our works. Received by a very brisk and well-directed fire, they withdrew before our soldiers, who pursued them at the point of the bayonet. The enemy left a great number of dead upon the ground.

To make the guard of our trenches more efficacious, I have organised a corps of volunteers, whose duty it is to keep the approaches of our works clear of the enemy at night. I expect good results from this institution, which completes that of the *frances-tireurs*, organised since the commencement of the siege, and who do duty by day in the trenches. They have already done much injury to the enemy.

As I have already informed you, our works extend actually to the bottom of the Quarantine Bay. The enemy's attention is drawn to the efforts we are making on that side, and his artillery sharply disputes the ground with us, where, as nearly everywhere, we are obliged to hollow out the rock; but our progress is not the less real, and we remain in possession.

I have informed you that the enemy had withdrawn his left and evacuated the portions of the valley of Balaklava where we formerly saw them in considerable numbers. I was desirous of ascertaining their exact position in that direction, and the day before yesterday I pushed forward a reconnaissance to the vicinity of the village of Tchorgoum, consisting of a brigade of cavalry, under the orders of General d'Allouville. They came upon some hundred riflemen behind the village of Kamara, and drove them back into the ravines. Detachments of cavalry, accompanied by their artillery and some battalions of infantry, appeared on the flanks of the reconnaissance, but did not attempt to interrupt its operations, which were happily accomplished. At the same time 1000 infantry, Scotch and Zouaves, left Balaklava, on the right of our position, and explored the heights which extend towards the valley of Baidar. They only met a post of Cossacks.

To resume, I am of opinion that on the left bank of the Tchernaya there are only pickets of the enemy observing our positions from a distance. A movement has evidently taken place in the Russian army, caused probably by the landing of the Turkish troops, which continues at Eupatoria. I shall soon know the real state of the case.

Although the number of the sick has somewhat increased, in consequence of the perpetual wet in which we live, the sanitary condition of the army is satisfactory, and its moral condition perfect. If the troops have suffered much from the rain, it has not yet been cold: the snow, which for some time has covered the tops of the mountains inland, has not yet fallen upon the plain which we occupy, and the thermometer has not yet in a single instance been below zero (freezing point of Fahrenheit). These general conditions are rendered better by the care taken of our men, and, thanks to the wise foresight of the emperor and his government, the army enjoys relative comforts, which makes it gaily support the fatigues it

has to undergo. The number of sick in our military hospitals at Constantinople is 3794, of whom 1387 are wounded. I have established in the Crimea, near the Bay of Karatsch, a depot of convalescents, where the men who leave the army ambulances, and who only require rest, will regain their strength, and be enabled to return to their duty. This measure will diminish the number sent to Constantinople. His Imperial Highness Prince Napoleon, still retained at Constantinople by the malady which forced him to leave the Crimea, wished to rejoin us. I opposed his return, which might compromise the health of the prince.

I am, &c.,

CANROBERT, *General-in-chief.*

It will be seen in the above despatch that the French general refers to the Turks as landing in Eupatoria. When the Austrian occupation of the Dacian provinces at once secured them from an attack by Russia, and the Russians from pursuit by Omar Pasha, that chief gradually withdrew his armies to Varna and Shumla, leaving garrisons in the Danubian cities sufficient for their protection. It was determined that a considerable portion of this army should be transferred to the Crimea, and General Canrobert makes reference to the first of several detachments which landed at Eupatoria, in order to strengthen the garrison there against Russian reinforcements, which it was rumoured were to assemble in large numbers to assault the place, for its importance now began to be better appreciated by both sides. It was alleged that to no part of his menaced dominions did the Emperor Nicholas look with so much anxiety as to Eupatoria—that he considered it the key of the Crimea, and was resolved at all costs to dispossess the allies. His earnestness and alarm at this juncture were manifest. The report made to him by the grand dukes painfully affected him. If the rumour spread by prisoners and deserters in the allied camp was true concerning the conduct of these imperial personages after the battle of Inkerman, it is likely that they would convey to the Russian capital very discouraging representations of affairs. According to the story current in the camps, when their imperial highnesses saw the slaughter and defeat of their troops, they uttered the most passionate lamentations, and besought Prince Menschikoff to give up the struggle, and make the best terms he could. This the prince was described as promising, in order to quiet their apprehensions, and, leading them away from the scenes which had so affected them, quietly sent them home with despatches of pretended importance to their imperial sire. The czar speedily published a manifesto, which was read with sacerdotal pomp in the churches of Sebastopol, and was intended to raise the hopes and sustain the spirit of the discouraged troops. It was issued on the 14th of December, old style:—

By the grace of God, we, Nicholas I., Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, &c., make known:—

The causes of the war, which still lasts, are well understood by our beloved Russia. The country knows that

neither ambitious views, nor the desire of obtaining new advantages to which we had no right, were the motives for those acts and circumstances that have unexpectedly resulted in the existing struggle. We had solely in view the safeguard of the solemnly recognised immunities of the orthodox church, and of our co-religionists in the East. But certain governments, attributing to us interested and secret intentions that were far from our thoughts, have complicated the solution of the question, and have finished by forming a hostile alliance against Russia. After having proclaimed as their object the safety of the Ottoman Empire, they have waged open war against us, not in Turkey, but within the limits of our own realm, directing their blows on such points as were more or less accessible to them—in the Baltic, the White Sea, the Black Sea, in the Crimea, and even on the far distant coasts of the Pacific Ocean. Thanks to the Most High, both in our troops and in all classes of our subjects, they everywhere met with intrepid opponents, animated by their love for us and for their country; and, to our consolation in these troublous circumstances, amid the calamities inseparable from war, we are constantly witnessing brilliant examples and proofs of this feeling, as well as of the courage that it inspires. Such are the defeats more than once inflicted on the enemy's troops on the other side of the Caucasus, notwithstanding a great disparity of force. Such was the unequal contest sustained with success by the defenders of the coasts of Finland, of the convent of Solovetsky, and of the port of Petropaulovsky, in Kamshatka. Such, above all, is the heroic defence of Sebastopol, signalled by so many exploits of invincible courage and of indefatigable activity, as to be admired and done justice to by our enemies themselves.

Beholding, with humble gratitude towards God, the toils, the bravery, the self-denial of our forces both by land and sea, and also the general outburst of devotion that animates all ranks of the empire, we venture to recognise therein the pledge and augury of a happier future. Penetrated with our duty as a Christian, we cannot desire a prolonged effusion of blood; and certainly we shall not repulse any offers and conditions of peace that are compatible with the dignity of our empire and the interests of our well-beloved subjects. But another and not less sacred duty commands us, in this obstinate struggle, to keep ourselves prepared for efforts and sacrifices proportioned to the means of action directed against us.

Russians! my faithful children! you are accustomed to spare nothing when called by Providence to a great and holy work—neither your wealth, the fruit of long years of toil, nor your lives—nor your own blood, nor the blood of your children. The noble ardour that has inflamed your hearts from the first hour of the war will not be extinguished, happen what may; and your feelings are those also of your sovereign.

We all, monarch and subjects, if it be necessary—echoing the words of the Emperor Alexander in a year of like trial, “The sword in our hands and the cross in our hearts”—know how to face the ranks of our enemies for the defence of the most precious gifts of this world—the security and the honour of our country.

Given at Gatchina, the 14th of December, year of grace 1854, and 30th of our reign.

NICHOLAS.

Having related the condition and prospects of the various forces engaged in the contest around Sebastopol, it is necessary to direct attention to the proceedings of the fleets. After the 17th of October, the sailors were of little service except on shore; they were exposed at sea to much hardships from the incessant rains, the cold, and the prevailing storms. Great was the disappointment which prevailed after the failure of the naval bombardment, and the brave tars longed for an opportunity to redeem the character of the navy. Admiral Dundas having disapproved of the expedition to the Crimea from the first, because of the inadequate means

at the disposal of the allies, the advanced period of the year, and the excessive sickness prevailing among both the naval and military forces, was supposed to repress all enterprise, and to be desirous rather to see his own vaticinations fulfilled. In these representations there was at this juncture, at all events, much injustice; and certainly the predictions of the admiral, as regarded the difficulties and sufferings of the expeditionary forces, were but too circumstantially fulfilled.

Early in December the fleets took up new positions around the south-west coast of the Crimea. Many of the British ships entered the harbours of Kamiesch and Karatsch, which were in the possession of the French. The *Agamemnon*, *Hannibal*, *Algeria*, *Napoleon*, *Jean Bart*, *Pomona*, *Nimauquet*, and several frigates blockaded Sebastopol. The *Tauban*, *Caton*, and bomb-vessel *Tautour*, were in Arrow Bay, the nearest position to Sebastopol. The *Montebello*, *Marengo*, *Alger*, and a number of frigates and smaller craft, were in the Bay of Kamiesch. The French raised fortifications along the coast from Arrow Bay to Cape Chersonese, a work the necessity of which did not appear. They erected beacons and lighthouses, not only for the shipping, but for the troops on shore.

The inaction of the British fleet gave much uneasiness at home, and excited much unreasonable comment. The government felt the influence of this, and on the 8th of December sent out directions to attack Odessa. Odessa, however, was not attacked; and it was afterwards learned that this was due to the influence of General Canrobert, acting under the direct orders of his emperor. The charge of the French fleet devolved not upon its admiral, but upon the general-in-chief of the army. Such orders could not at that time have been obeyed by the British admiral, the pick of whose crews were serving on shore.

FROM THE SECRETARY OF THE ADMIRALTY
TO VICE-ADMIRAL DUNDAS.

Admiralty, Dec. 8, 1854.

SIR,—I am commanded by my lords commissioners of the Admiralty to call your attention to their letter of the 13th of October last, No. 622, respecting an attack on the port of Odessa at any proper opportunity. Although this question has been postponed at the request of the generals commanding the allied forces on shore, my lords are of opinion it should be again taken into consideration, with a view to an effectual operation whenever circumstances will permit.

I am, &c.,

R. OSBORNE.

It was a curious coincidence that while the authorities at home were carrying on the deliberations which led to this letter from the Admiralty, the Russian navy was putting forth some symptoms of spirit, to the astonishment of the allies. On the 6th of December, two Russian ships sallied from Sebastopol, proving that a passage had been left between the sunken

ships, this had been universally disbelieved in the fleets. One of these steamers lingered close to the harbour, as if in reserve; the other, supposed to be the *Vladimir*, boldly issued forth, passed a French frigate which either did not recognise it, or supposed it to be British, and steaming round Fort Alexander, "brought to," and threw shot and shell into the French works near Quarantine Bay. The amazed admirals sent the *Valorous* and *Terrible* after her, but the Russian was as nimble and vigilant as bold, and escaped with her consort behind the lines of sunken ships.

On the 21st of December, Admiral Dundas gave up the command of the fleet and returned home. He was succeeded by Admiral Lyons. The latter, desirous to give his gallant predecessor a courteous farewell, ordered signals—in the hoisting of which occurred a ludicrous mistake. Admiral Dundas ran up a signal to Admiral Lyons to the effect, "May success attend you," to which the latter ordered the reply to be given, "May happiness await you." By some mistake the word *hanging* was substituted for *happiness*! Great was the amazement of the whole fleet as it read the parting signal from the *Agamemnon* to their late amiable chief, "May *hanging* await you!" What made this more unfortunate, and a source of the greater chagrin to Sir Edmund, was the state of feeling between the two admirals, which was notorious: the senior officer considering his junior as forward, somewhat saucy, and very intriguing; the junior representing his senior as "slow," and deficient in enterprise. Admiral Dundas took leave of the fleet in a manly address:—

*H.M.S. Britannia, in the Bosphorus,
Dec. 22, 1854.*

My term of service as commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean and Black Sea having drawn to a close, I am about to return to England, and give up the command of this fleet.

During the past year many trying circumstances have occurred—pestilence in its most aggravated form, action with the enemy against land defences such as ships hardly ever encountered, and a tempest of the most awful violence. In all those events the good conduct and gallantry of the fleet have been evinced and proved.

In taking an affectionate leave of the officers, seamen, and marines of the fleet, I can hereafter experience no higher gratification than the assurance that they preserve their high character for discipline, enterprise, and devotion to our sovereign and country.

J. W. D. DUNDAS,

Vice-admiral, Commander-in-chief.

*To the admirals, captains, commanders, officers,
seamen, and marines of the fleet in the Medi-
terranean, and Black Sea.*

When the British admiral was leaving, the yards of all the ships, French and English, were manned, and hearty cheers were given for the veteran sailor who had won the respect of the armies and navies of the allies, as well as of the men under his own command.

About the same time Admiral Hamelin returned to France, to receive promotion from his

government, and the command of the French fleet devolved upon Admiral Bruat—a bold, reckless sailor, stubborn in opinion, and reputed to have no love for the English nation, its people, or its policy. Admiral Hamelin appears to have issued no farewell, but Bruat, on assuming the command, thus referred to him in an order of the day:—"We are about to lose our worthy chief; his illustrious services have received their reward. After having called on me to second him, the emperor has called on me to replace him. Faithful to the traditions bequeathed to us by a glorious past, we shall continue to lend to our valiant army and to our brave allies that warm co-operation to which he has already rendered such flattering and cordial justice. On the day of combat, the same patriotic cry will still rally us round the flag of France."

Soon after Sir Edmund Lyons took the command of the English fleet, an opportunity was given him of softening the asperities which had hitherto throughout the war characterised the spirit and temper of the Russian commanders. He happened to have formed an acquaintance many years before with the Russian admiral, and he took occasion on his newly-acquired command to send that functionary a large English cheese, with his compliments, and good wishes for his health. The Russian sent in return a fat deer (how such a present could at that time be found in the neighbourhood of Sebastopol may well be a matter of surprise), and with the present a letter conveying the following delicate compliment:—"The Russian admiral remembers with pleasure the time of his acquaintance with Sir Edmund, and regrets not to have seen him for so long, except the other day, when he came in rather close with the *Agamemnon*."

The fleets were gradually reduced as the winter advanced, by the sailing vessels being ordered home, and the steamers remained as mere "tenders" for the armies. The naval brigade on shore was gradually augmented to a naval division, reducing the numbers who constituted the crews afloat. The sailors in the trenches and at Balaklava became increasingly conspicuous for their bravery, good-tempered submission to toil, and usefulness in bringing up stores: nothing came amiss to Jack—his strong hand, brave heart, and jolly temper were always the same.

The year 1854, so full of events to Europe and the world, at last closed in gloom and chillness over the beleaguering and beleaguered at Sebastopol. The Russians were stronger within the mysterious city than ever. Their fortifications had grown up under the fire of the allies, and increased to dimensions the most prodigious. The labour of a large army was devoted without respite to accomplish the

stupendous work. The allies also grew in strength, notwithstanding the waste and wear incurred by weather, war, and pestilence. The French works were twice as strong as when the first bombardment commenced; and the English had, by dint of death-inflicting toil, prepared a terrible armament for their batteries. The British also began to feel acclimated, and to resist better the local diseases. Fresh meat arrived from the Bosphorus, and large stores of food and raiment were on their way from home. The general feeling of the armies was, that Sebastopol could only fall by a most bloody assault, and that must be made soon or never. The preparations showed, however, that the generals were preparing for a more tremendous battle of artillery than the world had ever before witnessed. Tokens, terrible and unmistakable, were given that the Western powers were resolved to win the proud citadel, and that Russia had staked her strength and resources upon the struggle there. The progress and character of the siege hitherto was keenly reviewed at home, and various plans of fortifications and attack were discussed in the military journals and clubs, and in the senate. Lord Palmerston, in his place in the English House of Commons, referred to this state of feeling in the country, and to the actual facts of the case, in one of his happiest efforts. Within a short compass, his lordship places the state of affairs around Sebastopol in its real aspect, as presented at the close of 1854. His lordship thus spoke:—"With regard to fortifications, an honourable member has adverted to a system which has attracted much attention—that proposed by Mr. Ferguson. Everybody who has read, with the attention it merits, the pamphlet published by that gentleman on the defences of Portsmouth, must be aware that it contains a great deal of

matter well deserving of careful consideration; but it would be a mistake to draw a conclusion in favour of his system from what passed at the siege of Sebastopol. The operations at Sebastopol were very different from those of ordinary sieges. At Sebastopol there were two great armies confronting one another. One of those armies was lodged behind trenches and earthworks, from which it was the object of the other to dislodge them. But the first army had resources, both of men and ammunition, almost unparalleled in the history of war. As fast as their guns were dismounted others were substituted, and as fast as men were slain others were forthcoming to supply their places. We have been authoritatively assured that at the last bombardment the Russians lost, in killed and wounded, something like 1800 or 1900 men a-day. Fresh armaments, however, were always forthcoming from the other side of the harbour, and new supplies of men were continually brought up from the army in the rear. Operations such as these furnish no parallel for a limited fortification, where reinforcement and replenishment cannot take place. It is therefore a mistake to suppose that the earthwork system is invariably applicable to limited fortifications. I will not go into those details which those who are familiar with the subject must have attended to, but I believe it is admitted that earthwork will not stand perpendicularly like stone; it must have a slope of forty-five degrees, and these slopes can be ascended by an attacking force much more easily than perpendicular walls terminating in a ditch. However, the merits and advantages of this system are being very much considered, and no doubt the addition of earth in front of stone walls has been found to be a mode of considerably strengthening the stone revêtement of a fortification."

CHAPTER LI.

SCUTARI AND ITS HOSPITALS.—MISS NIGHTINGALE.

"A lazaret-house it seem'd, wherein were laid
Numbers of all diseas'd, all maladies
Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms
Of heart-sick agony, all febrile kinds,
Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs."—MILTON. *Paradise Lost*.

WHEN war broke out between England and Russia in March, 1854, the hospital arrangements of the British army were in a very imperfect state. The chiefs of that department have generally but little influence at the Horse Guards, and, therefore, whatever the extravagance in other branches of the military service, economy rigid and parsimonious was applied in that direction. Not, indeed, that the medical and hospital service was free from jobbing any

more than any other connected with the army, but the provision for the efficiency of that department of the military administration was regarded with more indifference, because the officers belonging to it were seldom connected with the aristocracy. Immediately upon the declaration of war, instructions were sent out to Mr. Calvert, British consul in the Dardanelles, to select for recommendation such places as he deemed most eligible as localities for

hospitals. He recommended Abydos, Scutari, and other places. The army while at Varna suffered severely from the deficient number of surgeons connected with it; although young men of undoubted talent, energy, and courage, offered themselves in numbers for the service. During the prevalence of disease and death at Varna, an hospital was established at Scutari. It was only intended for those who might incur wounds in the campaign approaching, which was then expected to take place in Bulgaria. The arrangements devolved upon the Duke of Newcastle as minister of war, and Dr. Andrew Smith, chief of the medical department. Those gentlemen found their efforts embarrassed by the system of divided control, and they were not men of that resolution and clearness of judgment either to dare much on their own responsibility, or make any effective efforts to extricate their own from complication with other official departments. The army, therefore, continued to suffer, and each hospital at Scutari became a lazaret-house. When the Sebastopol inquiry, proposed by Mr. Roebuck, brought all the complications to light with which the medical department had to struggle, it was seen that while individuals were scarcely less to blame, the system of our army administration was confused and corrupt. A contemporaneous writer has, in a small compass, described the confusion and complication prevailing. "Dr. Smith's first instructions were from the Horse Guards, the commander-in-chief's office, to provide necessary medicines for an army destined to service in the East; but he had no control over the shipping of the hospital furniture and clothing for the sick, no bill of lading, no power of seeing that the articles were actually shipped off: this devolved upon the Board of Ordnance. Then, in relation to such medical comforts as wine, sago, arrow-root, &c., very important to an army in a season of cholera and dysentery, Dr. Smith had to apply to the commander-in-chief, who applied to the Board of Ordnance, which applied to the Board of Admiralty, which had been accustomed to supply such comforts; but neither the minister of war nor the medical director, whatever might be ascertained by voluntary inquiry, had any official knowledge whether these supplies were ever sent to the East."

Scutari, it will be recollected, is a part of the Turkish capital, but separated from the main portion of that city by the Bosphorus. The place selected for the hospital was the grand Turkish barracks—a series of buildings so vast that 6000 sick men could be accommodated there. It was not all appropriate for hospital purposes. One side of the square, and half of another side, were set apart as the English hospital, and these sections were large

enough to accommodate 3500 invalids. There was attached to the barracks a Turkish hospital for 700 men. It was not until after the battle of the Alma that the incompetency and confusion at Scutari became apparent. On the 23rd of September the first news arrived in the Turkish capital of the great victory. The French steamer *Orénoque* having arrived, bedecked with flags and streamers, a band playing on her deck, and her crew exulting loudly, the truth was known before any one landed to give the details. These were supplied the day following with dreadful distinctness. The *Andes* steamer was the bearer of 400 wounded British soldiers; she was soon followed by the *Vulcan* with 300, and by the *Sinoom* with 300. Other ships rapidly succeeded, all carrying their freight of wounded and diseased. Numerous as were the sick conveyed from Varna, and from Old Fort, immediately after the landing, yet the energy and address of individuals surmounted the obstacles which existed, and the sick were tolerably cared for; but after the battle of the Alma the numbers of wounded which arrived baffled the skill and power of the managers of matters at Scutari, and there ensued scenes of confusion, horror, and death, such as no pen could describe.

It must not be supposed that the hospital accommodation which we have above described constituted all which existed on the Bosphorus for the navy and army of England. There was a naval hospital at Therapia, under the exclusive government of the authorities of the navy, which was clean, orderly, well provisioned, carefully attended by naval surgeons, and well supplied with every requisite for a hospital. It constituted at once a pleasing and painful contrast to the hospitals under military superintendence. There was much in the contrast to confirm the language of Mr. Bernal Osborne in the great parliamentary debate upon the conduct of the war, in which he boasted of the superiority of the department with which he was connected—the Admiralty—as entitled to the confidence of the house, and gave the following faithful but alarming picture of the administration of the army:—

"Will any man tell me that our military system, as existing at present, has tended to develop or bring forward military talent or genius? Look, sir, in the first instance, how the staff of the British army is composed. It is all very well for honourable gentlemen to come down and talk of consolidation of the Ordnance, the Horse Guards, and the commissariat under one head, and the substitution of one minister for another; I maintain, whatever may be the inherent vigour of that man, whatever may be his experience, a mere consolidation will not be sufficient; *you must reconstruct your whole military system.* The time has arrived

when you cannot expect an army, besides winning battles in the field, to go through the vicissitudes of a campaign under the present state of things. You must lay an unsparing hand on that building adjacent to these premises; you must see whether, in fact, you can find a modern Hercules to turn the Serpentine through the Horse Guards and all the ramifications of the War-office. Look at the constitution of the staff. In France, the staff is regarded as the head of the army, and officers only are placed on it who possess a knowledge of military science, and display fertility in expedients. In England, every one knows that it is not merit and capacity for which an officer is appointed to the staff, but interest and connection. Let any honourable gentleman move for a return of the officers employed on the staff in the Crimea, showing how many speak French, how many can trace a common military field-plan. I will venture to say not one-third can do it. I attack no individual, I attack the system. Why, if anything were to happen to Lord Raglan, will any gentleman tell me where we are to select a general for the chief command. It has been suggested to borrow one from the French army. How can you possibly have a succession of generals when the first thing you do is to debar any man who has any peculiar talent for command from entering your army unless he can lodge a large sum of money and purchase every step? The regulation price—and no man gets it for the regulation price—of the commission of a lieutenant-colonel of cavalry is £6175. I have known instances in which £15,000 have been so expended. The regulation price for the commission of a lieutenant-colonel of infantry is £4500. How is it possible, then, that any but a rich man can enter the army? . . . I say it is unfair to sacrifice a minister of war to the faults of your system, which this house has sanctioned and confirmed. If we are to have any reform in the British army, with a stern hand you must do away with the practice, and put the whole staff arrangements on a different footing. If you constitute another army on the same footing, I do not think it will do any better. It is not enough that they should win battles, they must go through campaigns; and we have seen the lamentable and disgraceful way in which this war has been conducted. I say, in this, I impute no inefficiency to the men: they are the victims of the system, and this house is to blame for having so long permitted it."

It is impossible to deny to this statement truth as irrefutable as its candour was striking; and in no respect was it more clearly shown to be so than in the hospital administration in the East. Therapia was situated twelve miles up the Bosphorus, and short as this distance was,

it was the cause of much inconvenience, for, however excellent the management there, some influence from the anarchy prevailing all around was felt. A curious and painful instance of this occurred when a number of marines and soldiers, wounded and invalids, were brought in one ship to Scutari: the marines were refused at that place because they were not soldiers, and they were sent on to Therapia, whence, not being sailors, they were sent back to Scutari, whence, after fatal delay, they were once more dispatched to Therapia, and received into the naval hospital as belonging properly to the navy. Before the year 1854 expired there existed for the army the "General Hospital," the "Barrack Hospital," and two floating hospitals. The General Hospital was situated near the cemetery, where burials were perpetually taking place—a most unwholesome and unseemly site for a house of recovery. It was a large building with a vast square court, after the manner of oriental houses. In this building each floor, or storey, had long corridors in which the beds of the patients were arranged. At intervals there were doors opening into apartments of considerable space, which were used as dispensaries, surgeries, and rooms for various medical purposes. In these apartments operations were generally performed. Some of these were, however, appropriated to sick and wounded officers. As many of the latter as possibly could took up quarters at the other side of the Bosphorus. The Barrack Hospital, less than a mile from the former, was like it in arrangement, but of far greater dimensions. The floating hospitals were at the Golden Horn, they consisted of an old Turkish hulk, and an English transport but little better fitted to accommodate invalids. There was besides these an hospital for Russian prisoners at Kulali, on the Bosphorus. The Convalescent Hospital was distant from all these, and received patients from each whose recovery was pronounced probable; this was at Abydos. Subsequently, and as the result of agitation in England, what was called the Civilian Hospital was established at Smyrna. The medical men attending here were in no way connected with the army, but the director was a military man. This hospital was beautifully and healthily situated, and the care and nursing of the poor soldiers much surpassed what was experienced in the other asylums. It was at Scutari that the great evils were prevalent, the great horrors enacted, and the indelible shame upon our country inflicted.

Every branch of the medical department of the army in the east worked badly, in spite of the courage, humanity, and skill of individual medical men—many of whom devoted superior talents and untiring industry, with the most self-sacrificing spirit, to mitigate the sufferings

of their countrymen. For the sake of order in our narrative, we shall attempt to describe the processes of sending the soldiers away, landing them, conducting them to the shelter allotted to them, and the treatment which they there received.

It might without exaggeration be said, that not one yard from the trenches before Sebastopol to the hospital or cemetery at Sentari was the poor soldier carried without an amount of suffering being inflicted upon him barbarous in the extreme, and which any previous preparation might have averted. Well might Mr. Russell write, that, even if the instinct of self-preservation had existed in the British army, these horrible evils might have been avoided, or at all events mitigated. A medical officer writing home from the camp thus describes the outset of the unfortunate candidate for the corridors of Scutari:—"I often look back at the misery and wretchedness I have witnessed in England in my attendance on the sick poor; but, on comparing these with my present everyday experience, their condition was Elysium itself; for when I tell you that the sick in this place have no other couch than the bare ground, itself saturated with wet, and a dripping canvas only between themselves and the clouds, you will perfectly comprehend that the veriest hovel would be a palace in comparison, so that it were provided with the ordinary defence of either mud or stone walls, and with thatch for its roof. We do all in our power to send away the sick from the camp on board ship as speedily as possible, yet—mark the difficulty—there are no means of transport, or rather, I should say, that the means we have at our disposal are totally inadequate to the emergency. It is true that our ambulances are on the ground, where they are likely to remain, for all their mules are either dead or useless, and the only means at our command is a Flanders' waggon, which goes to Balaklava daily for forage. Can you fancy a poor fellow, who may be struck down from disease of a most prostrating character, being either jolted along in a waggon without springs or covering, or placed across a horse for three hours, exposed to an atmosphere which may be many degrees below the freezing-point? Far better would it be to let the poor invalid remain, in even his comfortless tent, than to subject him to such torture."

When the men were placed on board, there were fresh trials awaiting them, such as we glanced at when referring to the state of things at Balaklava. Generally the men lay "between decks," without any bedding, and often without a blanket in the depth of winter. The number of medical men was utterly disproportioned, and often they were themselves the subjects of disease. Invalids attended invalids, or, as

frequently happened, the men were utterly unattended. The transports on board of which they were placed were not provisioned for the purpose of carrying the sick; there was plenty of salt pork and hard biscuit, but no such dietary supplies as sick and wounded men could use. In this condition the miserable sick and wounded lay, from five to twenty days, according to the weather and the sailing qualities of the ship, before they reached the landing-place at Sentari, or the hulks at Stamboul. Starvation ensued in some cases: the men literally died of cold, or from want of food, or they became so reduced that death became inevitable, even if no further horrors awaited them when they arrived at their destination. In several of these "sick transports" the poor fellows nearly perished from want of water, and on board one ship, the sufferings of the men from this cause were appalling—although there was water on board in sufficient quantities to meet their wants, but it could not be got at from the confusion which prevailed in the mode in which the cargo was stowed away. No accounts will ever be published of the horrors of this "middle passage," which can depict the full atrociousness of the facts.

It is undeniable that much want of system prevailed among the medical staff, but both in the Crimea and on board ship their efficiency was impeded by want of authority, and by the inextricable complication of their functions with those of the commissariat and the general staff of the army—so that the invalids arrived at Sentari in a state which the authorities there had no right to expect, and for which they were not, therefore, prepared. At Scutari, as well as in the Crimea, the same complications as to official routine and range of official control existed. Some things could not be done there without the sanction of the British ambassador, in Constantinople; others without the authority of Dr. Alexander Smith, in London; a third class of matters required the direction of Mr. Commissary Filder, who was at Balaklava; and a fourth must be referred to the staff of the army before Sebastopol. An officer cognisant of all this complication and consequent misrule has not exaggerated in the following statement concerning the clashing of departmental authorities, staff, commissariat, and medical:—"The various military departments in London were under the superintendence and control of the secretary for war, the secretary at war, the commander-in-chief, the master-general of ordnance, the Board of Ordnance, the Treasury, and the Admiralty. To these departments there was no acknowledged head, and on a variety of most important questions their jurisdictions clashed. The army in the field was commanded by Lord Raglan, then verging on his 68th year, his generals of division, with

one exception, having nearly attained that patriarchal age. The officers of the staff were without a chief, and had, with few exceptions, been selected from favour and affection—not from merit or ability. But five out of the ninety-seven appointed had taken a first-class at the senior school Sandhurst—an institution specially founded to prepare officers for the staff; and five out of six of Lord Raglan's personal staff had been chosen among his own relations. In truth, the only qualifications consisted in a short term of active service and good interest at head-quarters, no educational or other test being required. The commissariat was officered by civilians brought together from all parts of the world, without common understanding or mutual confidence. They had no efficient military organisation, and no opportunity of becoming acquainted with the army or ministering to its wants. In the medical department the surgeons and their assistants were men of great ability, and for the most part zealous in discharge of their duties; but, as there is no school of military surgery in Great Britain, many of them were practically unacquainted with that special branch of their profession, and were first introduced to gunshot wounds and sabre cuts on the heights of the Alma. No nursers were provided, and the medical orderlies were taken from the ranks, raw and untrained. The ambulance carts and waggons were so heavy as to be altogether unserviceable; even had they been fit, no horses were at hand to draw them. The ambulance corps consisted principally of worn-out pensioners, whose application to the bottle far exceeded that bestowed upon their duties; they were not only useless, but a positive curse. The commonest necessities for field-hospitals—bedding, medicines, and medical comforts—were wanting; and not a single operating-table was supplied to the army. At the permanent hospital of Scutari no sufficient preparations had been made, and the purveyor's department was composed of an old man of 70 and an inefficient staff."

When the transports freighted with sick and wounded arrived at Scutari, a new series of sufferings commenced, and an entirely new class of horrid scenes was presented. The first difficulty consisted in getting the invalids on shore. There was no proper jetty, no boats fitted up for the express landing of the sick. One ship arrived without any boats, having lent them for the disembarkation of troops in the Crimea. A long delay occurred before boats could be procured, although they are not scarce commodities in the Bosphorus; but it did not occur to any one to employ the Turkish boats which were in numbers lying idle by Stamboul. The invalids had been more than three weeks on this vessel before they were

landed at Scutari, and presented a ghastly and emaciated appearance, begging all description.—so much had they suffered from pain, cold, and hunger; scarcely any food, and no covering having been provided for them. A few had light chaff beds *thrown over them* to keep them warm as they lay on the bare boards of the ship. The nearest hospital to the beach was the Barrack Hospital, which was a quarter of a mile distant from the landing-place. This, commonly called the pier, was a most unsuitable construction, not furnishing adequate room for a tenth of the business necessarily transacted upon it. The Rev. Sydney Osborne, who remained at Scutari during the autumn and winter, rendering what help he could, thus describes this miserable landing-place, where the wretched invalids were jostled through the crowd on their way from ship-board to hospital:—"I have seen the bodies of the dead, stores for the living, munitions of war, sick men staggering from weakness, wounded men helpless on stretchers, invalid orderlies waiting to act as bearers, oxen yoked in arabas, officials stiff in uniforms and authority, all in one dense crowd, on this narrow, inconvenient pier, exposed to drenching rain, and so bewildered by the utter confusion, natural and artificial, of the scene, that the transaction of any one duty was quite out of the question. Sometimes the wounded, when landed at the pier, were kept exposed to inclement weather until orderlies—themselves invalids in process of recovery—in sufficient number could be obtained to carry them on the stretchers up to the hospital."*

According to Mr. Osborne's account, the miseries of the invalids increased at every step. When they were free of "the pier," they were carried on stretchers exposed to the piercing cold or drenching rain to the nearest hospital, in most cases to be told that there was no room; they would then have to be jostled to the General Hospital, which was half a mile further; perhaps this also would be full, and the doleful procession would have to return; and then in all probability the invalid would be laid at the door of the Barrack Hospital, or in the corridor, where he would be in every one's way, and out of the *regular course* of attendance, until he could be ranged in one of the berths, and be comprehended in the routine plan, if plan it could be called, of medical administration. Many sunk into untimely death in the dark corridors and bare wards of both hospitals, if not unpitied, certainly unaided. Should the patient be so fortunate or unfortunate, it is hard to say which, as to obtain a berth in *any* hos-

* In the Rev. Mr. Osborne's book, entitled *Scutari and its Hospitals*, the reader will find a far more minute and circumstantial account of the disastrous state of things than can be given in a general work upon the war.

pital, his case was so utterly deplorable as to balk every effort to depict it. Little do the readers of this History know what relations of agony, disgust, hopelessness, loathsomeness, and death, published and unpublished, it has been necessary for the author of these pages to peruse, in order to give some clear but succinct account of these most mournful events. Hard must the heart be that can read even a transient record of them without deep feeling—the task of analysis and compilation, in order to present even the main features of the case before others, harrows the heart. Never since it pleased God to endow men with fortitude and resignation were these qualities more signally shown than in the gloomy and pestilential wards and corridors of the Scutari hospitals: by men and by women who attended the sufferers, not less than by the sufferers themselves, have these traits been exhibited. For ever branded with infamy must the country be which cannot estimate such virtues, and which has no tear to shed over the lost and tortured brave, who went down to death so gallantly for home and nationhood. If the exasperating history of confusion and misdirection connected with the sick and wounded in our Eastern campaign do not rouse the resolution of every English, Irish, and Scotchman to resist oligarchical and irresponsible government, then our boast of freedom will make us the mockery and byword of the earth.

Within the hospitals at Scutari confusion and misery prevailed in every department. The first thing needed by the patients was, of course, a place of repose—the only means of supplying which were the bare ground, or a sort of wooden divan which surrounded many of the wards, something resembling a guard-bed in a barrack-room, or rather the guard-house of an English barrack. More than 3000 men were lying on the bare ground in these hospitals, while bedsteads and other bed fittings were lying at Varna neglected. At last a steamer was sent to bring them, but she encountered another which had sprung a leak, and towed back the disabled bark; weeks rolled by before she was again dispatched on the same necessary errand. The next thing required by the patients was a suitable classification of their cases. Nothing could be more absurd than to place men in Crimean fever, or cholera, beside those who were suffering from overwork, or cold, or wounds; but all were huddled together, just as vacancies occurred for them, and as chance ruled. A wounded man might have within thirty inches (the space allowed) of him at one side a person with “Varna fever,” and within the same distance on the other a victim of dysentery.

Means of cleanliness, one would suppose, would be provided as soon as the sufferer was stretched upon his hard resting-place; but

there were no vessels for water nor utensils of any kind; no soap, towels, or cloths, no hospital clothes; the men lay in their uniforms, stiff with gore, and covered with filth to a degree and of a kind which no one could write about; their persons covered with vermin, which crawled about the floors and walls of the dreadful den of dirt, pestilence, and death, to which they were consigned. Medical assistance would be expected by the invalid as soon as he found himself in a place of shelter, but many lay waiting for their turn until death anticipated the doctor, and many others until beyond the aid of any earthly intervention. The medical men toiled with an unwearied assiduity; never did men deserve better of their country. Their numbers were inadequate to the work, and they had no means of procuring what was necessary.

The government at home stoutly maintained that every necessary requisite for men in health or sickness had been sent out; but when the correspondents of the London press dispelled this illusion, and the *Prince* was lost, that disaster became the apology. The loss of the *Prince* deprived the army of a vast store of useful personal commodities, as well as munitions of war; but the following list of articles which constituted its cargo will show exactly how far its wreck could have influenced the destitution at Scutari:—

Cartridges, musket, Pn. ‘1851,’ 2½ dms.	1,000,000
Ditto smooth bore, 4½ dms.	750,000
Shot, round, 9-pounds.	3,000
Ditto, case, gun, 9-pounds.	400
Ditto, case, howitzer, 24-pounds.	140
Shells, shrapnel, guns, 9-pounds.	600
Ditto, shrapnel, howitzers, 24-pounds.	300
Ditto, common, empty, 24-pounds.	630
Carcases, fixed, 24-pounds.	30
Cartridges, flannel, filled, guns, 9-pounds, 2½ lbs.	4,000
Ditto howitzers, 24-pounds, 2½ lbs.	1,600
Ditto bursters of sorts.	2,090
Fuzes, boxers, common.	700
Ditto shrapnel.	1,540
Tubes, brass.	1,680
Ditto, friction.	5,010
Portfires.	168
Match, slow, cwt.	3
FOR BATTERING-TRAIN RESERVE.	
Shot, hollow, 8 inch.	600
Shells, common, empty, 8 inch.	2,570
Carcases, fixed, 10 inch.	40
Cartridges, flannel, filled, guns, 8 inch.	3,960
Ditto filled, bursters of sorts.	7,116
Ditto empty mortars, 5½ inch.	1,000
Powder, L.G. lbs.	4,560
Fuzes, boxers, 5½ inch.	2,800
Ditto, common, 10 inch.	3,390
Ditto, common, 5½ inch.	3,000
Match, lbs.	170
Portfires.	230
Tubes, brass.	2,500
Ditto, friction.	6,000
CLOTHING.	
Frocks, woollen.	53,000
Stockings, half worsted, pairs.	33,000
Ditto half lambs'-wool, pairs.	2,700
Drawers, half lambs'-wool, pairs.	17,000
Blankets, single.	16,100

Rugs, single	3,750
Palliasses, single	10,000
Cloaks, watch	2,500
Boots, ankles, pairs	12,880
Shoes, pairs	1,000

There was an attempt to maintain some system of hospital attendants, but the invalids were set to take care of the invalids, for the orderlies caught the infection produced in these great fever dens, and died off. The floors ultimately became covered with filth, the stench which exhaled from doors and apertures became insupportable to those who would otherwise have been visitors, and was intolerable to the brave men who did their best to alleviate the sufferings which filled these dismal charnel-houses.

While the patients were without beds, surgeons, attendants, nurses, medicines, cleanliness, clothes, and comforts of all sorts, hunger was added to their deprivations. Mr. Osborne bears unqualified testimony to this fact. Nor he alone, other faithful witnesses recorded it. *The wounded soldiers of England in many cases died of starvation in the hospitals provided for them by their country!* Such was the state of the wounded and diseased at the close of 1854, and to some extent during the remainder of the winter. Soon after the year closed, the number, including the camp, Balaklava, and the hospitals on the Bosphorus, was computed at 14,000. Yet the increase of surgeons was very small, and these indefatigable men, in spite of much hindrance and even tyranny from their superiors, worked on with a zeal and courage never to be sufficiently lauded. In a work entitled *Eastern Hospitals and English Nurses*, by a lady volunteer, a high testimony is borne to their exertions:—"Severe things have been said of the medical department of the army; and its members were, apparently, so despised that their work was taken from them in some measure, and put into the hands of civilians. No doubt some of the heads of the department, who had grown old under the old system of military hospitals, and were unable to realise the necessity of a prompt and immediate change, were obstinate and hard-hearted. No doubt, among such a large body of men many young and careless ones, unfitted for the awfully responsible charge then placed in their hands were to be found; but in condemning such the merits of others should not be overlooked. Most ungrateful were it if the nurses should omit recording their experience of the much dreaded 'army surgeons.' So misrepresented had this class of men been that it was with far more fear of them than of the horrors of hospital life that the ladies entered the hospital. They were told to expect rebuffs, discouragements, and even insult. During a year's residence among them the writer and all her companions never experienced from an

army surgeon other than assistance, encouragement, and gentlemanly treatment, and from many of them the most cordial kindness."

When nurses were appointed (an event to be taken notice of in another page) they resorted to various expedients, to warm beef-tea and other nourishing drinks for the men, but the medical chiefs embarrassed this good work, and prevented the working surgeons from giving any encouragement. The lady writer already quoted denounces this conduct, and the chief author of it, in the following terms:—"It was very hard work after Dr. Cumming's order had been issued to pace the corridor and hear perhaps the low voice of a fever patient, 'Give me a drink for the love of God,' and have none to give—for water we dared not give to any; or to see the look of disappointment on the faces of those to whom we had been accustomed to give the beef-tea. The assistant-surgeons were very sorry, they said, for the alteration, but they had no power to help it—their duty was only to obey. On one occasion, an assistant-surgeon told us that Dr. Cumming had threatened to arrest him for having allowed a man too many extras on the diet roll. Amid all the confusion and distress of Scutari hospital, military discipline was never lost sight of, and an infringement of one of its smallest observances was worse than letting twenty men die from neglect." So severely did the working surgeons suffer that twenty-two of them were sick at one time.

The men were as destitute of spiritual as of temporal consolation, for a long time there were no chaplains; lay instructors were provided by the generosity of religious persons in England, but the authorities threw every obstacle in the way of their charitable labours.

No reliable returns were ever given of the numbers who perished from causes which might have been remedied. *The Morning Advertiser* thus noticed the proportions of wounded and diseased up to February, 1855:—"Among the causes of death we notice scurvy, debility, and rupture, which tell of the salted pork, extreme exposure, and excessive hard work. How many have perished by sword, bullet, and shell, we shall probably never know with accuracy. There are to be accounted for above 44,000. Of these it is not likely that 10,000 fell in the three engagements; but admit that 10,000 have perished in battle, in the trenches, and of wounds, there are 34,000 whose fate has been sealed in a more terrible manner in the tents, ships, and hospitals. According to the proportions furnished by the list of deaths, these poor men have probably perished in the manner below:—

Dysentery	9,860
Diarrhoea	3,180
Fever	4,769
Cold, rheumatism, cough, fatigue, exposure, halfrations, with hard work, &c.....	10,200

The conduct of the men under their unheard-of agonies was worthy of their heroism in the field: it was calm, resigned, and manly. The love of home was strongly manifested, but the desire to hear that their comrades won glory for their country seemed to predominate over every other interest. The Rev. Sydney Osborne depicts this feeling among the inmates of those sullen wards and corridors in this manner:—"Many of the soldiers read aloud remarkably well; I have seen a black-whiskered, fine-looking man, propped up in bed, chosen as a reader; having lost an arm, they had folded the paper for him, so that he could, holding it in one hand, get at the 'battle bit.' Cripples of all kinds crept up, and sat on and about the adjoining beds; as far as his voice could be heard (it was a loud Irish one), you might see men turned in their beds, trying to drink in every word; on he went, right through the whole; beginning in rather a monotone style, he soon warmed up, and as the men said, 'gave it out well.' Then there would be a hail from a distant bed—"I say, let us have it up here now," and some crippled patient would come scrambling down to beg the paper: a new reader would be found, and nearly the same scene again and again repeated. I heard a shrewd observation from one veteran, who, having read the battle in a 'daily,' then looked at a picture of it in a 'weekly.' 'The writing, sir, is more like a picture than the picture is like the battle. Why, sir, these painters seem to think all our horses are fit for brewers, and that gunpowder makes no smoke.'"

The medical men were solicitous to send on convalescents to Malta, Corfu, Gibraltar, or to England, in order to give more space to the sick, and to make sure of some more suitable accommodation for the constantly-arriving cargoes of wretched men from the Crimea; but the directors of the transport-service either feared to incur responsibility, or were themselves harassed by confused orders, so that they were unable to supply regular or suitable transport for such convalescents.

The causes of all these miseries have never been adequately traced. Mr. Sidney Herbert, the secretary-at-war, in a speech in the House of Commons, defied Mr. Roebuck and the committee of inquiry to discover who was to blame, and results showed that to some extent he was safe in uttering that defiance. Mr. Macdonald, the special commissioner of the *Times*, attributed the confusion in the hospitals to the want of organisation in the medical department; undefined relations between that and other departments; and the unfavourable position of the hospital on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. But there were other causes at least as operative as any of these: such as the want of system in the departments in London;

of mutual dependence and prompt correspondence among these departments; and of well-defined responsibility in connection with all the officials at home and abroad. The British ambassador at Constantinople, however burthened with diplomatic business, had many *employées* at his disposal, and influence enough with the Turkish government, to procure aid in the season of protracted and bitter distress. No efforts seem to have been made by him to check the ravages of disease, or afford any melioration of the miseries of those who languished so near his palace. It is utterly inconceivable how the representative of her majesty on the spot—a man of such personal consideration, and wielding so much political power—should allow all the anguish of these houses of suffering to go on unmitigated and unsoothed. If ever there was a work worthy of a humane and vigorous mind, that of healing the distractions and overmastering the confusion at Scutari was such. As the Rev. Sydney Osborne looked upon all this misery and neglect, he might well exclaim:—"O war, war, how dost thou in thy utter bitterness of trial curse our race! Sowing penalties and pains broadcast over our living soul, heaping up more of poverty on the very poor; deriding the widow in her bereavement, making her childless; casting on them who only in hope are wives pangs as bitter as those of widows; thou begettest orphans; in the very wantonness of thy cruelty seekest victims from every other class; reckless of all social distinction, levelling all to one condition—that of the heart-broken and desolate: men crown thy triumphs with laurel—the eypress of the cemetery, the yew of the village churchyard, these are the real emblems of thy accursed work."

When the state of the hospitals in the Bosphorus became known in England, the heart of the nation was appalled; deep commiseration for our brave men filled every heart; and suggestions for their relief multiplied and received publicity in every form. The authoress of *Our Camp in Turkey, and the Way to it*, had recommended the employment of the soldiers' wives as nurses—a plan which was never adopted, but which had more to recommend it than was recognised by the public. The military authorities in England set their faces against it, and it was given up. The Rev. Mr. Shepherd, Master of St. John's House, Westminster, where "a Protestant Sisterhood," formed for charitable purposes, resided, addressed a letter to the Bishop of London, offering on the part of these ladies their services as nurses. This idea met with the approbation of the government, and it was believed also of the queen. The Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Sidney Herbert made themselves its especial patrons, and Mrs. Herbert took an interest in

it which redounds to her honour, and claims on her behalf the gratitude of the country. Through her instrumentality, Miss Nightingale was introduced to this benevolent work, in order to take the superintendence of the lady nurses generally, and organise a system of operations. Numbers of excellent and accomplished women, in various ranks of life, and from every portion of the three kingdoms, offered their services; but of these only a few possessed the mental and physical qualifications, and the experience which was so essential to a task so trying in itself, and amidst scenes of mutilation, agony, and pestilence calculated to daunt the most daring spirit. To join the charge, or mount the breach, was nothing compared to the trial of faith and fortitude which Miss Nightingale and her gentle companions were prepared to undergo.

In consequence of the numerous offers made by ladies for this service, Mr. Sidney Herbert deemed it desirable to publish a letter explanatory of the duties required, and the impediments likely to be met with. "Many ladies," he said, "whose generous enthusiasm prompts them to offer their services as nurses, are little aware of the hardships they would have to encounter, and the horrors they would have to witness, which would try the firmest nerves. Were all accepted who offer, I fear we should have not only many inefficient nurses, but many hysterical patients, themselves requiring treatment instead of assisting others." This judicious caution did not check the generous ardour of the women of England, but induced more serious consideration as to their fitness for the work in individual cases. The ladies who were chosen out of the vast number of volunteers comprised six from St. John's House, Westminster; eight from Miss Sellon's House of Sisters, in Devonshire; ten Roman Catholic Sisters of Charity; and fourteen hospital nurses who had acquired much experience. These all departed for the East on the 23rd of October. Early in December, fifty-eight ladies, selected in a similar manner, followed the former detachment. The first thirty-eight were chosen by Miss Nightingale herself, and accompanied her. The ladies afterwards sent out were mainly selected through the kind and indefatigable exertions of Mrs. Sidney Herbert. Each of these received a certificate from the authorities at home, permitting her to undertake the work at Scutari, for which she had volunteered. The departure of all these excellent women was marked by demonstrations of respect more ardent and deferential than are usually offered to persons of the highest rank, and for the most eminent public services. They journeyed by way of France, and when they landed at Boulogne, the civic officers of that place prepared for them a most respectful

welcome. The fishwomen assembled to carry their luggage to the hotel, where they were hospitably and gratuitously entertained. Along the line of route to Marseilles the railway officials facilitated their journey in every possible way, and showed them all honour, as did the populace of town and country. At Marseilles they embarked on board the *Tectis* steamship, whose captain and crew treated them with the most profound reverence and respect, and with the most prompt alacrity served them on every occasion where their services could minister to their comfort. The ladies were accompanied (we write of the first detachment) by Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge, whose presence and aid were of great value. When they arrived at Scutari, they set themselves at once to the performance of their arduous duties. A tower at one of the corners of the Barrack Hospital afforded them some accommodation. They were easily pleased in that respect; their mission was one of privation and self-denial, and they were equal to the work which they undertook; brave hearts beat beneath fair bosoms—as brave as beat beneath the manly breasts which were torn with ball and bayonet on the slippery slopes of bloody Inkerman. We must be indebted to Mr. Osborne for a description of that part of the building allotted to the nurses:—"Entering the door leading into the sisters' tower, you at once found yourself a spectator of a busy and most interesting scene. There is a large room, with two or three doors opening from it on one side; on the other, one door opening into an apartment in which many of the nurses and sisters slept, and had, I believe, their meals. In the centre was a large kitchen-table; bustling about this might be seen the high-priestess of the room, Mrs. C—; often as I have had occasion to pass through this room, I do not recollect ever finding her either absent from it or unoccupied. At this table she received the various matters from the kitchen and stores of the sisterhood, which attendant sisters or nurses were ever ready to take to the sick in any and every part of these gigantic hospitals. It was a curious scene, and a close study of it afforded a practical lesson in the working of true common-sense benevolence. . . . The floor on one side of the room was loaded with packages of all kinds, stores of things for the internal and external consumption of the patients; bales of shirts, socks, slippers, dressing-gowns, flannel; heaps of every sort of article likely to be of use in affording comfort and securing cleanliness. It gave one some idea of what such a room would be in a good hospital, if on some sudden alarm it had been made a place of refuge for articles snatched from its every store. In reality, it was one feature of a bold attempt upon the part of extraneous benevolence to supply the deficiencies of the various depart-

ments, which as a matter of course should have supplied all these things. In an adjoining room were held those councils over which Miss Nightingale so ably presided, at which were discussed the measures necessary to meet the daily varying exigencies of the hospitals. From hence were given the orders which regulated the female staff working under this most gifted head. This, too, was the office from which were sent those many letters to the government, to friends and supporters at home, telling such awful tales of the suffering of the sick and wounded, their utter want of so many necessities. Here might be seen the *Times'* almoner taking down in his note-book from day to day the list of things he was pressed to obtain, which might all with a little activity have been provided as easily by the authorities of the hospital."

The ladies of the first mission reached Scutari just twenty-four hours before the first arrivals of the wounded from Inkerman; so that their energy and fortitude were tested before they had time to make themselves acquainted with the prevailing routine, or with the localities in which they were to move. Nobly did they acquit themselves: they were as "ministering angels" sent from heaven. With the arrival of the ships loaded with wounded men commenced their duties and difficulties. Almost every conceivable obstacle was thrown in their way, often by the jealousy, as often by the bad temper of the superior officials. And frequently, when there was a disposition to co-operate with them, there was not the capacity. Doctors, purveyors, storekeepers, orderlies, inspectors, dispensers, and interpreters, were in the uttermost confusion amongst themselves, and they generally regarded these gentle missionaries as a new element of anarchy. Miss Nightingale and her devoted followers would probably have been driven away by the ill-will, jealousy, and impracticableness of these people, had it not been for the countenance which they received from various persons of influence who opportunely interposed on their behalf. The persevering kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge has been already noticed. Mr. Macdonald, the *Times'* almoner, by his firmness and practical tact, was an invaluable auxiliary. Mr. Stafford, and the Rev. Mr. Osborne, were pillars of support. Lady Stratford de Redcliffe, wife of the British Ambassador, made up for her husband's coldness by her zeal and sympathy; and thus sustained, these ladies bore up against every trial, and wisely and gently combated and overcame every opposition.

It is here desirable to furnish some notice of the lady upon whom devolved the superintendence of the nurses, and the efficient conduct of the holy enterprise upon which they had en-

tered. The author of *Two Months in the Camp before Sebastopol** gives this brief, but for our purposes sufficient, account of her birth and previous habits:—"In the outer room we caught a momentary glimpse at the justly celebrated Miss Nightingale, the fair heroine of Scutari; an amiable and highly intelligent-looking lady, of some thirty summers, delicate in form and prepossessing in her appearance. Her energies were concentrated, for the instant, in the careful preparation of a dish of delectable food for an enfeebled patient—one of her hourly ministrations to the wan victims of relentless war, for whose relief she so readily and nobly sacrificed the comforts of her quiet happy English home. Miss Florence Nightingale is the youngest daughter and presumptive co-heiress of her father, William Shore Nightingale, Esq., of Lea Hurst, Derbyshire (England). She speaks the French, German, and Italian languages as fluently as her native tongue, and has enjoyed all the benefits of a complete education, as well as those of extensive travel, having ascended the Nile to its remotest cataract, and been very generally throughout the continental countries. Wealthy, and surrounded by the attractions of a most agreeable society, it was indeed a great sacrifice to remove to the pestilential halls of a crowded and confused hospital in a foreign land. History will proudly perpetuate the name and memory of one so faithful to the demands of suffering humanity, while the evergreen wreath of affection will insure glad thanksgivings for her glorious mission, even in the hearts of the latest generation. Her self-denial, her prompt disregard of the thousand inconsistencies and absurdities of official assumption; her skilful foresight, and masterly planning; her readiness to take the responsibility of doing anything and everything necessary to promote the comfort of her unfortunate fellow-beings, at all hazards of offending the hardened hearts of those around her; her general activity and untiring perseverance, prove her to be amply possessed of the ability necessary to confront the demands of every emergency. Until her providential interposition, the hospitals had been without the commonest preparation for the reception and care of thousands of sick and wounded, pouring in from the suffering camp."

The following notice of her birth-place, by Dr. Spencer T. Hall, will interest the reader. The doctor describes certain rural scenery in Northamptonshire:—"But in the whole of the lovely view, never seemed a spot more fair or attractive than the old and many-gabled rural seat of Lea Hurst, henceforth classic for ever—the English home of Florence Nightingale,

* The reader must not confound this work with another, already quoted, entitled *A Month in the Camp*, &c.

whose name, like Grace Darling's, now quickens the beat of millions of hearts. Some people are born with a genius for nursing and solacing, as much as others are with a genius for music, or dancing, or poetry; and Miss Nightingale may be regarded as the archetype of her order. Her spirit first showed itself in an interest for the sick poor in the hamlets around Lea Hurst, but at length found a sphere requiring more attention and energy in continental hospitals, and afterwards in London, where she took the office of matron to a retreat for decayed gentlewomen. And now she is gone to tend and to heal the wounds of the sufferers by the siege of Sebastopol. What a contrast to the quiet pastoral retirement of this vale of Holloway, with its fireside memories and its rural delights! They who love not war must still sorrow deeply over the fate of its victims; and to such even now, amid all the din of arms, the beautiful and beneficent name of Florence Nightingale cometh sweetly as 'flute-notes in a storm.' And in after ages, when humanity mourns—as mourn it will—over the blotches and scars which battle and fire shall have left on the face of this else fair world, like a stream of sunlight through the cloud with which the present strife will shade the historic page of civilisation, will shine down upon it brighter and brighter, the memory of the heroic maiden of Lea Hurst, till all nations shall have learnt to 'do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly before God,' and covetousness, war, and tyranny shall be no more."

Collating the letters of Mr. Bracebridge; the letters, lectures, and book of the Hon. and Rev. Sydney Godolphin Osborne; the speeches and letters of Mr. Stafford, who sat by the bedside of the patients, reading for them the letters of their friends, and acting as letter-writer general on their behalf; and the letters of Mr. Macdonald, the agent and almoner of the *Times'* Fund,—one may arrive at a correct view of the self-imposed duties and extraordinary impediments which Miss Nightingale had to encounter. She had to tend, or see tended, thousands of sick men; the commissariat, purveying, and hospital staffs, were utterly insufficient in number to perform the work expected of them, and neither the government at home, nor its representative to the Porte, made efforts to supply the deficiency; the stores actually sent out were put away in various places without order, and no person knew, except by accident, where to find anything; the authorities were jealous of all civil interference, which they regarded as a reflection upon themselves; the hospital scenes were such as to be hardly endurable by experienced surgeons; and pestilence, under the name of the "Scutari fever," raged throughout the two barracks; yet this admirable lady, and the

great majority of her assistants, bore up against all these accumulated evils, and endured to the end. Some, borne down by sickness and toil, were obliged to return. One of their benevolent coadjutors, a gentleman of unimpeachable veracity, describes them as showing throughout the most unswerving fortitude, and faith in the divine Protector. Of Miss Nightingale he says:—"I was with her when various surgical operations were performed, and she was *more than equal* to the trial. She has an utter disregard to contagion; I have known her spend hours over men dying of cholera or fever."

Through the aid of Mr. Macdonald she often obtained useful articles from the stores, which otherwise would have remained useless there. This was a work of contest requiring no mean perseverance, and was often successfully resisted by the officials, who seemed to think their chief duties were to receive the articles into store and keep them there. A portion of the *Times'* Fund was placed at her disposal for the purpose of a soup-kitchen, and this was the means of saving many lives. The work of ensuring cleanliness was perhaps the severest which Miss Nightingale had undertaken. When the year 1854 closed, the Turkish laundry attached to the hospitals was occupied as a *depot for chopped straw*, to be sent to Commissary-general Filder to feed the cavalry and artillery horses in the Crimea! A building had to be especially rented for the purposes of a laundry, through the intervention of Mr. Macdonald and this indomitable lady, *the rent to be paid by the Times' Fund!*

When Mr. Macdonald was about to return to England, having accomplished his mission, he thus wrote concerning Miss Nightingale:—"Wherever there is disease in its most dangerous form, and the hand of the spoiler distressingly nigh, there is this incomparable woman sure to be seen; her benignant presence is an influence for good comfort, even amid the struggles of expiring nature. She is a 'ministering angel,' without any exaggeration, in these hospitals; and as her slender form glides quietly along each corridor every poor fellow's face softens with gratitude at the sight of her. When all the medical officers have retired for the night, and silence and darkness have settled down upon those miles of prostrate sick, she may be observed alone, with a little lamp in her hand, making her solitary rounds. The popular instinct was not mistaken which, when she set out from England on her mission of mercy, hailed her as a heroine; I trust that she may not earn her title to a higher though sadder appellation. No one who has observed her fragile figure and delicate health can avoid misgivings lest these should fail. With the heart of a true woman, and the manners of a

lady, accomplished and refined beyond most of her sex, she combines a surprising calmness of judgment and promptitude and decision of character."

Happily the fears of Mr. Macdonald were not realised, and Florence Nightingale still lives—an honour to her country, an ornament to her sex, a grace to humanity—now when the hospitals of Scutari are closed, its cemetery has received the last martyred soldier of England, the clarion of war is silent, victory distributes laurels to the brave, and the fair hand of peace scatters blessings upon all. If Florence Nightingale be not rewarded, it is because her country has no honours worthy of her; her virtues and her services have so far surpassed the value of any gifts or honours the nation has to bestow, that we can only render the tribute of a deep gratitude, and treasure her name as the brightest in the annals of our nation's glory.

If the brow of Miss Nightingale wear no coronet, it is not because her queen was unmindful of her deserts, either while toiling by the pallet of wretchedness, or when her task of misery had terminated. While yet the tale of suffering at Scutari filled the ears and hearts of the nation, those about the court did their best to prevent the Queen of England from knowing the state of her poor brave fellows, who bore all things for her honour and their country's renown. Her majesty learned, indeed, the progress of events on the battlefield as the official despatches gave a general outline, or the letters of court favourites to court favourites gave more detailed accounts; but it was not deemed courtly to vex the royal ear by tidings of her sick soldiers sinking into despair and miserable death through the perversion of the very means she expected were put forth for their preservation. Her majesty's heart yearned to learn something of their fate, for notwithstanding the efforts to conceal from her the mismanagement of her officers, and the disgrace which had accumulated upon her government, some rumours found access to the royal mind, and her majesty sent the following to her secretary-at-war:—

Windsor Castle, Dec. 6, 1854.

WOULD you tell Mrs. Herbert that I begged she would let me see frequently the accounts she receives from Miss Nightingale or Mrs. Bracebridge, as I hear no details of the wounded, though I see so many from officers, &c., about the battle-field, and, naturally, the former must interest me more than any one?

Let Mrs. Herbert also know that I wish Miss Nightingale and the ladies would tell these poor, noble, wounded, and sick men that no one takes a warmer interest, or feels more for their sufferings, or admires their courage and heroism more than their queen. Day and night she thinks of her beloved troops. So does the Prince.

Beg Mrs. Herbert to communicate these my words to those ladies, as I know that our sympathy is much valued by these noble fellows.

VICTORIA.

The newspapers containing copies of this letter arrived in Scutari before the end of the year, and it was a source of consolation to the nurses and of joy and triumph to the men. It is no exaggeration to say that a vast amount of benefit to the sick resulted from that letter. It stimulated all about the hospitals upon whose care, zeal, and vigilance, depended the sick man's human hopes; and it diffused a spirit of resignation and cheerfulness along the terrible corridors of the hospitals. The men felt a pride and comfort that their queen thought of them; and many a wish was expressed that they might recover, in order to serve her majesty once more where the hissing shell sped its flight, or the glistening bayonet presented its point.

It is needless to pursue here an inquiry into all the causes of the suffering which her majesty only gradually learned. In spite of complicated offices and selfish officialism, the *main cause* was the crotchety and concealed self-sufficiency of certain members of the cabinet, and the incompetency for the task which they had assumed of that portion of it which insisted upon the exclusive conduct of the war. An officer of "fifty foughten fields" pointed out to the author the following extract from a military periodical of great reputation as solving the whole enigma:—"The origin of all our misfortunes was the want of provision, in the outset, for actual operations in the field. It is idle to say that this circumstance could not be felt nearly a year afterwards, for every one knows, from incontrovertible testimony, that it had hardly been remedied at the close of the siege. War was commenced without any expectation that it would be seriously prosecuted; and, in the first instance, it was even thought that the army would not proceed further than Malta. On this account no attempt was made by the authorities at home to render the force available for active service, and the same policy and the same supineness prevailed when the expedition was sent forward to Constantinople. We had so many men, and so many bayonets, but nothing more; no efficient artillery train, no augmented commissariat, no adequate medical and hospital staff, and, worse than all, no transport. It was still believed that the troops would not be called upon to fight, and on this belief the British government continued to act, shutting their eyes to every incident which foretold the future. But the Russians, who had employed a century in making ready for this contest, were not to be frightened by shadows. Goliath had buckled on his armour, and came out to fight; his attitude was unmistakable, and the military world looked wondering on, while the British government still made no preparation. Meanwhile the troops began to feel the effects of the climate;

the cholera appeared; the medical staff, few in number, and overwhelmed by the multitude of patients, were literally worked to death, and many valuable officers were swept off by the plague."

The various remedies put forth by the people of England, and by the government under the pressure of public opinion, began to tell about Christmas. Up to that time a series of unfortunate events tried the patience and hope of the indefatigable ladies upon whom the responsibility might now be said to devolve—for the people at home lost all confidence in the officials, and transferred it to those true-hearted missionaries of their own choice. One of the principal tokens of amendment appeared in the change of feeling and opinion among the working surgeons, who, ceasing to regard their gentle coadjutors as intruders, gradually, as we have elsewhere shown, welcomed their co-operation, and at last consulted them on all occasions where the comfort and help of the invalids were concerned. But in spite of an improved spirit among the doctors, and the aid from home, one misfortune trod closely upon the heels of another, mocking every effort materially to lessen the aggregate misery and death. We have already shown that numerous detachments of wounded were brought from Inkerman the day after the arrival of Miss Nightingale, and her fellow-helpers who accompanied her on the voyage out. Soon after Inkerman the great storm ravaged sea and shore, and Therapia and Scutari received new accessions of wounded, bruised, and sick men. The cholera re-appeared at Sebastopol only a fortnight after the storm spent its fury on those stricken heights. The deluging rains of November caused fever, ague, rheumatism, and chest complaints, to such a degree that few hale men remained among the English who still battled for the capture of the strong city. The changes in December from warmth to cold, from rain to frost, from tempest to moist and foggy calm, contributed still very much to the sick-lists. All this while the men were overworked, and skirmishes and contests repeatedly occurred. No wonder that Miss Nightingale's arrangements, with all that Mr. Macdonald, Mr. Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge, and Mr. Stafford could do, were unequal to meet the appalling increase of the victims of mismanagement, incompetency, and severity of climate, before Sebastopol. The number of ladies sent out was too small compared with the awful requirements. The "Lady Volunteer," in her interesting book, says:—"How small has been the number of women sent to the military hospitals of Scutari, Kulali, and Balaklava: 142 in all, and of these only fifty-five were volunteers—twenty-seven ladies, twenty-eight Sisters of Mercy; and of these

only seventeen ladies and twenty Sisters were on the spot at one time; while in the French and Sardinian services there have been hundreds of *Sœurs de la Charité*."

Accordingly, although affairs mended much about Christmas, the intensity of the frost of January, 1855, gave a new impulse to the sickness, and the youths who arrived as recruits formed speedy candidates for the ambulance or "the stretcher." Other hospitals were founded or resorted to as temporary auxiliaries to the principal ones, but still all efforts proved inadequate to the strain upon them which accumulating miseries caused. Mr. Bracebridge, writing at the end of December, while acknowledging thankfully to the benefactors of England the melioration produced, predicted doleful things, and his sorrowful vaticinations were but too faithfully realised. As January, 1855, opened, most things at the hospitals were on a better footing; but the mass of human misery had increased, was increasing, and threatened to grow to proportions baffling all attempts at mitigation, unless the government at home put forth its might, or the ambassador at Constantinople, *who had full powers*, bestirred himself. At the end of January, there were 5000 sick men at the camp, most of them waiting for transmission to Scutari. The General Hospital at Scutari, and the Barrack Hospital, were crammed with patients to the very doors, and the stench tainted the atmosphere around both. Seven other hospitals were created on different parts of the Turkish coasts. Near the Barrack Hospital were good cavalry stables, fitted up in the manner usual with the Turks, who take great care of their cavalry. One hundred and eighty beds were arranged there, and it was a more fortunate allotment for the poor sick or wounded men than the adjoining hospital, to which it was auxiliary. Near the general hospital is the spring palace of the sultan, this was fitted up as a *convalescent* hospital with 500 beds. Alas! many who entered it as "convalescent" were doomed to the cemetery. Another convalescent hospital was furnished at Abydos with 400 beds. Here most of the men were really convalescents—the air of the Dardanelles seemed very salutary to those sent thither from the Bosphorus. The hospital for Russian prisoners at Kulali, on the Bosphorus, was appropriated by the English—for the Russian prisoners, having generally the good fortune to be under the care of the French, were not subjected to the pestilence, filth, and neglect from which the English suffered. The Russians at Kulali afterwards occupied the arsenal at Stamboul. The Convalescent Hospital at Smyrna was under civil management, and was very successfully conducted. Here also benevolent women were occupied in restoring the languid sick. One of

these excellent ladies gave the author much useful information concerning this and the other hospitals, and afforded him an insight into the principle of management such as enables him to express with greater confidence the opinions and statements these pages contain. The hospital at Smyrna was beautifully situated; its site was picturesque, and its neighbourhood salubrious. The climate favoured recovery, being one of the most delightful in the world. The supplies were ample, fruit and wines were easily procurable, and generous hands on the spot supplied luxuries and comforts. The lady nurses were treated with respect and the tenderest consideration by all who came near them, and the gratitude of the poor soldiers repaid the generous care bestowed upon them. There existed among the men a perfect horror of going back to the Crimea; they were willing to fight the enemies of their country, and to fall in its service, but their confidence in the capacity of their chiefs was gone; and while they looked forward to battle with the enthusiasm of British soldiers, they regarded with despair the prospect of neglect and hardship which would be to a great extent unnecessarily entailed upon them. Most of the men would have preferred to be laid in the burying-ground at Smyrna to going back to the Crimea, unless with the prospect of meeting a soldier's death in combat with the foe.

One of the devices adopted to increase the hospital accommodation on the Bosphorus was ingenious, but did not conduce to the health of the place. The open square of the Barraek Hospital was filled with a structure which accommodated 1000 patients. This additional hospital space did not check the progress of death—on the contrary, fever and dysentery were more rife than before. Many who entered these receptacles of the sick, with wounds not necessarily mortal, *died of being in the hospital*, catching "the Scutari fever," or being carried off with diarrhoea or dysentery. By the end of January not less than 6000 men were invalided on the Bosphorus, exclusive of the sick and wounded at Malta, the Dardanelles, Smyrna, and the many thousands almost untended in the Crimea.

All through this unhappy winter the nurses experienced impediments from some of the officials; but that which most of all invoked the indignation and censure of the country, and every human heart, was the mode devised for preventing the voluntary gifts of the people of England, through Miss Nightingale, from reaching those for whom they were intended. The packages arriving for her were placed under lock and key by the authorities, and nothing could be procured without a series of requisitions, which so consumed time that the benefit

was lost to the invalid, or his case escaped notice altogether. It was in vain that Miss Nightingale protested—in vain did the influential persons whose countenance and aid were so valuable to her rebuke and implore; the benefactions of England were locked up by the governing hands lest their authority should not be appreciated, and that it might ultimately appear these things were not wanted, but had been provided by the purveyor, or commissary, or chief medical, or some one else whom it was supposed was the proper medium through which it should come. The authoress of *Eastern Hospitals* thus states this fact, and accounts for it. The recital is truly horrible: it seems a libel upon human nature even to suppose such wickedness and hardness of heart, but it is certain from other evidence that this good nurse is a true witness:—

"The want of clean linen was bitterly felt at that time at Scutari. How it was issued from the stores was a mystery no one could ever unravel. If things were sent to be washed, they never returned, and there was not the slightest order or regularity in the issue of linen, either sheets or shirts. Towels and pocket-handkerchiefs were both considered unnecessary luxuries for the soldiers, and could be obtained only from Miss Nightingale's free-gift store, and, generally speaking, only from them could flannel shirts be had. Orderlies thought nothing of taking off a soiled flannel from a man, and giving him a clean cotton in exchange. Confusion, indeed, so prevailed in all quarters at that unhappy time, that though quantities of things were sent to Scutari, but few ever reached the sufferers for whom they were destined. Every ship that came in brought to Miss Nightingale large packages of every imaginable article of wearing apparel; great numbers of bales of old linen and lint also arrived, and these last were quite useless, as both were amply supplied from the medical stores of the hospital. The packages were unpacked and put into Miss Nightingale's free-gift store, which was a large shed outside the hospital. It was impossible for Miss Nightingale, with her numerous and arduous avocations, to find time even to look at them; no one had the regular charge of them; nurses and sometimes ladies, when they had time, went to assist at the endless task of putting them to rights. There was another store inside the hospital, which was under the charge of the Superioress of the Sisters of Mercy; this store was kept in beautiful order, but was quite full. From neither of these stores of Miss Nightingale could anything be procured but on the same plan as the diets, *i.e.* a doctor's requisition signed and countersigned. It was even more impossible to get these than the others for diets, from a feeling among the surgeons that clothing

for the men ought to have come from government stores, and not liking fully to acknowledge the gross neglect of the purveying department. So we only saw how miserably the men were off, and were obliged to leave them so. It was a common thing to find men with sheets and shirts unchanged for weeks. I have opened the collar of a patient's shirt, and found it literally lined with vermin. It was common to find men covered with sores from lying in one position on the hard straw beds and coarse sheets, and there were no pillows to put under them. Pillows were unknown to the government stores, and we could not get requisitions for them from Miss Nightingale's free-gift store."

When the writer of the foregoing paragraph complains in the following gentle terms, her patience of temper, as much as her patience of toil, commends itself to our admiration:—"As we passed the corridors, we asked ourselves if it was not a terrible dream. When we woke in the morning, our hearts sank down at the thought of the woe we must witness that day. At night we lay down wearied beyond expression; but not so much from physical fatigue, though that was great, as from the sickness of heart from living amidst that mass of hopeless suffering. On all sides prevailed the utmost confusion—whose fault it was I cannot tell—clear heads have tried to discover in vain; probably the blame should have been shared by all the departments of the hospital." Referring to their patience of toil, it would be difficult to give the reader any adequate idea of their round of daily and nightly duties. They had to do everything for themselves, as well as for the patients—there were few else to serve either. The authoress of *English Nurses* says:—"Our life was a laborious one; we had to sweep our own room, make our beds, wash up our dishes, &c., and fetch our meals from the kitchen below. We went to our wards at nine, returned at two, went again at three (unless we went out for a walk, which we had permission to do at this hour), returned at half-past five to tea, then to the wards again till half-past nine, and often again for an hour to our special cases. . . . We suffered greatly from want of proper food. Our diet consisted of the coarse sour bread of the country, tea without milk, butter so rancid we could not touch it, and very bad meat and porter; and at night a glass of wine or brandy. It was an effort even to those in health to sit down to our meals; we forced the food down as a duty, but some of the ladies became so weak and ill they really could not touch it."

There are a few things in English military history which more exemplifies the character of the English soldier than the way in which they conducted themselves when sick upon the

shores of the Bosphorus. A subaltern officer, writing to his wife, describes them as at once manly and resigned, bearing every privation with unrepining fortitude, and maintaining a soldierly dignity even when carried helpless and maimed from the pier to the ward or corridor of the wretched asylum prepared for them. The writer of *Eastern Hospitals and English Nurses* thus eulogises their uniform delicacy of behaviour to the nurses:—"Our life was a regular routine of work and rest (except on occasions of extraordinary pressure) following each other in order; but whether in the strain of overwork or the steady fulfilment of our arduous duty, there was one bright ray ever shed over it, one thing that made labour light and sweet, and this was the respect, affection, and gratitude of the men. No words can tell it rightly, for it was unbounded, and as long as we stayed among them it never changed. Familiar as our presence became to them, though we were in and out of the wards day and night, they never forgot the respect due to our sex and position. Standing by those in bitter agony, when the force of old habits is great, or by those in the glow of returning health, or walking up the wards among orderlies and sergeants, never did a word which could offend a woman's ear fall upon ours. Even in the barrack-yard, passing by the guard-room or entrances where stood groups of soldiers smoking and idling, the moment we approached all coarseness was hushed; and this lasted not a week or a month, but the whole of my twelvemonth's residence, and my experience is also that of all my companions. It was astonishing the influence gained by the ladies and sisters over the orderlies. Without their superintendence they were an idle, useless set of men, callous to the sufferings of those around them, not trying to learn their business, which was of course new to them, and regardless of carrying out the doctor's orders when they could do so without getting into disgrace; but under the sisters and ladies they became most orderly and attentive."

Among the many strange tasks undertaken by the ladies was that of sharing the honour, with Mr. Augustus Stafford, in writing letters for the men. The letters of the soldiers—at least, when written by themselves or entirely under their dictation, without any of the modifying or mollifying influence of womanly sweetness—strikingly exhibited the strangely-blended roughness and affection of the English soldier. The writer* last quoted gives the following specimen:—"Writing their

* Much discussion was carried on in England as to the propriety of employing ladies in such a service. Although pertinent to the subject of this chapter, notice of the discussion is not essential to this History, but the question is so important in itself that our readers will desire to know what the experience acquired by the ladies themselves

letters home for them was most amusing; very often they had not a word to say, but trusted entirely to the lady. 'What shall I say?' we began with.—'Just anything at all you like, miss—just the same as you write your own letters home. You knows how to make up a letter better than I do!'—'But how shall I begin?'—'My dear Thomas.' The lady writes on, hoping dear Thomas is well, and informing him of the illness and whereabouts of his friend. Then she inquires what relation the said 'dear Thomas' is to him. 'Oh, he's just my father, miss!' She suggests the propriety of addressing him by his usual title. 'Oh, never mind, miss, it's all the same—it will do very well.' One of the men received a letter from his wife, entreating him in the most broken-hearted words to allow her to come out and nurse him—that she was utterly miserable, could not sleep at night thinking of what he was enduring, and so on. The poor man very likely felt more than he cared to express, but he chose to treat it with apparent indifference and almost amusement. 'That's just the way women talks—they're always

led them to feel and think about it. The following will satisfy this curiosity:—"Attention has been drawn towards the class of women whose task it is to nurse the sick of England. These pages will in some degree show how unfitted they are for that responsible office. For though a military hospital was the worst imaginable position in which to place them, yet those who were unable to resist its temptations are certainly unfitted for their present occupation. Regarding the ladies who went out various opinions have been entertained. Perhaps in this case their own view of their position may be the best, as they learnt their knowledge by experience, and most of them agreed that though in the great emergency that had called them forth their efforts had been blessed to the relief of much suffering, the system was based on no permanent footing. To raise the occupation of a nurse to a higher standard, to form a body who will both nurse in our home hospitals as well as be ready to attend the sick in the army and navy, other means are required. There are two reasons which may be alleged against the permanent employment of ladies. For the arduous duties of an hospital (especially in a foreign country) long training is required ere the health can endure them. The neglect of this precaution will cause a waste of many valuable lives, while the amount of good for which they will be sacrificed will be but small. Again, experience is necessary for the attainment of skill in nursing, and it is therefore necessary nurses should be changed as seldom as possible. But this is simply unavoidable when they are ladies possessing home-ties and duties which they are only enabled temporarily to relinquish. Of course there are exceptions to this as well as all other objections which may be raised against the plan, but I speak not of small or isolated efforts, I speak of a supply to the present great deficiency of nurses for the poor of England. But, I repeat, it is not for military hospitals alone that we want better nurses. War, it is hoped, has almost passed, and its trials and troubles too; but as long as this world continues suffering will go on, and will prevail to its greatest extent among the poor; and shall England, who proudly boasts her superiority in science, government, and wealth, above other nations, be behindhand in alleviating the bitter sufferings of her own children?" The value of this lady's testimony is the more important when it is remembered that she, with another lady and a hired nurse, had the care of 1500 sick and wounded! This in a hospital prepared for 1700 patients, but in which there were about 3500.

awanting to do impossibilities. They fancies they can do anything! Oh, yes, they fancies it fast enough, but then you see, they can't, so what's the good of it? I should like to see her come out here, indeed! A pretty place for a woman by herself, and I shouldn't be able to see after her. She's much better at home, and I'll write and tell her once for all that it's impossible and no good whatever talking about it no more.' Fortunately for the poor wife's feelings his arm was too stiff to write that day, as he evidently intended to send her a severe reproof for her folly, rather forgetting in his wisdom the deep affection and anxiety contained in her earnest pleading to come and nurse him. As the post went out next day he rather reluctantly accepted the sister's proposal to write in his stead, and she, of course, took care to soften the refusal as much as possible, and poor Mrs. — was very likely rather surprised at the unusual affectionate letter she received from her husband by that mail; and we must hope it in some little measure compensated for her disappointment, though, doubtless, a few stern lines merely granting her request would have been far preferable."

The conduct and usefulness of the lady nurses is the more important when the fact is recollected that the *hired* nurses were unwilling to do anything for which they were not paid, and were sometimes insubordinate, often difficult to manage. The voluntary services of these ladies will be estimated in proportion as this latter fact is known. "It was like the revival of the olden times, when women were almost exclusively the nurses and physicians of the sick warriors, to witness the departure of ladies, nurtured in our somewhat effeminate civilisation, to the hardships and miseries of a camp."

About the middle of January, Colonel Hamley was sent to the Bosphorus on duty; he visited the hospitals at a juncture more favourable than at any time previous, and soon after his departure matters fell back very much; he thus writes as to what he saw:—"Entering any of the corridors, or wards, the same scene presented itself. The occupants of some of the beds sat strongly up, eating heartily their soup and meat; others, emaciated to skeletons, more like corpses than living beings, except for the large, hollow, anxious eyes, lay back on their pillows, or tried with difficulty to swallow the spoonful of arrow-root or sago offered to them by the attendants. There seemed no doubtful class—all were broadly marked either for life or death. The patients appeared comfortable—had good beds and plenty of bed-clothes; and the temperature of the chambers was, as before said, regulated to a very pleasant warmth. At some beds a woman, the wife of the patient, sat chatting with him; beside others stood the

somewhat ghostly appearance of a Catholic Sister of Charity, upright, rigid, veiled, and draped in black; the veil projecting far beyond her face, threw it, as well as the white linen folded across her bosom, into deep shadow. The thinness of some of the forms propped up against their pillows, their chests exposed by the open shirts, was absolutely frightful; the bony hands wandered vaguely about the hair and sunken temples, and the eyes were fixed on vacancy. Some lay already in the shadow of death, their eyes reverted, showing only the whites beneath the drooping lids; and others had passed this last stage, and waited only for the grave. At the end of a corridor in a tower are quarters once held by General Sir George Brown, but now occupied by gentler tenants. There dwelt the sisterhood that had come from England to tend the sick—the Rebeccas to the Ivanhoes of the Crimea. That quarter of the building threw a softening and romantic tinge over the rest; in its neighbourhood pain and misery seemed less forlorn. The corridor opened on a kitchen where some good sisters were preparing soup, sago, and wine, and other comforting compounds. Doorways opening from the kitchen were screened by long folds of black cloth or tapestry, behind which dwelt the lady sisters; and high up the wall of the kitchen were windows, across which flitted nun-like forms, heard presently to descend the stairs to our level. It was while one of two or three who accompanied me, a man of sedate and respectable aspect, such as might without presumption engage the attention of a Sister of Charity, extracted from a motherly, benevolent lady some statistical details of the sisterhood, that the chief of them herself, Miss Nightingale, lifted the piece of tapestry before her door for a parting visitor, stood for a moment revealed. During that short interval the statistics of the motherly lady were unheeded. We steadily regarded the chief as she bid her visitor adieu; then the tapestry fell and she vanished. There were eight Protestant ladies, and a rather larger number of Catholic sisters, in all, with their attendants, who officiated as nurses, there were about forty in the sisterhood. In the great kitchen, close by their quarter, rice-pudding, manufactured on a grand scale, was transferred, smoking, by an enormous ladle to the destined platters; beef-tea and mutton-broth were being cooked in large cauldrons, such as the witches danced around; and flocks of poultry were simmering into boiled fowls or chicking broth. There are three English hospitals besides this; one at a little distance, a large red brick building, was originally built and used for the purpose by the Turks; it is the most comfortable and best suited to the object of all; another is known as the Kiosk or Palace Hospital; and the third is

at Kulali, a place some miles up the Bosphorus, on the Scutari side, where there is a large barrack, which was occupied by the English cavalry and artillery before the army left for Varna. All these buildings were clean, cheerful, airy, and comfortable. They contained in all, at the time of my first visit, 4700 sick, increased to 5000 at the end of January, and from first to last they received 30,000; some came back to the Crimea, where, in many cases, they relapsed into sickness and died; some went to England, and some to their final resting-place."

Colonel Hamley certainly does not dwell on the most painful features of Scutari life, while he had an opportunity of witnessing them. There is a manifest desire to paint things *couleur de rose*. It is difficult to reconcile some of his statements with others which we have recorded from the Hon. and Rev. S. G. Osborne, Mr. Maedonald, Mr. Bracebridge, and the authoress of *Eastern Hospitals and English Nurses*. For this reason we have quoted his narrative in this place, that the reader may form an impartial judgment from testimony of every kind which could be suitably furnished. Lieutenant Peard, whose narrative we have frequently quoted, arrived at Scutari invalided three weeks earlier than the visit of Colonel Hamley. This difference in the time of their visit will to some extent account for the difference in the *tone* of the testimony. Lieutenant Peard was too ill to see much of the men in the corridors—he was in one of the best wards, but he hourly heard of what was going on. Things became very much better and very much worse after Lieutenant Peard left; and in the former stage of affairs Colonel Hamley landed in the Bosphorus. By the end of January and beginning of February the accumulation of numbers in the hospitals set all system and all zeal alike at defiance—the men could not then be sufficiently attended to by thrice the number of nurses and surgeons. Lieutenant Peard thus describes his voyage to the Bosphorus, and what he saw there:—"We arrived at Scutari in the afternoon of the 20th, after a voyage of eight days, during which we had lost thirty men. Our invalids, as may be imagined, were rejoiced to get there, and expected to go on shore immediately; but the crowded state of the hospital prevented their being landed for some little time. They had, however, received many medical comforts on the voyage, in the shape of arrow-root, sago, mutton broth, port wine, &c., which their kind and attentive doctors ordered for them. One poor fellow died immediately after his dinner, about which he had been quarrelling, and, I suppose, had over-exerted himself. Many of the poor men were in the most filthy state, and the medical men came up from the decks looking wan and ill. The worst of the blan-

kets had, however, been destroyed, and replaced by others, and additional ones had been issued at D——'s request; in fact, every care and attention was taken of the sick, but the ship was totally unfit for the duty assigned to it. The galley was not large enough for the cooking of two separate diets at the same time. Invalid ships should be fitted with cribs and partitions on the deck for the worst cases; and the sick should always be conveyed in steamers, or be towed down."

Mr. Peard makes the following acknowledgment of the services afforded to officers as well as men by the *Times'* Fund:—"I was ordered before a medical board on the 29th, when it was determined that I was to proceed to England for the recovery of my health. On the 30th Major Sharpe was buried in the military burying-ground at Scutari, and his remains were followed to the grave by all his brother officers who were well enough to attend. Forty men were buried this day in one grave, and sixty the day before.—My dinner during my stay at Scutari was always supplied from the *Times'* kitchen. I could get soups, jellies, and blanchmange, as well as anything I required to be cooked. How happy were we to be able to procure such luxuries! I cannot be too thankful or speak too highly of this generous institution. Nothing could have been better organised and arranged; and all who derived benefit from it will feel grateful to those who contributed so generously towards the fund, as well as to the newspaper which evoked the sympathies of the public. My illness prevented my going into the wards and rooms, and visiting the sick, and I was obliged to remain patiently in my very comfortable quarters. I heard great praises of Miss Nightingale. Her kindness and thoughtfulness cheered the poor sufferers in the hospital."

Probably the most correct solution of any apparent contradictions in the representations made by different officers of the condition and treatment of the sick is, that in the latter end of December and throughout January, better food, warm drinks, clean shirts, and bedding, were distributed *as fast as the number of hands engaged could distribute them*; so that in some portions of the corridors plenty and comfort would prevail, while the miseries of others had not as yet been either mitigated or touched.

The transmission of the maimed and wounded who became convalescent, but who were unfit to be sent again to the Crimea, was an important and often ill-managed duty on the part of the authorities at the Bosphorus. An instance of what these men sometimes suffered, and would have had in all cases to endure, if left to the tender mercies of government arrangements, occurred at the end of November. Two hundred convalescents were

on ship-board, and about to sail for England. The weather was intensely cold, as it always is at that season in the Bosphorus, but was especially so in the winter of 1854. None of these men were perfectly recovered: all were delicate, and still needed nursing; many were too ill to be with propriety sent away at all, if by doing so the chance of saving their lives was not greater than by allowing them to stay at Scutari. Yet the accommodation provided for them was a long wooden trough, in which each lay like a corpse placed in an open coffin—a single blanket by way of bed and bedding was given to every man! In forming some notion of the callousness of persons in authority, it must be remembered that the government declared in the most public manner that the British ambassador had a *carte blanche* as to any expenses to be incurred for the comfort and convalescence of the invalids. Mr. Macdonald opportunely discovered the condition of these poor fellows, and the *Times'* Fund was, as in many other cases, brought into most merciful requisition.

One of the most painful and pitiful things connected with Scutari was the frequent and irreverent interments. The Turks looked upon the matter-of-course burials of the English with perfect horror. Their reverence for the dead has been more than once noticed in this History; and often would they look on in mute astonishment at the English burial scenes in the cemetery at Scutari. The unseemly pit, the coffinless corpse, the hasty and noisy sepulture, the lightness of behaviour which immediately after the interment marked the conduct of the lookers on, utterly shocked the grave and dignified Osmanli. No description which we have seen of these burials presents so graphic a picture as that of Colonel Hamley: there is a terrible reality in his description, which makes one shudder over so inappropriate a close to the career of men so nobly brave:—"On the edge of the bank of the Sea of Marmora, a few hundred yards to the left of the mouth of the Bosphorus, is a level space of green sward, used by the English, from the time of their arrival in Turkey, as a burying-ground. The placid sea, the distant isles, the Cape of Broussa on the left, and Scraglio Point on the right, make up a lovely view from the melancholy spot. At the southern extremity of the ground are single graves, neatly defined and turfed, where those who died while the army halted here in the spring are laid. But the press of mortality no longer admitted of such decent burial. To those accustomed to see the departed treated with reverence, and attended solemnly to their last habitation, there was something horribly repulsive in wholesale interment, while the dead far outnumbered those who stood around the grave. A pit often ten feet deep, and

fourteen square, received every afternoon those who had died during the last twenty-four hours. A rickety araba, drawn by two oxen, was the hearse which conveyed them from the neighbouring hospital to the place of sepulture. In the yard of the hospital is a small dismal house without windows, for its tenants no longer need the light. Thither those who have died in this and in neighbouring hospitals are brought on stretchers, and packed like sacks in a granary, till the araba comes for them, sewed each in a blanket with sufficient tightness to leave a caricature mummy-like resemblance of humanity. A score of bodies are laid on the vehicle, and travel slowly, dangling and jostling as they go, to the mouth of the yawning pit, where the party who dug it await the *cortège*. There is no time for ceremony; each poor corpse, huddled and doubled up limply in case of recent death, or stiff and statue-like where it has been longer cold, is handed down nameless, unknown, and void of all the dignity of death, to its appointed station in the crowd. One row being laid, the next comes, and the feet of all those who deposit them necessarily trample on the forms below, leaving muddy footprints on the blanket shrouds. Sixty-one (about the daily and average number at the time) were buried together on the day I visited the spot. Noticing one corpse in which the lower part of the outline seemed remarkably thin, I remarked to the corporal in charge that that deceased must have been long ill to be so wasted, but he pointed out to me that one limb had been amputated. A clergyman waited until all were deposited to read the funeral service. Close by another pit was being dug for the requirements of next day; and we had seen in the hospital many of those unmistakably destined to fill it. Altogether the scene reminded one of Defoe's accounts of the burials in London during the prevalence of the Great Plague. I have mentioned elsewhere the trenches dug in a battlefield, but these were dug in rows, and the men lie like soldiers, with an awe and glory on their bloodstained uniforms and upturned faces, which no pall or coffin could bestow. Death is deprived of his sanctity, majesty, and mystery, and retains only those elements which constitute the grotesque. Officers are buried singly in groves, with a head-stone or board to mark the place."

The state of the French hospitals on the Bosphorus formed a remarkable contrast to that of the English. Colonel Hamley endeavours to throw discredit upon this well-attested fact. He, however, found the French hospital in its usual condition, and everything was there systematically managed. In the English hospitals the patient well-served to-day could not therefore calculate upon being well-served to-

morrow; in the French regularity and order reigned. Whatever advantages Colonel Hamley recognised in their condition when he visited them, had been in existence months before, whereas the English hospitals were nearly destitute of everything until after the arrival of Miss Nightingale; and it was *long after* her arrival before any sufficient supplies were transmitted, or, at all events, distributed from the government stores, and before she could calculate upon even her own stores being at her own disposal. While a few nurses struggled against the accumulated miseries of Scutari, an adequate number of Sisters of Mercy ministered to the necessities of the occupants in the corridors of Pera. A comparison of the hospital sites was also to the disadvantage of the English. It was not candid of Colonel Hamley to express his surprise that the deaths at Pera were fewer proportionably than on the English side of the Bosphorus, on the ground that he saw no difference between the discipline of the establishments, the nutrition of the food, the character of the attendance, the situation of the sick, or, indeed, anything except the classification of diseases, which he erroneously asserts was at first carried out in the English hospitals, until the overwhelming numbers of the patients rendered it impossible. The greater number to be attended the more necessary such classification, which, if attempted at all, the attempt was utterly abortive from the first, and Colonel Hamley ought to have made himself acquainted with that fact before standing sponsor for the English hospital service.

"Wishing to see the French hospital in Pera, I applied to M. Lévy, the inspector-general, who very kindly gave me a note to M. Morgue, the principal medical officer, in which he prayed him to receive some other Englishmen and myself, '*avec la courtoisie que méritent si bien nos dignes alliés.*' The building, standing on a high point of ground above the new palace of the sultan, and conspicuous from the Bosphorus, was originally intended as a school of medicine. It is very large, newer and fresher, and the wards and apartments loftier than those of our hospitals. At the door was a covered cart, with a cross in front, filled with coffins, and drawn by oxen. In the first room we entered, besides some French officers, there were a Russian captain and two subalterns, wounded at Inkerman, playing at some game like draughts. In the next room, a very spacious one, with a painted ceiling, and windows opening to the floor looking on the Bosphorus, were five or six French officers, apparently very comfortable. The corridors, like those of our hospitals, were filled with patients; in the wards, the beds on each side were raised on a platform above the floor; there was a very

thick palliasse under each man; across the rail at the head of the bed was a shelf with his medicine bottles, and on a card at the foot was a description of his case. The surgeon who accompanied us round pointed out a remarkable case, that of a man who had received a bullet in the head, which, entering on one side, had gone out near the opposite ear, passing close to the lobe of the brain; he was sensible, apparently suffering but little pain, and would, the surgeon thought, live. Opposite him was another with his skull fractured by a sabre-cut from a Russian officer; the surgeon, removing the dressing with tweezers, tapped them audibly, without pain to the man, on the bare skull bone, which was cleft for about an inch, and surrounded by a gaping wound in the scalp. The poor fellow whined dolefully as the instrument-case was unfolded, but the surgeon reassured him, saying he was only going to move the dressing: he told us afterwards he thought it would be necessary to trepan him. Sisters of Charity, with the freshest of complexions and the snowiest of caps moved to and fro among the beds; one of them was an Irish-woman from Meath, who had left Ireland, as she told us, five years before to join the sisterhood. One corridor was filled with convalescent Russians in their uniforms of gray or blue, surmounted, in many instances, by a French cap; they stood up respectfully and grinned approval when the good doctor patronised them by a tap on the back or a pull of the ear. The chief distinction between this hospital and ours seemed to be that here the patients were classified according to the nature of their ailments; one ward was filled with cases of frost-bites, another of wounds, another of fever—a plan tried at first in our hospitals, but broken in upon by the throng of sick arriving. It is probable that the worst cases are kept apart in the French hospitals, as none of the men we saw seemed in extremity, and it is certain that '*nos dignes alliés*' like to exhibit on all occasions the best side of their management. The doctor said the deaths averaged seven or eight a-day out of fourteen hundred—about half the proportion of those in our hospitals; a variation somewhat puzzling, since there seems nothing in the difference of accommodation, care, nourishment, or treatment, sufficient to account for it."

The testimony of the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Osborne may be set against the depreciating tone of Colonel Hamley:—"The French are certainly a most wonderful people, at home, anywhere; I found it difficult to believe that the order, quiet, regularity of service, and perfect machinery of this hospital, could be the growth of but a few months, and that too in a foreign land. One element was obvious throughout—system; every one seemed to have

his own particular sphere of duty, and quietly to set about it; nothing seemed left to chance, a certain importance being given to even the smallest matter of detail. Passing with the chief officer from bed to bed, I heard his orders as to diet and treatment for the day given most distinctly: they were noted down on the spot by an official in attendance for the purpose. The surgeons in uniform, with their trained orderlies in proper costume, went systematically to their work; the trays with the dressing apparatus were well contrived and admirably furnished; the Sisters of Charity had each her post and its well-defined duties, and went about them coolly, and with a skill the evident result of perfect training. . . . The dispensary, with its adjoining laboratory, its abundant stock of medical *matériel*, and its well-considered arrangements, showed at once the skilful adaptation of proper means to attain the end desired, so characteristic of the French. The baker's department, the kitchens, the large bathing-room, with its many capacious baths—each, in its own way, was all that could be desired. I saw the meals for the patients in course of preparation; it was far more like the cooking for an hotel than for an hospital. They have established so well-considered a system, affecting the supplies each day from every department of the various things required, as prescribed by the medical authorities, that all work with the order of a well-regulated machine; the dispenser, the cook, the baker, had evidently no time to be idle for a moment; there was ample evidence of the demand made upon their separate resources, but there was no hurry or confusion."

Dr. Lévy, referred to by Colonel Hamley in the narrative of this visit, was the chief of the medical staff of the French army in the East; a report of his, written at the end of October, and directed to the minister of war at Paris, proves that the plan of management and the working out of that plan in detail were infinitely superior to those of the British. The following extract from Dr. Lévy's report will be sufficient to prove this as it regards the hospital arrangements in the Crimea, as Mr. Osborne's statement establishes it in reference to the Bosphorus:—"The divisionary field-hospitals are well installed, well provided, and well attended. Everybody concurs in praising the good that they do. That of the headquarters has assumed a useful development; composed of a group of tents and a wooden erection for 115 patients, it offers, like that of the divisions, but upon a large scale, conditions of comfort and regularity which one is almost astonished to find at so short a distance from a besieged town. A field-hospital hospital has been established at Cherson, on the shore, to shelter and give attention to the sick and wounded up

to the time of their embarkation. I visited it yesterday, and found only two serious cases—namely, an intermittent fever and a case of cholera, of mean intensity. The trench-ambulance is formed by turns by two assistant-surgeons of each divisionary field-hospital, and two assistant-surgeons of the head-quarters; they are directed by the different chiefs of the field-hospitals, who have solicited the honour in turns of this more exposed post, which has been granted by the general-in-chief on my application. The camps are spacious, provisions are abundant, bread and fresh meat are distributed at least one day in three, and these provisions are all of good quality. The wine is beyond contradiction the best that can be procured. The moral state of the army is perfect. The earnest solicitude of the general-in-chief for the comfort of the soldiers, the administrative vigilance which has collected so promptly provisions for a period of at least three months, and the intelligent activity of the surgeons, combat with efficacy the injurious influence of an advanced period of the year and a special state of war." Independent of the hospitals at Cherson, in the Crimea, and at Pera, on the Bosphorus, Dr. Lévy established others at Varna, Gallipoli, Nogara, Adrianople, and the Piræus.

Perhaps the opinion of an American gentleman may be regarded as more impartial than either English officers, anxious to make their own military system appear to the greatest advantage; or English gentlemen, whose independent and philanthropic spirit might influence their judgment to write severe things when they beheld the helpless and the deserving treated injudiciously or neglected. The gentleman whom we quote visited the hospitals on both sides of the Bosphorus at the same time, the end of December and beginning of January, in company with the Rev. Dr. Dwight, the distinguished American missionary, and several other American gentlemen, who were on terms of cordial intimacy with the English, and who were well known as belonging to that class of American citizens who regard England as the mother-country, and Englishmen as brethren. The writer gives his impressions as those of his party. He thus sums up his opinion of affairs on the English side:—"Until her (Miss Nightingale's) providential interposition, the hospitals had been without the commonest preparation for the reception and care of the thousands of sick and wounded pouring in from the suffering camp. The authorities evinced a blindness to duty utterly incomprehensible, and even more astounding than that exhibited in the conduct of affairs in the Crimea. A recital of a tithe of the disgusting evidences of cruel neglect, noticeable in every section of the premises, would shock

the sensibilities of the reader to a degree surpassing that of any imaginary horrors ever pictured to his mind."

The following is his description of what he saw in the French hospital at Pera:—"The bedding looked soft, warm, and clean; and the atmosphere of every room was both mild and pure, the ventilation being very carefully looked after. Each patient had his number posted upon the head of his couch; and a large card, fastened in the same position, announced his name, regiment, disease, date of hospital entry, age, religious preference, &c. At the head and foot of each bedstead, a narrow shelf resting upon the top of the posts, contained the plates, cups, spoons, medicines, and other necessaries for the use of its occupant. Nothing could be more conveniently arranged. The blankets were so fastened as to entirely protect the lower end of the bed, so that the patient could by no means suffer from the current of air often felt from the slipping to and fro of the cover. The floors were scrupulously clean; and an air of quiet ease and comfort reigned as triumphantly as in any hospital that I remember to have seen either in London or New York."

The writer then notices the care and skill of the physicians, the arrangements for culinary purposes, and the admirable supply of nutritious diets; the order and discipline of the porters, orderlies, and nurses; and the air of quiet and arrangement which pervaded every department. He finally sums up his estimate of the condition of things at Pera, &c., in the following manner:—"I need hardly say that we united in acknowledging the chief of the French military hospitals in the East one of the most complete establishments of its kind that we had ever visited. Its rapid organisation and admirable management reflected the highest credit upon its able and intelligent directors, the French government, and the French character. There appeared to be neither a lack nor superabundance of system, but, as though guided by a single powerful hand, everything progressed regularly and in order. How widely different was the state of affairs in the English army hospitals at the same date! It was said that the French hospitals, some ten in all, contained no less than 15,000 patients. They were all well cared for, and deaths were not nearly so numerous as in the English establishments."

Such is a faithful representation of the state of the sick and wounded in the Crimea, and on the shores of the Bosphorus, the Sea of Marmora, and the Dardanelles. The remedies provided, their failure, and their success, are also presented to the reader on the best available authorities. Had the government at home dispatched some one adapted to the under-

taking, with full powers of control, and authorised to purchase and dispense all necessaries—some competent person who could direct and overrule all the clashing departments, and act in the name of the government, or had the ambassador, who was invested with very great and extensive powers, used them as he might have done and ought to have done,

the “defects of the system”—the excuse which has been pressed before the public by the apologists of the government, *usque ad nauseam*—could not have operated so as to consign thousands of the bravest men in the empire, or in the world, to premature and unworthy graves, and to inflict torture indescribable upon many thousands more.

CHAPTER LII.

BRIEF REVIEW OF THE CRIMEAN CAMPAIGN OF 1854.

“*Constable*. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

“*Rambures*. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

“*Orleans*. Foolish curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples.

“*Constable*. Just, just; and the men do sympathise with the mastiffs, in robustious and fierce coming on. Give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.”—SHAKESPEARE. *Henry V.*

IN reviewing the course of events of the campaign, from the sailing of the expedition from Varna until the year closed over the camp before Sebastopol, many reflections are suggested which are painful to every English patriot and humane man; and many causes for national triumph are afforded. Certainly a review of the incidents of that campaign ought to have furnished our statesmen and legislators with sufficient light as to the working of our military institutions, and to have enabled the ministry to prosecute the war, in the second year of its course, with far more intelligence and vigour.

In relating the state of the army before its embarkation from Varna, we described its sufferings, and the neglect which it experienced from the heads of departments. We scarcely bore sufficiently heavy upon the supreme authorities—a remark of Mr. Woods’ will illustrate this: in referring to Mr. Commissary Strickland, who was sent out to the neighbourhood of Varna before the troops were dispatched thither, he says:—“Every suggestion which this officer’s long experience enabled him to make upon the best method of meeting the requirements of the troops was systematically disregarded.” The same authority informs us that Varna and Devno were selected for the sites of encampments, in despite of every remonstrance from merchants and persons of experience, who unanimously represented it as “one of the very worst spots which could possibly have been chosen—the whole country round being unhealthy, but Devno the very worst part of all.” He describes the amount of tea sent out as 8,000 lbs., which lasted a few days; and 80,000 lbs. of raw coffee in store could not be sent up to the camp, there being neither waggons nor arabas. The means of conveyance for the hospital tents and hospital

stores were two bullock waggons. The medicine chest was as curiously furnished, and as scantily, as the heads of the chief officers of the army. For each thousand men, the distribution was four bottles of brandy, four of wine, six pounds of arrow-root, and a few of the most necessary drugs and surgical instruments!

In our narrative we did not do sufficient justice to the generosity of individual officers and physicians; the following faithful testimony will supply that omission:—“In some regiments, the officers gave up their own small stocks of wine for the use of the sick and dying; others again contributed candles for the hospital marquee, in order that the men might not lie there without a light, and die in the dark like dogs. Regimental surgeons, speaking of this time, have told me over and over again, that they attributed the loss of many men entirely to the want of proper medicines and medical comforts. Of the latter there was absolutely none of any kind or description whatsoever. Assistant-surgeons and surgeons used to ride into Varna, and, hiring boats, pass the whole day in endeavouring to procure a little arrow-root, sago, or port wine from the vessels of war, or the transports anchored in the bay. The principal medical officer of one division informed me that he had spent out of his own pay upwards of £30 in providing poultry and other little delicacies for his patients. This is only one instance within my own knowledge; but I have not the least doubt but that there were many others of a similar kind. Sir George Brown, who knew the poverty of his division in respect of hospital comforts, made a private present of six dozen of port, and six dozen of sherry for the use of the sick. In fact, but for the exertions of medical and other officers at this period, the mortality among

the English troops would have been very much greater than it was."

When the landing in the Crimea was effected, and the troops, having gained the victory of the Alma, sat down before Sebastopol, the destitution of the army was, as we have already shown, unparalleled. Among the efforts to mitigate these circumstances, the *Times'* Fund, and the judicious administration of it by Mr. Macdonald, have been noticed. One mode of relieving the mass of suffering, not mentioned in previous chapters, has been thus named and acknowledged by Mr. Woods:—"Mr. Macdonald also established a little tea-house at Balaklava, where the sick sent down from camp and waiting to be embarked were given beef-tea, soup, arrow-root, brandy and water, tea, and whatever their exhausted condition required. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to name any charitable institution which, at such a trifling outlay, has ever relieved as great an amount of misery and suffering as this little tea-house at Balaklava. It would be impossible to enumerate here all the services which Mr. Macdonald rendered to our suffering army, which were not only beneficial at the moment, but which resulted in some most important improvements being introduced, especially with regard to the rations issued to the troops."

Some circumstances connected with the battle of the Alma have been mentioned by Sir Edward Colebrooke, which throw light upon portions of that memorable action. Sir Edward gives it as the opinion of many eminent officers, that in that battle the light division was left too long unsupported by the Duke of Cambridge's division (the 1st). The 2nd division (Sir de Laey Evans'), which had a still more formidable task, if possible, to perform than even the light division, through the skill, forethought, and gallantry of Sir Richard England, received the most valuable support from all the guns of his division. When the light, under Sir George Brown, was in the crisis of its peril, the Duke of Cambridge led up his division, which, as has been shown in our relation of the battle, was opposed by a most formidable battery, from which the Guards suffered dreadfully in their advance, and which they ultimately stormed, under his royal highness in person. The Highland Brigade, under Sir Colin Campbell, suffered little, and were the last troops engaged; this is noticed by Sir Edward in the following manner:—"Called on Sir C. Campbell, and talked over the Alma. 'How was it,' I asked, 'that the Russian battery which played on his brigade caused such little loss?'—"They had," he thought, 'the range of the river, but as he advanced they took up a new position a little further back, and their fire was then very wide.' His men advanced very rapidly, his object being

to gain the flank of the Russian battery, which was doing so much execution against the first and light divisions. The fire of our men was very deadly, and they loaded as they advanced—that which, he said, every charge by the bayonet usually ends in. He thought this mode of firing ought to be more attended to, and form part of the ordinary exercise of troops. I asked if he thought the Russians retired in much disorder? 'Not very great,' he said; 'those bodies which had come into conflict with us were in great confusion, but there were columns who were not engaged, and helped to cover the retreat, without which their heavy guns could not have been brought off. Indeed, if the country had not been as hard as a formed road, they must have fallen into our hands. The heavy metal of the Russian guns rendered our artillery unable to compete with them effectively during the attack; hence the heavy loss we incurred.'"

When our army performed the celebrated flank march, and appeared before south Sebastopol, divided opinions arose as to whether it might not be taken by storm. Sir George Cathcart energetically recommended an immediate assault; Lord Raglan and Sir J. Burgoyne opposed it. The latter, in an able paper in a military periodical, strongly urged the danger, and even futility, of any such attempt, and represents General Cathcart as the only officer of note in either fleet or army who took that view. It is certain that Sir de Laey Evans and Admiral Dundas coincided in this respect with General Burgoyne; but Sir Edward Colebrooke, who was on board Admiral Lyons' ship, the *Agamemnon*, represents that admiral as saying in an off-hand way, that he did not see why we should not walk into it. The following arguments, by General Burgoyne, will throw additional light upon the subject to that which has already appeared in our pages. "We are decidedly of opinion that the generals in command would have acted most rashly had they made such an attempt, that the prospect of success was small, and that a failure would have been fatal. It would be foreign to our purpose to go into the question of the propriety of a more rapid advance from the Alma, or whether a due regard for the sick and wounded, and the difficulties of provisioning and of transport, were a sufficient justification for the delay of four or five days that intervened before the allies reached the ground in the immediate front of Sebastopol. We are to take up the circumstances as they then were, the question being why the place was not assaulted when the army did come before it. The allied armies then consisted of about 50,000 men. The Russians could not have had less than an equal number of infantry (every report gave larger numbers) including their seamen, who are notoriously, in the

Russian service, thoroughly practised as soldiers, and, being moreover good gunners, were particularly valuable in a defensive position. They had also a very superior force of cavalry, a very large proportion of field-artillery admirably horsed, a thorough knowledge of the country, and were masters of all its resources; in all which the allies, recently disembarked, were necessarily very deficient. The first object of Prince Menschikoff, after the battle of the Alma, must have been the security of Sebastopol, with its fine fleet and valuable and extensive arsenals. Accordingly he made a hasty retreat on that place to forward arrangements for its defence. Had the allies followed in the most rapid manner consistent with order, and found the great body of the Russian army in the place, what would have been the consequence? It must be borne in mind that, even in that case, there would have been no longer the confusion of a routed army, but ample time for re-forming the different regiments and corps; they would have occupied the strong position as above described (on the north was one equally strong and of a narrower front), and have been unattackable. To have attempted to shut them up there was utterly impossible. The line to have occupied would not have been less than from fifteen to twenty miles in extent, separated by the deep valley of the Tchernaya, against any part of which position the enemy might have concentrated an attack with nearly their whole force. Thus the communication with the interior would have been fully open to him on the north or south, and he could equally have divided his forces whenever he pleased. Prince Menschikoff's arrangements, however, were completed before we made our appearance, and a portion of his army was moved to the interior. The allies, in their forward movement, came upon their baggage at M'Kenzie's Farm, and reconnoitred their force, which appeared to be about 15,000 men. This, and the vast importance of retaining Sebastopol till reinforcements could be received, leave little doubt but that an ample garrison would be left in the place, and could not be estimated at less than from 25,000 to 30,000 men. These would be posted along the very strong positions round the place, on which, even at that early period, some heavy guns were mounted, and with a great available power of field-artillery to command the bare open country in the front, and some slight earthen parapets for cover, in addition to the defensible towers, walls, and buildings, with your backs to the sea, and an enemy's force at hand of a description not to be despised, to have made such an attempt would have been a most unjustifiable act of extreme rashness, and have compromised the safety of the whole army. On the other hand, we had a fine battering-

train at hand, with which we might hope to make an effective impression, and, at all events, without the desperate risk of the other course. And what are the arguments on the other side? First, a reputed vague expression by one who, it must be admitted, was a very able man and a good soldier, that such an attack might have been made, but, as far as we can learn, without any reasons being given founded on any good knowledge of the circumstances or much consideration; and it is somewhat remarkable that this very officer had himself served with the Russians, and, though he did his duty most gallantly against them, had an enthusiastic admiration of their military qualities or organisation, and who had constantly in his mouth, in reply to the least disparaging remark, 'Do not despise your enemy, sir; I know the Russians well, and they are not to be taken liberties with,' &c. Secondly, the report from deserters that the place was very unprovided with artificial defences when the allies appeared before it, that the troops were discouraged by the results of the Alma, and expected that it would be carried by assault. Such are the kind of reports that are almost always given by deserters, but in this case in a great degree true. The same men, however, estimated the number of the garrison far higher than has been above stated, no doubt in good faith, although probably much exaggerated. It proves, however, sufficiently, that it must have been very large. The opinions, besides, are those of the common soldiers, and those of the peculiarly ignorant class of the Russian soldier. That they may have entertained an unfavourable impression of their situation may very likely have been the case, but we have every reason to think—nay, to be assured—that they were not disheartened so as to admit of acts of extreme rashness to be undertaken against them. Certainly, no troops bear being beaten like the Russians. After every defeat—Alma, Inkerman, Tchernaya, &c.—they rise again with a noble infatuation, and every succeeding action has been fought by them with as much spirit, discipline, and energy as its predecessor. Thirdly, we have in favour of this measure the opinions of many 'gentlemen of England who live at home at ease,' that nothing great would be done in war if you look too narrowly at the consequences of failure—which may be granted; that it would have been a magnificent acquisition to have obtained Sebastopol—which may be also granted; but that it ought therefore to have been attempted is denied. That great acts have been performed by energetic generals and admirals which inferior characters would not have attempted—granted, on the understanding that there was always some reason in their actions. But then comes the deduction from these *data*, that they are a

justification for the most desperate proceedings, and that nothing is impossible to a great man; which is utter nonsense. There is not a man quoted as a hero, whose actions are to be followed, but has shrunk from attempts like the one here proposed."

In our narrative of the naval attack of the 17th of October, we have given, perhaps, the fullest account on record of that action. The question of ships *versus* stone fortifications was discussed in that portion of our pages. General Sir John Burgoyne has recorded his opinion on that subject, as upon other questions connected with the attack and defence of fortified places. As the especial object of this chapter is to review the outline of events already narrated, and complete the account by additional information, and by adducing additional authorities, it will be desirable to place before the reader Sir John Burgoyne's opinion on the capacity of fleets to attack sea-defences of exposed masonry:—"Although the masonry in fortifications should be well covered from distant cannonading, there are many occasions where this property must be dispensed with, or may be so with propriety, and the cases are chiefly in sea-batteries. A very small island, or rock, or point of land of very confined space, may be in a very influential position for opposing the approach of an enemy's ship, yet may barely be of sufficient size to hold a tower, large or small, upon it. The guns, however, may be multiplied by applying several tiers of them on a high building; and such constructions, although defective, and to be avoided if possible, with all their systematic evils have often a most powerful effect. It is quite a mistake to suppose that they can be readily destroyed or silenced by the most powerful shipping. First, unless the ships are very close (say within 200 yards) their fire will be weak, without precision, and ineffective. No other conclusion is to be drawn from the deliberate practice at a target, for in this case they will be in action, and surrounded by the opaque atmosphere created by the smoke. The inaccuracies will be still greater if the ship-guns require precise but varying degrees of elevation. The gunners from the tower, on the contrary, have other and far better guides for their fire—the masts, for instance, and all the advantage of the ricochet. Secondly, every shot (some of them, perhaps, red-hot) and every shell that hit the ship must do great mischief. Any one may cause her utter destruction, while a very large proportion of those which hit the tower will occasion no damage whatever. Thirdly, the ship, in its approach to take the very near station necessary to produce effect, will have to sustain a damaging fire, which it is then peculiarly unable to return; and even although there may be ample depth of water, the fire

and the smoke will themselves be great impediments to venturing into such close proximity to the shore. Fourthly, the breaching of a substantial wall, even six or seven feet thick, requires a very great deal of close and precise battering, and therefore the ships must be engaged several hours in this disadvantageous contest to effect the purpose. Thus against shipping the exposure of the masonry may be admitted to be of little consequence. Nor is it to be held as a positive fact that earthworks do not suffer from being battered. Earthen parapets, for instance, are utterly destroyed in sieges by the fire of shells, and so levelled as to afford comparatively no cover at all. But there are many other instances besides sea-batteries where exposed masonry walls are admissible—indeed, often essential. Thus it sometimes occurs that all that is required from a fortified post is security against a *coup de main*, as in cases where circumstances will not admit of the action of artillery against them. Likewise where the object of the work is attained if the enemy is forced, perhaps with much difficulty, to bring up guns to the spot, or in the case of the gorges of outworks, which it is expedient should be exposed to your own artillery, simple masonry walls are preferable to earthworks."

It is certain that too much was expected from the navy. Persons at home talked as if our ships had only to go in and batter down whatever opposed them. At Sebastopol this was not possible—the shoal was a great obstacle, the position of the forts was another; when close in our ships came under a raking cross-fire, the most terrible and destructive. The new plan of throwing shells horizontally from land batteries gives them a new advantage over ships. It was reported after the naval bombardment that Admiral Dundas was for lashing the line-of-battle ships to steamers, and to keep them moving about before the batteries. Sir Edward Colebrooke collected on the spot, immediately after the failure of the fleets, the opinion of naval and military engineer officers, and they were generally of opinion that such a plan would not answer, and that in fact Sebastopol was impregnable as to any attack from the sea.

It is to be doubted, therefore, whether the Baron de Bazancourt* is correct, whatever his opportunities of gaining good opinions, when he affirms that, "If the Russians, after the battle of the Alma, had not had that supreme inspiration which led them to sacrifice a part of their vessels in order to close the entrance to Sebastopol, without doubt, after receiving

* The Crimean Expedition, to the Capture of Sebastopol. Chronicles of the War in the East from its Commencement to the Signing of the Treaty of Peace. By the Baron de Bazancourt, charged with a Mission to the Crimea by the French Government.

the first fire, the fleet would have been able to pass through the channels, and to force the entrance to the harbour."

These circumstances tended to lower the navy both in England and on the Continent most unjustly. It had in no respect deteriorated; never were the tars of England, officers or men, more eager for glory or for duty. In the bombardment they were dauntless, desperate as was the encounter, and on shore they were the bravest of the brave. A gentleman whose profession, if not exactly a peaceable one, does not combat with the weapons of military warfare—a member of the Temple—thus wrote of our sailors from before Sebastopol, shortly after the failure of the naval attack:—"In the trenches their animal spirits showed themselves in the most exuberant daring. Captain Lushington, I heard the other day, told some of them who had worked for several hours at the Seaman's Battery, that they might 'now go and have a lark.' They instantly jumped on the parapets to have it *there!* At that battery, indeed, it is with the greatest difficulty that they are restrained from exposing themselves in this way every moment, as nothing will content them but watching the course of the balls as they fire them! There is but one martial duty with which they cannot be trusted, and that is to guard the casks of ration-run—the spirit invariably vanishes under their care. *A propos* of this little foible, somebody suggested, in reply to a remark on the difficulties of penetrating into Sebastopol, 'Only put up a grog-shop on the other side, and the sailors will find their way through!'"

The same writer does only justice to the spirit of the navy, and the naval spirit of the nation, when the sight of the little midshipmen, fresh from the battle, drew from him the remarks:—"What a softening, inexpressible grace is lent to a man-of-war by the middies! It is particularly striking after living in a camp exclusively composed of mature men. The army has nothing corresponding to these pretty little fellows, who, with their rosy cheeks, resemble their mannanas much more than they do the heroes they are one day to be. To meet them too, in the midst of stern work; and with the knowledge that it was but the other day that the poor boys were ducking their curly heads, and laughing, amidst shot and shell; possibly, with about the same sense of adventure as if it had been a game at snow-balls! Never dream of degeneracy in a land where mothers thus devote their offspring. Talk of Sparta—of Rome! England alone rocks her children on the wave, and war is the 'wolf' which suckles them."

Among the incidents before the besieged city, our narrative records the battle of the

Lesser Inkerman as the most complete and creditable act of the war, so far as good generalship is concerned. Sir Edward Colebrooke confirms this. In his journal, under date of October 28th, written in the camp, he observes:—"Heard particulars of the repulse of the Russian attack on the 26th, which was most decisive. The enemy came with great force against our right, but their dense columns encountered so hot a fire that they were driven back in great confusion. Prisoners said that Menschikoff harangued them, telling them the English guns were carried the previous day, and they had only to move forward now to drive us all into the sea."

In a work entitled *Journal of Adventures in the Crimea*,* by G. Cavendish Taylor, Esq., late of the 95th regiment, an excellent summary of this action is given. Mr. Taylor only arrived the day before, but saw the battle on the 26th. He says, in his concluding remarks on the Little Inkerman,—"It was a complete victory on our part, inflicting great damage on the enemy, with but small loss to ourselves—exactly the reverse of Balaklava. All who saw it say that it was the best and prettiest action of the campaign, and the only one in which any *generalship* was shown. It deserves a clasp at least as much as the battle of Balaklava; but it is thought nothing of—not even named or known in England, because the 'butcher's bill' was light. Had our losses been heavy, it would have been brought into notice."

The accounts given in the chapters which record the battle of Inkerman, and the service in the trenches, contain but a brief notice of the services of the third division (Lieutenant-general Sir Richard England's), which, being situated on the extreme left of the British position, nearest the French, was not exposed to the attacks from the Russian army in the field. It was from this division that the Ovens was supplied with defenders, and there was always great vigilance required to prevent the Russians stealing up through the ravine which separated the British and French positions. An officer of rank, whose services with the division were anxious and unremitting, in correspondence with the author, wrote a letter, the following extract from which shows how that division served and suffered. It was, however, kept well in hand by its gallant and experienced chief, and was enabled, therefore, to perform its onerous duties with advantage to the country and honour to itself:—"On the 5th of November, the general's attention was attracted by sharp musketry, three or

* Veteran officers, who served in the campaign, and fought in both the actions at Inkerman, have pronounced to the author of these pages a high opinion of Mr. Taylor's work.

four miles to the right, near the heights which overlook the ruins of Inkerman, and after providing for the security of his own front, where 1200 men of the third division were already in the advanced trenches, he took the Royals and the 50th, with some guns, to aid in repelling what soon appeared to be a serious attack, and with these troops joined the left of the light division. On this occasion these battalions lost forty men. Meantime the siege duties, vigilantly superintended, never ceased; and half the army was soon in hospital, or sent sick to Scutari. The cannonade kept even those who were seeking a moment's rest on the alert. But the incessant labour of the troops was not the less demanded to dig trenches and to defend them against the nightly efforts of our active enemy. Alarms were constant to drive back sorties, and officers were frequently on horseback during the night, to communicate orders. No service on which troops were ever employed could have produced more suffering. We held the advanced posts essentially with such few numbers that double vigilance alone saved them; and had the Russians known our weakness at points of importance, they would have overwhelmed us with ease. The French army disliked our ill-made trenches too much to accept any proposals for occupying them for us. In short, the third division, equally with the whole army, suffered from hardships, while it also was called upon for incessant skirmishes, and to repel nightly sorties of frequent recurrence."

In our account of the French expeditionary army, we did not furnish a detailed statement of the staff. The following, by the Baron de Bazancourt, supplies that omission. Our readers cannot fail to be impressed with the perfect organisation which this document implies. The names here recorded are interesting; many of them occurring in the important deeds transacted in the war, and recorded in this History.

COMPOSITION OF THE ARMY OF THE EAST.

Commander-in-chief.—MARSHAL DE SAINT-ARNAUD.
Aides-de-camp and Orderly Officers of the Commander-in-Chief.—Colonel Trochu, Aide-de-camp; Lieutenant-colonel de Wauvert de Genlis, Commandant-de-Place, Aide-de-camp; Captain Boyer, Aide-de-camp; Commandant Reille, Orderly Officer; Commandant Henry, Orderly Officer; Commandant Gramont, Duke de Lesparre, Orderly Officer; Commandant de Villers, Orderly Officer; Commandant Appert, Orderly Officer; Captain de Cugnae, Orderly Officer; Captain de Puysegur, Orderly Officer.

GENERAL STAFF.

Chief of the General Staff.—De Martimprey, General of Brigade.

Deputy Chief of the General Staff.—Jarras, Lieutenant-colonel.

Commander of the Artillery.—Lebeuf, Colonel.

Commander of the Engineers.—Tripiet, Colonel.

Military Intendant.—Blanchot, Military Intendant.

Provost Marshal.—Guise, Major of Gendarmerie.

Chief Almoner.—The Abbé Parabère.

Staff Officers, attached to the General Staff.—Renson, Major; Osmont, Major; D'Orléans, Captain; De la Hitte, Captain; De Rambaud, Captain.

Officers of Artillery, attached to the General Staff.—Malherbe, Major, Brigade-major; De Vassart, Second Captain, Deputy to the Commandant; Moulin, Second Captain, Deputy to the Commandant; Lafon, Second Captain, Deputy to the Brigade-major.

Officers of Engineers, attached to the General Staff.—De Chappedelaine, Lieutenant-colonel, Deputy to the Commandant; Dubois-Fresnay, Major, Brigade-major; Sarlat, Captain, Deputy to the Brigade-major; Schmitz, Captain, Deputy to the Commandant; Preserville, Captain, Deputy to the Commandant.

Functionaries of the Intendance, attached to the General Staff.—Blanc de Moline, Deputy-intendant of the 1st Class; Viguier, Deputy-intendant of the 2nd Class; Lucas de Missy, Deputy-intendant of the 2nd Class; Le Creurer, Deputy-intendant of the 2nd class; De Séganville, Deputy-intendant of the 2nd class; Gayard, Adjutant of the 1st Class; Leblanc, Adjutant of the 2nd Class.

Political and Topographical Service.—Desaint, Lieutenant-colonel, Chief of the Service; Davout, Major; Davenet, Captain; Perrotin, Captain.

In a former chapter notice was taken of the dispatch of a Turkish army to Eupatoria under Omar Pasha. Omar did not land at Eupatoria until the month of February, but throughout December and January his troops were dispatched from Varna, Burgas, Baltschick, and some from Constantinople. The proceedings of the redoubtable Turkish general in directing this expedition, and the character of his more active coadjutors, will find a suitable place in this chapter. At no period of Omar's previous career did he find so little opposition from the high Turkish party, but he was, nevertheless, still opposed. No one disputed his fitness for the command of that army; but attempts were made to surround his person with spies—men who would report all his actions and expressed opinions to the party at Constantinople opposed to him, and the more liberal section of the sultan's advisers. The wary chief indefatigably exerted himself to thwart these intrigues, but he did not entirely succeed in preventing the incapable and mercenary favourites of the court or the ministry from being appointed to important commissions in his army. He had, however, several officers of tried skill and courage upon whom he could rely in the hour of trial. The first division was commanded by Mehemet Ferik Pasha, its brigadiers being Terfik Pasha and Behram Pasha, better known to Englishmen by his English name and military title of Colonel Cannon. All these officers had seen service in the Danubian campaign, and Cannon was an officer of well-tried experience and courage. Salil Pasha commanded the second infantry division; he had the reputation of a good infantry officer. Ismail Pasha (not the Ismail Pasha who fought in the Asiatic campaign) commanded the third division; he also acquired reputation on the Danube. The cavalry were commanded by Halil Pasha, in whom the army had confidence. These divisions constituted, with their proper

accompaniments of artillery, engineers, sappers and miners, and staff, the first grand detachment of Omar's army. It was a fine body of troops; the men were picked for their superior appearance, good discipline, or experience in the Danubian campaigns. Some hundreds of the sultan's guard joined the ranks of these corps. Colonel Dieu was appointed French commissioner, and Colonel Symonds English commissioner to this army, each with the rank of brigadier. Omar evinced his usual skill and care. He understood well the impotence of the English at Varna and Devno, from their deficient transport and commissariat services. Even with the supplies of arabas, oxen, and labour, which he in various ways afforded them, while he occupied Shumla with the head-quarters of the Turkish army of Bulgaria, they were helpless, unless to send out the Earl of Cardigan on a "wild goose chase" after the Russians, whom he could hardly have expected to find, and which only issued in hardship to the men, and the loss of a large number of excellent horses. Omar determined, therefore, to secure for himself all necessary materials. The troops took a month's provision with them. At Varna and Baltschick he accumulated immense stores of biscuit, flour, preserved meats, butter, &c., and live stock. A flour mill, a bakery, and a slaughter-house, each on a large scale, were erected at Varna. The general knew what Bulgaria could provide; he had fought for and saved that province, taking care of his troops when garrisoned in it. Stores of wood and charcoal, and warm clothing, were found by him for the winter exigencies of his troops. An immense number of buffaloes, to serve as beasts of burden, were collected by him, but these animals did not thrive in the Crimea so well as either oxen or horses. Among his first distributions to the soldiers about to embark were fur-lined coats, with hoods which might be worn attached or otherwise, and which sheltered the head and neck from the bitter and biting northern blasts which sweep over the Crimea, and which are felt keenly at Eupatoria. The difficulties of this expedition were enormous,—proving how onerous an undertaking it is to bear large armies by sea to a hostile territory. It required two months for the Turkish navy to effect what the navies of the Western powers effected in about as many days.

Before these troops were embarked for their destination, the Russians had formed a large cavalry camp about ten miles from Eupatoria, making, as has been already shown, frequent razzias upon the Tartar flocks in the neighbourhood, and attacks upon the garrison. When

Liprandi moved from the Tchernaya, a large portion of his troops menaced Eupatoria. So slowly did Omar's army arrive, that had the Russians promptly attacked the place in force, there is no knowing what might have been the results. Independent, however, of the Turkish reinforcements, the number of English and French sailors and marines was increased, and the *Henri IV.*, wrecked on the 14th of November, was "beeched," and its guns made to command one of the approaches to the place most effectually. The other wrecked ships were also, in various ways, made to minister to the strength of the defence, their guns covering the ordnance armaments. In this state were matters at Eupatoria when the warlike operations of 1854 ended.

Looking upon all the events of the campaign, there was little to cheer the English people but the indomitable bravery of their troops. Good generals, and good regimental officers there were in the Crimea, but the chief command was vacillating and feeble, and this was the main source of evil. When the year closed, Lord Raglan was scarcely ever seen by the troops, and his person was probably unknown to the newer arrivals. No doubt his desire to serve the army to the utmost of his physical capacity was as strong as that of other officers; but his health was bad when he took the command—anxiety, and the murmurs of the English public, produced still more unfavourable effects upon it. He was physically unable to go about among the troops, or to see personally to any of the details of their supplies: yet this is essential to the authority of a commander-in-chief, the efficiency of the staff, and the perfection of an army. Such was the opinion of the great Napoleon, frequently expressed by him, and his great rival entertained the same view.

Shakspeare exhibits this important military truth, in the pages of his *Henry V.*, in a way strikingly appropriate to what was required, but not found, before Sebastopol:—

"O now, who will behold

The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent;
Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head:
For forth he goes, and visits all his host;
Bids them good morrow, with a modest smile,
And calls them—Brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath surrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night;
But freshly looks, and overbears attaint,
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks;
A largesse universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear."

CHAPTER LIII.

CLOSE OF OPERATIONS IN THE BALTIC (1854).—RETURN OF THE FLEET.—DISCUSSIONS BETWEEN SIR CHARLES NAPIER, THE ADMIRAL COMMANDING, THE ADMIRALTY, AND SIR JAMES GRAHAM, FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

"Where is the Briton's home?
Where the free step can roam,
Where the free sun can glow,
Where a free air can blow,
Where a free ship can bear
Hope and strength everywhere."—SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

In the twenty-sixth chapter, the operations of the Baltic fleet were related to the month of October. Admiral Plumridge's squadron, after having remained at Nargen for seven weeks, returned home. Admiral Chads' squadron had been at, and in the vicinity of, Led Sound for nine weeks. Symptoms of terminating the naval campaign were evident, the ships by degrees departing for England. Most of the returning ships stopped at Kiel, where, by the end of the third week in October, a large fleet was assembled. The Danes and Holsteiners received the English well, but reflected, as much as courtesy allowed, upon the disproportionate effects produced by so large a fleet. They reminded our officers and men of what Nelson effected at Copenhagen, with only a division of the fleet sent out against it, and our brave tars felt humiliated by the recital. The people of England were indignant at the little that was accomplished, and as they had implicit confidence in the admiral, their wrath was vented against the Admiralty. As the government had fallen under much obloquy, they were solicitous to wipe out the stain of a do-nothing policy, and the Admiralty directed letters to Sir Charles which irritated and offended the gallant old chief; communications in return were less respectful to "the lords" than they deemed consistent with the public service; hence rose a bitter controversy upon the return of the admiral, which led to much newspaper discussion and parliamentary debate. The merits of the contest involve the facts which are essential to a narrative of the conduct of the fleet, and therefore shall be briefly stated. Early in the expedition, the Admiralty, and more especially the first lord, urged upon the admiral the necessity of the greatest caution, as, in their opinion, ships were no match for stone walls. The despatches of the Admiralty, and the letters of the first lord were to this effect, until news of the fall of Sebastopol reached England in October, when, excited by the intelligence, their lordships urged the most active and enterprising course upon the admiral, at a period of the year when the weather was necessarily uncertain, and generally severe. The admiral could not, and would not, carry out such instructions, well knowing their execution to be impossible; and the ministry sought, there-

fore, to transfer the responsibility of the management of the expedition from their own shoulders upon his. The daring spirit of the valiant old chief feared admiralities as little as enemies, and ultimately published the correspondence, and permitted the country to obtain a closer glance into the intrigues which exist in that department of the administration of public affairs.

So early as the 1st of May, the first lord thus addressed the admiral:—"I by no means contemplate an attack on Sweaborg or Cronstadt. I have a great respect for stone walls, and have no fancy for running even screw line-of-battle ships against them. Because the public here may be impatient, you must not be rash; because they, at a distance from danger, are foolhardy, you must not risk the loss of a fleet in an impossible enterprise. I believe both Sweaborg and Cronstadt to be all but impregnable from the sea, Sweaborg more especially; and none but a very large army could co-operate by land efficiently, in the presence of such a force as Russia could readily concentrate for the immediate defence of the approaches to her capital."

In the month of July, when it was announced to Sir Charles that a French military force would afford him its assistance, the Admiralty expressed its hope of great advantage from such an auxiliary, but renewed its cautions:—"Bomarsund will be clearly within your reach. Sweaborg, if it were possible, would be a noble prize; but on no account be led into any desperate attempts; and above all things avoid the least risk of the Russian fleet slipping out of the Gulf of Finland when your back was turned."

The letters of Sir James Graham, the first lord of the Admiralty, and the official despatches of "the board," were often irreconcilable; and the admiral, unable to comply with both, was puzzled and vexed, and in his usual *brusque* manner expressed what he felt. His opinion as to the feasibility of attacking Sweaborg or Cronstadt was very distinctly communicated by him in his despatch of the 29th of August:—"If you attack the islands with an overwhelming force of gun and mortar-boats, backed by the fleet and steamers, I believe you would destroy it; but it would be a work of

time. I do not think our present force would do it, and the season is much too far advanced to attempt it."

After the fall of Bomarsund, and the reconnaissance of Sweaborg and Cronstadt, consultations were held among the allied admirals and generals as to the possibility, with the forces under their disposal, of conquering these places. General Baraguay d'Hilliers, in command of the French army, gave an unhesitating opinion that it was possible. His chief of the engineering-staff, General Niel, was even more strongly in favour of that view. The celebrated engineer officer, General Jones, who commanded the English, concurred in these views. The military officers generally were of opinion that the fleet alone could accomplish the destruction of the fortifications. The allied admirals combated these opinions. The French Admiral Deschênes, and his second in command, gave their opinions coolly, that the fleets could not destroy either Sweaborg or Cronstadt without the assistance of the troops, and it was doubtful if, even then, much impression could be made upon these stupendous fortresses. Admirals Napier, Chads, Plumridge, and in fact all the officers in the British navy whose opinion was deemed of importance, declared these strongholds impregnable to the forces then opposed to them. Sir Charles Napier communicated his opinion to the editor of the *Times* in the following terms:—"I send you a chart of Sweaborg and Helsingfors, and a plan of their fortifications, showing the adjacent islands and sunken rocks. Show them to any naval officer, young or old (and you must know many), and ask him if it is possible in winter to place buoys and beacons on those rocks and shoals; to conduct a fleet alongside the batteries of Sweaborg, having neither gun-boats nor mortar-boats to cover the approach of the vessels and boats; to place the buoys on the sunken rocks, all of which are within range of the enemy's batteries. It will require several days for this operation, and they will be under fire night and day. The Russians themselves could not navigate these seas without beacons, and they are all removed. During the time the process of buoying is going on, the fleet must lie at anchor among the outer rocks. Imagine to yourself, sir, a south-west gale coming on (and in the winter without warning), and judge what would become of your fleet and gun and mortar-boats. A great number of the former would be driven on the rocks, and the latter would either be swamped or obliged to take refuge in the enemy's harbour."

On the 29th of August, Sir James Graham ordered Sir Charles to send home his sailing ships; subsequently the Admiralty censured him for doing so. The first lord sent out an order, and the Admiralty censures the officer

for obedience to the order of their own first lord, who is the responsible adviser of the crown in connection with naval affairs! On the 25th of September, the admiral was very explicit in his communications to the Admiralty lords. He showed that gun-boats, and other craft of light draft, but heavily armed, were essential to attack such extensive fortifications, resting on the strongest masonry and solid rock; and that, at such a season of the year, the enterprise would be most perilous. As the English people became angry, however, their lordships became impatient, and letters were written to the admiral urging him to attack and destroy something—evidently to redeem their own administrative reputation, and to make a fair show of official life before parliament. The principal actors in this line of conduct were the first lord, Sir James Graham, and the first naval lord, Admiral Berkeley. Admiral Dundas, who commanded the Baltic fleet in 1855, was a lord of the Admiralty, and joined in these proceedings; but when in command himself, he took care to avoid attempting anything which he joined others in censuring Sir Charles for not performing; for, although he attacked Sweaborg, he did so with appliances denied to Sir Charles. As a specimen of the letters addressed to Admiral Napier in October, the following communication from Sir James Graham will show the *animus* of the government:—"War is not conducted without risks and dangers; prudence consists in weighing them, and firmness in encountering them; and nothing great by sea or land can be achieved without considerable peril." This is a curious exemplification of the mode in which a thorough ministerial and government hack will say and unsay, as his interests or policy may lead. The following letter, of the 10th of October, in reply to an official communication from the secretary of the Admiralty, written on the 4th of October, will in a short compass declare the opinions of all the admirals which in previous despatches Sir Charles had presented to "the board."

Duke of Wellington, Nargen, Oct. 10, 1854.

SIR,—Before I received your letter of the 4th of October, I had written the accompanying letter, No. 558, giving my reasons for withdrawing from this anchorage; and, notwithstanding their lordships' letter of the 4th instant, I still think it my duty to persist in my intention. I have already given my reasons for withdrawing the sailing ships, and I thought I was following up Sir James Graham's wishes. Neither this anchorage or Baro Sound are fit for a fleet in the winter. My letter will clearly point out my reasons. Their lordships will see that we are losing anchors and cables every day, and we shall soon be losing ships.

Their lordships ask me, if I think Sweaborg can be laid in ruins, why I do not attack it? I reply, that before the ships should go alongside the batteries, my plan was to have it bombarded with mortars, shells, and rockets, from the islands and gun-boats, for a day or two, Lancaster guns, &c., and then, when well bombarded, the ships should go alongside and finish the work. The want

of means is one obstacle—the weather the next—why I do not attack it. Their lordships tell me to choose my day. There has not been a day since I have been here that it was possible to attack Sweaborg. It requires many days. The channels are studded with sunken rocks; they must be all sounded and buoyed, and if it came on to blow, the fleet would inevitably be lost, and I should be unworthy of the command I hold if I risked it. It would be a long operation. Their lordships have not the most distant idea of the dangers. Whether the Russian fleet in Cronstadt would venture out, if we were disabled, I know not, but the Sweaborg fleet would. I have never altered my opinion, that Sweaborg must be first attacked by mortars, shells, and gun-boats, &c.; but I never would have advised them to be sent here at this season. My second reconnaissance was never intended to open a new view—the view I first took, and the last, were the same. Their lordships say, the final decision must rest with me, and if the attack be desperate, it must on no account be undertaken. I look upon it that no man in his senses would undertake to attack Sweaborg at this season of the year; and even in a fine season I doubt much the success, without the means I have pointed out. A telegraphic message has stopped the French admiral's return to the Gulf, which I am glad of. His presence would be useless; and I have directed Admiral Plumridge not to come here, for the same reason.

When a council of war, composed of five admirals, viz.:—Vice-admiral Parseval and myself, and Rear-admirals Penaud, Chads, and Seymour, and in which a sixth (Rear-admiral Martin) concurred, had given their opinion that neither our resources nor the season would permit an attack on Sweaborg, I should have thought that both their lordships and the public would have been satisfied; and I beg further to tell their lordships, that there is not an admiral in the British service that would have ventured to attack such a fortress at this season of the year; and as their lordships have so frequently returned to this question, it leads me to believe that, notwithstanding the praises that they have heaped upon me for my conduct in the Baltic, and judging from the altered tone of their letters, I have reason to think I have lost the confidence of their lordships. If that is the case, I shall be perfectly ready to resign my command; but, as long as I hold it, I will do what I think is best for the good of her majesty's service, and for the safety of the fleet I command, which I think is greatly endangered by our present position, and we are risking our ships for no adequate purpose.

I have the honour to be, &c.

CHARLES NAPIER, *Vice-admiral*.

To the Secretary of the Admiralty.

All the views expressed by the writer of the foregoing letter were acted upon by the admiral who, in 1855, succeeded him in the command; but the Admiralty did not even place at that officer's disposal, the means which Sir Charles pointed out as essential to success. He had, however, such means to some extent; but so badly constructed were the gun and mortar vessels that they were to a considerable degree unserviceable, so that when Sweaborg was ultimately bombarded, the result was incomplete. A statement of these facts, anticipatory of a future chapter, is necessary to explain several of the allusions and remarks in the following letter of Sir Charles. We know, from the gallant admiral himself, that he is anxious to bury the past in oblivion, so far as personal injustice is concerned; but his desire for the good of the service and of the country compelled him to vindicate his command, and expose the time-serving and trimming at the Admiralty, from which he suffered.

"Sir,—I have shown that I did not attack Sweaborg for two reasons:—1st, because I had not proper means; and 2nd, because it was a dangerous season of the year. Admiral Dundas has shown that, after forty-five hours' bombardment the batteries were little injured, and, with all his gun and mortar-boats, he never contemplated an attack by his fleet in the month of August. Is it, then, just to blame me for not attacking Sweaborg, without either gun or mortar-boats, in the month of October, and with only sixteen sail of the line? I shall now show how the Admiralty perverted my letter. The date of their lordships' letter to me was the 4th of October, the day they received the news of the fall of Sebastopol. On the 9th of October they heard Sebastopol *had not fallen, and before they received my reply* the order for the return of the French fleet and Admiral Plumridge's squadron to the Gulf of Finland was countermanded, and the attack of Sweaborg given up. The Admiralty may explain this, and also why they picked a quarrel with me.

"Admiral Berkeley said he had run an honest race with me for the command of the Baltic fleet; and perhaps he was inclined to start again; as Sir James Graham, after setting the public against me, and sucking my brains, wanted my place for some one else. My complaint against the Admiralty is, that they deliberately perverted my letter of the 25th of September, and I shall now prove it, and even the *Times* will not be able to deny it. This is an unusual course I admit; but my reputation is dearer to me than my commission, which they can take if they like. They well-nigh ruined my peace of mind before I left the Baltic, and it was all I could do to bear up against it. Their letter was dated the 4th of October, and I received it on the 10th, together with one from Admiral Berkeley, and one from the editor of the *Times*, while at anchor at Nargen. The three together came like a clap of thunder; a feather would have knocked down a stronger man.

"My observations on the letter will show that their lordships changed the whole meaning of it, which, to an officer on whom they had heaped so much praise, was heart-breaking and insulting; and I will venture to say that there is no precedent for it at the Admiralty. I shall take the letter, and dissect it paragraph by paragraph.

LETTER.

Their lordships observed that my second reconnaissance of Sweaborg gave rise to more pressing and serious considerations.

REPLY.

My first reconnaissance and my second were nearly the same. The first was made on the 12th of June, and sent home on the 13th of July, *not the 12th of June*, as I stated. It was Admiral Chads I sent home at that date with my observations.

LETTER.

You desire us not for a moment to suppose that Sweaborg cannot be attacked, and you proceed to point out in detail the precise mode in which the operation ought to be conducted, according to your judgment, on a careful review of all the difficulties and dangers.

You express your opinion, that if your plan of attack by the ships were adopted, you are quite certain the fortress would be laid in ruins, and most probably an entrance opened to the ships.

What then are the obstacles to the immediate attempt? If the diminution of your force be one, we have reason to believe the French fleet has been ordered to rejoin you off Sweaborg, and, by telegraph, we have directed Admiral Plumridge to hold himself in readiness to return to the Gulf of Finland, if he hear from you that the presence and assistance of his squadron are required.

You intimate an opinion that the uncertainty of the weather at this advanced season of the year is an objection to the attack; you may choose your day and your opportunity, as some risk must always attend every great operation.

You anticipate an attack by the Russian fleet, if many of your ships be crippled or destroyed. We are always reminded that the Russians are most unwilling to navigate the Gulf of Finland in line-of-battle ships when autumn has commenced, and Cronstadt is always blocked up by ice fourteen days before Sweaborg is closed. The attack, therefore, on Sweaborg might be

REPLY.

I pointed out two modes of attack—one with ships alone, the success of which would be very doubtful and many ships would be lost, and this was not a proper season; another with ships, gun-boats, rockets, Lancaster guns, 13-inch mortars on the islands, and a vast supply of shot, shells, and rockets, in addition to the ships. This mode I thought certain. This is perversion the first.

I expressed no such opinion: quite the contrary. I said, whether this attack would succeed or not it is impossible to say. That we must calculate on ships being set on fire by red-hot shot and shells, of which they would have abundance; and, whether successful or not, it is evident the ships would be in no condition to meet the Russian fleet afterwards; and, if the attack was made at this season of the year, when you cannot depend on the weather for two hours together, I do not know how many would be lost.

The want of the appliances I pointed out to ensure success. Had Admiral Plumridge and the French squadron rejoined, with a month's provisions he was ordered to take in, it would have been nearly expended before he joined, and he could have done no good in the end of October—the period their lordships thought most favourable for attack, but which I thought the most unfavourable.

Most certainly it is an objection, and a vital one.

Choose my day, indeed! there were not two days the whole time I lay at Nargen, that I could have attacked such a fortress as Sweaborg, even had I had the means to destroy it: it would have required a week. As for risk, I never eared a straw about that in my life, when there was the least chance of success.

Whoever wrote this ought not to be trusted with the management of the British fleet. Had I been such an idiot as to have attended to it, I should have most inevitably lost the British fleet. It is not correct that Cronstadt is blocked up fourteen days before Sweaborg. It is open that time: but blocking up is quite another thing. One night in the latter end of October,

LETTER.

made towards the latter end of October, with least danger of attack from the Cronstadt portion of the Russian fleet.

Recent events in the Black Sea will not encourage the Russians to attempt any enterprise of more than usual hazard and daring at this precise moment.

It is true that additional boats, having Lancaster guns, and mortar-vessels, have not been sent to the Baltic, since we were led to believe that Cronstadt and Sweaborg were unassailable by naval means alone.

Your second reconnaissance of Sweaborg opens a new view, and the presence or absence of a few guns of an improved construction, or even of mortar-vessels, cannot make the whole difference between a possible or impossible attack.

This order is founded on your own last report.

The final decision must rest entirely with yourself. If the attack on Sweaborg, in present circumstances, be desperate, it must on no account be undertaken by you; if, calculating the ordinary chances of war, and on a full consideration of the strength of the enemy's fortress and fleets, you shall still be of opinion that Sweaborg can be laid in ruins, it will be your duty, with the concurrence of the French admiral, not to omit the opportunity.

"I have now stated my case fairly, and the public must judge whether I am right or wrong. I shall merely add, that the whole of the summer I was cautioned to beware of granite walls by Sir James Graham, and the moment the winter commenced, I was goaded to attack them. Had the Emperor of Russia been first lord of the Admiralty, he would just have written me such letters.

"I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

"CHARLES NAPIER."

"Merchistown, August 28, 1855."

REPLY.

with an easterly wind, would freeze at Sweaborg. What would have been said had the fleet been caught in the ice? We shall see whether Admiral Dundas will be ordered to choose a day and opportunity at the end of October to assemble his fleet, and make an attack on Sweaborg, now the magazines are blown up, and dockyards burnt.

Recent events in the Black Sea were a miserable deception; more recent events showed that the British fleet was nearly destroyed. And, had that been known at the Admiralty, Sir James Graham's cautions to me would have been repeated, instead of his goading language.

I never led you to believe anything of the sort, but quite the contrary; and I doubt whether Sir James Graham ever submitted my letter to the Board. It was sent to him on the 18th of July, and Admiral Chad's on the 14th of June.

Admiral Dundas seems to think very different; for, even with the forty-five vessels he had, and mortars on the island, he did not think fit to bring up his fleet, which proves that the absence of gun and mortar-vessels just made the difference between the possible and impossible attack.

No such thing.

Such is substantially the controversy between Sir Charles Napier and the government, involving the feasibility of an attack upon Sweaborg or Cronstadt. As Sir Charles Napier said in another publication, the French and British army sent out to Åland was too large to be employed in attacking small and detached places, and too small to be entrusted with the capture of Helsingfors or Cronstadt. The reconnaissance of the military leaders issued, as we have seen, in an opinion adverse to that of the admirals; those officers, with the commanders of the fleet, examined also carefully the Finnish coast. They found Åbo exactly in the condition described by Captain Scott, recorded in a former chapter—defended by powerful land batteries, which could not be approached by ships of the line or frigates, while gun-boats moved about ready to attack any ship which met with the slightest misfortune in the attempt. When the reconnoitring steamer passed round Hango Head, the officers discovered that the fortifications which previously existed there had been pulled down, the Russians calculating upon the likelihood that the allies would capture or destroy them. These fortifications consisted of Fort Gustavum, a very formidable defence; with two lesser works, called Fort Meyerfeld and Fort Gustaf Adolf. The troops and the country people were set to work immediately before the appearance of the British, and, in a very short time demolished all these fortifications. From Åbo, the allied chiefs advanced to Sweaborg, which was attentively and anxiously surveyed from the nearest distance that the steamer could approach, the result of their review we have already stated. The reconnaissance of Cronstadt issued also in a decision unfavourable to an attack. It was reported that a portion of the imperial family were there at the time of both Sir Charles Napier's reconnaissances, which occurred within a short time of each other. Many stories connected with this circumstance were current soon afterwards, the principal one of which has been already related. A letter from the Gulf of Finland gave some details in connection with this subject which were deserving of credit:—"After having passed in review the 12,000 men of the imperial guard sent to reinforce the garrison, the emperor ordered a representation of a defence on the part of the forts Constantine, Alexander, Peter I., and Cronstadt, which command the entrance of the pass. They fired for an hour, but did not, it appears, give much satisfaction to the Grand Duke Constantine, who is considered a good judge of such matters. The emperor afterwards visited three screw steamers, the *Czar*, the *Constantine*, and the *Viborg*, which are now being completed, but whose machinery, ordered in England, is still wanting.

He then went to see a new apparatus for obstructing the passage into the port, and which was invented by an American engineer, consisting of a square wooden framework filled with enormous stones, and presenting sharp stakes sticking out and coming to nearly the level of the water. It is said that the immersion of these machines is a difficult matter, and that they do not answer. The emperor seemed out of spirits during his visit to Cronstadt. That circumstance did not tend to remove the disquietude of the population; and the next day great terror was excited by the fact of the general and the colonel charged with the direction of the artillery, as well as the colonel of engineers, being sent off to the Caucasus, to serve in the army in their grades, but at the bottom of the list for each. Every person has been forbidden to quit Cronstadt for fear of augmenting the public disquietude."

At this juncture the excitement of the people of Sweden, Norway, and Finland, was very great; and if the allies had had an army on the Finnish coast, or could they have entered into a treaty offensive and defensive with the united dominions of Sweden and Norway, it would have enabled them to have struck a blow which the czar would have felt to the pedestal of his throne; or if it were too late in the year to effect anything in 1854, matters might have been set in order against the spring of 1855, when hostilities could have been resumed under auspices more favourable—Russia must have succumbed to such a coalition. The Swedish and Norwegian press contained most able speculations upon the prospects of the war with Russia, especially the *Aftonbladet*. Another journal, the *Gotheborge Handels og Sjöfarts Tidning*, contained a series of articles on the subject of an immediate alliance of Sweden with the Western powers, and the fruits which would be borne. The following is a specimen, and the reasoning is apparently sound; it is at all events specious, and deserved the serious attention of all the countries concerned:—"Supposing that a Swedish army of 20,000 or 25,000 men marched into Finland, it could only be opposed by a lesser force, the Russians being obliged to leave at least 10,000 men at Sweaborg, and detach several corps along the coast, threatened as it is by the allied fleets. Could the result be doubtful, when it is remembered that the Swedes have hitherto always beaten a superior enemy, and that in the case they would be supported by the Western powers? And, as to the Finns themselves, could even the most incarnate Russian maintain that we had to fear any resistance from them? We have proved, that although the Swedish sympathies of the Finns may be

cooled, they nevertheless have not turned towards Russia; but that, on the contrary, the whole thinking part of the nation looks with mistrust to that side, in respect to the future as well as the present. We believe that those sympathies would be awakened if a Swedish army, preceded by proclamations commemorating our old connections, our common remembrances and hopes, entered Finland. Many a warrior from 1808-9 is still alive who willingly would support his old comrades; others have bequeathed their Russian hatred, and their fondness for the Swedish standard, to their sons. The hope of a new era—the loathing of being subject to a power inferior in spiritual culture to every other European nation, and to Finland itself—the ties of blood which still exist between Swedes and Finns—the commercial advantages of a union with Sweden—all this would procure us open or hidden allies in every corner of Finland. A people's sense of independence may be lulled asleep; it can never be destroyed. The Finns are well aware that united to Sweden they obey law, and not arbitrary power, and that their sons will not be sent away to Siberia without previous sentence. Supported by a friendly population in the country, by a powerful fleet on the coasts, which would scatter the forces and the attention of the enemy, the Swedish army, inflamed by the enthusiasm of a just cause, by the ardent desire of avenging at last the former treachery and violence of Russia, would before long chase them from every corner of Finland, and once more dictate peace. As to the defence of Finland, when conquered, it ought to be mentioned that this country, which at the beginning of the century had a standing army of 12,400 men, would now be able to put forth an army of 25,000 men; that Sweden, which needs not at present, as in 1808, to be afraid of an attack on the part of its neighbour, might easily send forth a similar quantity of troops to Finland; and, finally, that nothing could hinder us from entertaining in time of peace a proportionally larger army there than at home, on account of that province being the only one subject to foreign invasion. A famous man, and an excellent authority in those matters, Charles XIV., says, in a letter to Napoleon, 'Sweden possesses the elements of a great force; its inhabitants are naturally warlike.' Its constitution admits of the formation of an army of 150,000 men, and its male population affords the means of so doing. However, our foreign policy is marked with the stamp of weakness, dulness, and impotence, as if we could not lift our arm without looking out for a protector. Is this worthy of a nation which more than once has carried the destiny

of Europe on her sword's point? But it is not only for power and glory, not only for revenge and redress, that we look to Finland; it is our own safety, our existence, we seek there. This time Russia has misreckoned. This time Russia shall not conquer Turkey. But from this fruitless attempt she will learn that the way to Constantinople goes across Sweden. Therefore, to prevent Russia, or to be prevented by her, that is the question. If by a diversion in Finland we facilitate the approach of the allied fleets to St. Petersburg, Russia perhaps never more will threaten the liberty of the world. If not—if we let this occasion of reconquering of Finland escape us—Russia will not allow a new one to present itself to us. Laid open to her plundering hosts, degraded in the eyes of Europe by our faint-heartedness, Sweden, the glorious country of Charles and Gustavus, will cease to be a branch of the great European family, and become a nameless portion of the crowd of slaves which creep around the throne of the Autocrat."

Finally, as to the discussion of what was possible at Sweaborg or Cronstadt, the following remarks of Sir Charles Napier seem indisputably conclusive. The speech was delivered before the electors of Southwark, and after the failure of Admiral Dundas at Sweaborg, in 1855, to do more than silence the fortifications, burn some ships and sheds, and blow up some magazines, leaving Sweaborg unoccupied and Helsingfors untouched:—"There were possibly many officers in the navy who, if they had been in his position, might have done a great deal more than he had; but he did what he thought was right. He had performed what he believed to be within the range of possibility, and as much as he had thought that British seamen were capable of accomplishing. At the same time, he boldly stated that there was not one man or officer in that fleet who would not have given him three cheers, if he had offered to take them under the walls of Sweaborg and Cronstadt. Every one knew that we were engaged in a war which he had almost called 'a disastrous war,' seeing the immense amount of life and treasure which had been sacrificed in it; but it was not to be supposed that we were, therefore, not to prosecute it with vigour. Until recently he could not say that the government had carried on this war as it ought to have been carried on. It had not been carried on in the Baltic as it should have been. He did not blame his successor, Admiral Dundas, in the smallest degree, because he had done his best with the means at his disposal; but he blamed the Admiralty of the day, who had planned the campaign in the Baltic. They had sent an insufficient quantity of gun-boats and mortars,

and instead of assembling the fleet in front of Sweaborg, they—greatest fault of all—allowed it to be scattered about over the whole of the Baltic. He spoke advisedly when he said that if the mortar-boats had not failed—some splitting up and others bursting—and if there had been 100 there instead of 15 or 16, supported by the fleet, we might have destroyed Sweaborg entirely. Had such been the case, he was satisfied Sweaborg would have been destroyed after two days' bombardment. For whatever had gone amiss, therefore, in the Baltic he did not blame the admiral, but the plan; up to a certain point the government had acted in an imbecile manner. There was no excuse this year. The government had been warned in June, 1854, that Sweaborg could not be taken in two days, and yet, with Sebastopol staring them in the face, after eleven months' siege, and upwards of 1000 guns and mortars blazing away at it, one might have expected a little more patience and reason from them."

While the British fleet was cruising about the strongholds of the czar, a new instrument of sea defence was adopted by the latter. One of the officers of the *Merlin* wrote the following unpublished account of what that vessel experienced from this novel instrument for injuring ships, and which has been generally denominated an "infernal machine." On board his ship was the justly celebrated painter of marine scenes, Mr. Carmichael, an engraving of whose picture, "taking Soundings under the Batteries of Cronstadt," embellishes this work.

One P.M.

"H.M.S. *Merlin*, with Admiral Penaud and several French and English officers on board, left the anchorage to take a survey of Cronstadt, first from the north and afterwards from the south-west; the *Merlin* was accompanied by the French steam corvette —, and H.M.S. *Dragon* and *Firefly*. Unfortunately it was very hazy, and we had not so good a view of the north side as we could wish, but one point was decided, that they have thirteen steam gun-boats, having but one mast or signal pole; their length appears to be about 200 feet, and their breadth about thirty feet; they are very low shallow-looking vessels, and appear to have four large guns, but from the haze and the distance it could not be ascertained for certain.

"After taking a good view of the place we proceeded towards the lighthouse. About three o'clock—the ship going at the rate of five knots an hour—we received a very heavy shock, which made the ship's masts shake like 'coach whips;' the engines were immediately stopped, but the ship still kept her way through the water, which convinced every one that it was

the explosion of an 'infernal machine' under our bottom. The watch below, who were perhaps nearly all asleep at the time, frightened by the shock, came rushing up the fore-ladder—some without caps, others without frocks, &c.; the quick way in which they came from below can only be known to those who witnessed it, and others who have seen the activity of an English sailor. Orders were then given to reverse the engines, when we received another shock greater than the first. Several shot were shaken out of the racks, and rolled about the deck. At this time the *Firefly* was coming up astern, and, in order to prevent her from getting into danger, all hands abaft set to work waving their caps in the most frantic manner: Captain Sullivan even lost his band while waving his cap to her. The open pendant was shown, when the *Firefly* put her helm to port, and then stopped, coming up along side of us the star-board side. She was not long before she got a taste of it herself, the explosion was distinctly heard by every one on board of us, although no smoke was to be seen. After taking cross bearings of the place we steamed quickly out, and then went round to the south-west, as was first intended we should. The *Firefly* left us to rejoin the admiral. Being under sailing orders, and hearing that there was a grand smash in the engineers' mess-room, I went down to have a look at it, when I found that everything in the shape of crockery was broken—all the racks, shutters, in fact, the bulkhead itself was blown down; the scene will be better explained to you by a sketch taken on the spot by a Mr. Carmichael, who was on board. I then went down in the lower store-room, where a tank with eight cwt. of tallow had been moved four feet from its original place by the explosion, which was near about that spot, for the ship's side was slightly bulged in, and a wooden girder was broken. Altogether we had a very narrow escape, but after all was over it was quite laughable to see the different places that had suffered."

While the fleet lay at Nargen, a number of seamen arrived who had been prisoners. It will be recollected by our readers, that when the attack on Gamla Karleby was made, the *Future's* boat was captured and taken on shore. She had run foul of a sunken vessel, and was therefore not in a condition to resist. The treatment which these men reported as having received from the Russians was such as to leave a very favourable impression of their captors. The wounded were especially cared for in the hospital at Gamla Karleby; the other prisoners were sent to Helsingfors. The inhabitants of Gamla Karleby seemed to vie with one another in kindness; for it was to

these patriotic Finns, rather than to the Russian authorities, that the invalids were indebted for the good things which they received. Of these there was abundance and variety: bread, butter, cakes, baked in the fashion of the country—beautiful seed cake, which the Finnish housekeepers are particularly expert in preparing—beef, rice, vegetables, especially potatoes—tea, sugar, coffee, were afforded to them. Before the inhabitants supplied them with cakes they had only dark rye bread, to which Englishmen have a strong objection. General Wendt, the commandant of the place, in the most generous manner, had meanwhile bread baked for them at his own expense. Nor did his generosity stay there—wine, which is expensive in Finland, was sent to their wards, and to the mess-table of such as were able to attend it, with fruits, and what the men prized more than all, pipes and tobacco. Upon their recovery they were “rigged out” with a new suit of excellent blue cloth; new shoes and woollen socks, and a cloth cap, were also given them. Several of the men died, and these received decent and honourable sepulture. A Finnish Protestant clergyman officiated at their grave: they were not thrown into a common pit, as the English were at Scutari by their own government, but placed in a decent coffin, and attended to the grave by the convalescents of their own countrymen, and by the principal inhabitants. After some time these pleasant quarters were changed, the English steamer *Leopard* made hostile demonstrations, and in consequence the prisoners were sent seventy miles inland to Imola. There they were obliged to wear an hospital dress, and to partake of the soldiers’ rations. Permission was given them to converse with the peasantry, whom they found courteous and hospitable in the extreme—a fine, manly, generous-hearted set of men, and the women modest and maidenly, or matronly, as be seemed them; the general population were represented by the liberated prisoners as exceedingly religious and moral. On the 21st of September they were sent in light spring-carts to Abo, and there put on board a small steamer and sent to Led Sund, where they were delivered up to the British authorities, who sent them on to Nargen.

A glance at the condition of Finland, and the character of the Finns, has been given in a previous chapter when touching upon the operations of this naval campaign. The excellent conduct of the Finns to our poor captured seamen will increase the reader’s interest in the people and their country. The following statistics connected with Finland may be relied upon:—“The internal trade of Finland is of very little consequence; however, the

new Saima Canal, finished in 1844, has facilitated the communications at home. The foreign trade is considerable. The most important export articles are timber (planks and boards), potash, tar, cattle, butter, meat, tallow, and fish; the exports amount to 3,000,000 silver roubles yearly. The official language of the land is Swedish. The Lutheran evangelical religion is the predominant creed, confessed by at least 1,500,000 of the inhabitants; the rest belong chiefly to the Greek Church. Politically speaking, the Finns may be divided into three classes:—1. The old Swedish Finns, regretful of the former union to Sweden, and wishing it back. They are not numerous, but among them may be found some very influential men. This party has its ramifications, supported by family alliances, all over Sweden. 2. The Russian Finns, fond of belonging to a powerful empire, and grateful for past and present imperial favours. They belong chiefly to the nobility and to the higher class of public functionaries, but are neither numerous nor powerful, inasmuch as they are not rooted in the national soil. 3. Last, not least, the Finnish Finns. Although cherishing the civilisation which they have received from Sweden, being fond of their Swedish recollections, and, on the whole, animated by a friendly feeling towards the Swedes, they nevertheless do not desire a political union with Sweden; still less do they aspire to being Russians. They want to be Finns, and nothing else. The large bulk of the nation, from the professor to the peasant, belongs to this party. The population of Finland, according to the census of 1852, amounted to 1,636,915 inhabitants. Finland is a most uneven country, with a great variety of mountains and valleys, and nearly devoid of plains, with exception only of the coast of Osterbotten (Wasa-land). For the most part, the west coast of Finland is flat, though rather rocky and craggy near the Qvarken, the narrowest part of the Gulf of Bothnia; and the peculiar kind of shoals and shallows which are successively heaped up by the sea cause a great deal of inconvenience in the harbours. The climate of Finland is harsh and cold, the winter long and severe. The principal livelihood of the Finns, especially in the south-western parts of the country, is agriculture. The potato production amounts to 1,500,000 tons yearly, and Finnish hemp, flax, and tar, are sufficiently well known in England. Even tobacco is cultivated in different places. Gardening is in a poorer state, on account of the climate. The forests are extensive and considerable; the most important species of trees are birch and pine. The meadows and pastures, although left to themselves, without any care or inspection, are

excellent, and afford sufficient food to the horses, cattle, sheep, goats, and reindeer of Finland, which, when compared, for instance, with those of Norway, are not, on the whole, inferior to them either in quality or quantity. The manufactures are not numerous. In 1851, 148 factories occupied 3364 persons, and gave a brutto-revenue of 1,295,621 silver roubles. The cotton mills and the glass manufactures are the most important. It is just to state that the Russian government has, in this respect, most liberally supported every useful undertaking in Finland."

In consequence of a peremptory despatch from home, the commander-in-chief of the fleet sent the greater part of his remaining ships to Kiel, on their way to England. The *Duke of Wellington*, *St. Jean d'Acre*, *James Watt*, *Princess Royal*, *Blenheim*, *Hogue*, *Edinburgh*, *Royal George*, *Nile*, *Cesar*, *Majestic*, and *Cressy*, weighed anchor on the 19th of October, but, in consequence of bad weather, it was not until the 28th that they had all reached the rendezvous. At the same time the blockade of the Gulf of Bothnia was raised; that of the Gulf of Finland was maintained by a squadron of steamers, consisting of the *Euryalus*, *Arrogant*, *Impérieuse*, *Magicienne*, *Desperate*, *Basilisk*, *Bulldog*, and *Dragon*, under Captain Watson. During November little could be effected, nor was the blockade very strictly maintained. At the close of that month there was at the anchorage of Kiel a formidable fleet, notwithstanding that so many ships had returned home; there were thirteen ships, carrying 1100 guns, and containing 10,000 men. The steam squadron cruised about the Finland Gulf, impeded by mists, fogs, high winds, and at last the formation of ice. In the first week of December, Captain Watson abandoned the blockade in consequence of the ice. Most of the larger ships at Kiel steered for the Sound, preparatory to their return home, and by the close of the month the whole fleet was in English harbours. On the last day of the year, the *Duke of Wellington*, *James Watt*, *Hogue*, *Blenheim*, *Impérieuse*, *Arrogant*, *Penelope*, and *Locust*, arrived at Portsmouth, where Sir Charles himself landed on the 18th, and met a most generous and popular reception from the townsmen and the tars. The other ships arrived rapidly in various ports. At Devonport, the *St. Jean d'Acre*, *Princess Royal*, *Nile*, *Cesar*, and *Euryalus*; at Leith, the *Edinburgh*, *Cruiser*, *Arden*, and *Magicienne*; Woolwich, the *Odin*; Sheerness, the *Cressy*, *Majestic*, *Royal George*, and *Amphion*; Hull, the *Desperate* and *Conflict*; North Shields, the *Bulldog*; Coventry, the *Dragon*, *Rosamond*, *Basilisk*, and *Vulture*; Harwich, the *Driver*. Soon after the blockade was abandoned as imprac-

ticable, seven Russian ships left Sweaborg for Cronstadt! This circumstance became known at home, and deepened the public discontent. In November the Russians reoccupied the Aland Isles, and immediately opened the postal communication between Aland, Stockholm, and the cities of Finland. Merchandise was imported from Sweden to Aland, and the Finland shores, notwithstanding the ice which rendered Captain Watson's services unavailing. At Revel a very active trade was driven after the hostile ships left the neighbourhood: scarcely had the latter disappeared when the vigilant traders of Revel commenced operations. At Riga similar vigilance and activity were crowned with a like reward. So bold were the inhabitants of the latter place, that they entertained projects for raising the ships which they had sunk across the harbour as an impediment to the entrance of the allied cruisers, and which, like the same *ruse* at Sebastopol, was successful. The Russian fleet at Cronstadt issued forth in the expectation that some lagging enemy would fall into their hands, but they only obtained damage from ice and storm, and some of the ships narrowly escaped wreck. As soon as all naval operations terminated in the Baltic, and there was nothing to be apprehended from the powerful armaments which had hovered about the great fortresses, the Russians set about increasing their defences with their usual industry and vigour. Roads were repaired and constructed, to enable the government to transport heavy material of war from St. Petersburg, and facilitate the communications between the different places of defence. The peasantry and citizens were everywhere laid under forced contribution of time and labour, and all that had money were obliged to supply it. Conferences were held at Helsingfors, Cronstadt, and St. Petersburg, in reference to the general defence of the Baltic shores. The defences at St. Petersburg were strengthened, as were those at Cronstadt, Helsingfors, Abo, Revel, and Riga, in a lesser degree. Nearly everything that could be done for Sweaborg had been before accomplished, but the new works erected at Helsingfors, and the reparation of the Sweaborg batteries, added some new features of power to this twofold bulwark of the czar's power. Reviewing the campaign as a whole, the allies had considerably the advantage. Bomarsund, so dangerous to Sweden, was destroyed; the commerce of the Russian coasts had been cut off for the whole season, except the very early weeks of spring and the month of November, while the allied ships came home from a dangerous sea unhurt. A considerable number of Russian prisoners—including a general officer—had been made, and the prestige of Russia

among the Baltic nations impaired. Her fleets had skulked away from the presence of her rivals and enemies; and the idea of her naval superiority in the Baltic, of which she had boasted so long and so loudly, perished. Had the gun-boats of Sweden and Norway been at the service of the allies, Russia would have received injury incalculable. The alliance of the united kingdom of Sweden and Norway with the Western powers, had it depended upon the people, would have been promptly effected; but it was supposed that the timidity of the court prevented so happy a result to the negotiations set on foot. The following brief notice of the Swedish king may here be appropriate:—"The present royal family of Sweden is the youngest in Europe. It dates from 1809, when the weak and vacillating Gustavus IV. was compelled to abdicate, and the Diet exercised its old constitutional right of election, by excluding his children from the succession, and appointing the crown to his uncle Charles, with remainder to Charles John Bernadotte, a marshal in the French army, who was thereupon declared crown-prince. Napoleon gave his consent, though not very willingly, to this arrangement; and Bernadotte ever afterwards studied the interest of his new country and subjects as his chief duty. Charles XIII., the last reigning prince of the house of Vasa, died in 1818, his family having ruled the destinies of Sweden during nearly three centuries; and Bernadotte, under the title of Charles XIV., succeeded, amidst general acclamations and rejoicing, to the throne, which he worthily filled during the remainder of his life. He died March 8, 1844, when he was succeeded by his son, Joseph Francis Oscar I., who now reigns. His present majesty was born in July 1799, and married in 1823, Josephine Maximilienne Eugénie, daughter of the then, and sister of the present, Duke of Leuchtenburg. The Duke of Leuchtenburg is husband of the Grand Duchess Mary of Russia, sister of the present emperor."

On the return of Sir Charles he was put

upon half-pay, and the feud so long maintained afterwards between him and the government broke forth publicly. Sir Charles considered himself ignominiously dismissed from his command without trial; the Admiralty and the government maintained that he was not dismissed at all, but, as the command had terminated, he was placed on half-pay. The government declared that they did not intend to censure the gallant admiral, nor to express any disapprobation of his professional services; but they admitted that they preferred not employing him because of his arrogance and insubordination. The public, however, sided with the admiral; and, evidently acting in deference to public opinion, and with the desire to appease the wrath of the irate sailor, the government summoned him to court to receive the distinction of the Bath, conferred on so many others for less renowned actions than those of Sir Charles. The indomitable tar would not accept any honour, even from his queen, which came through the hands of a government that refused to do him justice. Meanwhile, public honours were heaped upon him by the people. The City invited him to dine; the country voted him addresses of confidence, and which might also be called condolence. The people admired the bold spirit with which he defied an unpopular government, and therefore, as much as from any conviction of the justice of his cause, expressed their sympathy and afforded their support. Finally, the electors of Southwark sent him to parliament, where he confronted his antagonist, Sir James Graham. In that debate the old warrior was not at home quite so much as on the quarter-deck, and, although no one doubted that he had right on his side, the crafty and expert special pleading of Sir James Graham made the worse cause so far appear the better, that the House of Commons dismissed the subject in a summary way, giving little satisfaction to the admiral's complaints of injustice.

Thus ended the naval affairs of the Baltic in 1854, and the events at home in 1855, which arose in connection with them.

CHAPTER LIV.

DIPLOMACY.

"What has been gained by the hearts' blood of the soldiers, those scribblers will lose cowardly and infamously."—BLUCHER'S *Letter to the King of Prussia*, February, 1814.

In the twenty-first and twenty-second chapters the diplomacy of the Western governments—in reference to the position of Germany, and more especially Austria, to the war, and the particular relations of Austria to the Porte—was noticed at considerable length. The Austrians continued through the

remainder of the year to occupy the provinces, and to trample upon the liberties of the inhabitants. The condition of the latter was worse under Austrian than under Russian rule. The cry of the oppressed passed over those unhappy countries to all the capitals and governments of Europe. The agents of England thoroughly

sympathised with the inhabitants; those of France felt, or pretended for political purposes to feel, a thorough sympathy with Austria. The game played by the latter power was deceitful throughout. She had been in complicity with Russia for a partition of the Turkish empire. The success of the Ottoman arms on the Danube, and the determination of the Western powers to protect the integrity of Turkey, necessarily modified the policy of Austria, and she then sought to possess the disputed territory herself, under the pretext of protecting the provinces against the return of the expelled Russians. The aim of Austria was a permanent possession; her pretence a temporary occupation in the interest of Turkey and the allies. As soon as she garrisoned the provinces, she assumed the part of "the strong man armed," and dictated in everything, subverting all law and liberty. England was very unwilling to permit this, but an influence was exercised over the cabinet, and over the imperial government of France, which has never been sufficiently accounted for, but which was attributed very generally, both in England and on the Continent, to the German influence in the English court. Others attributed it to the papal influence at the French court, at least, in part. The disingenuous policy of Austria was, at all events, apparent to the whole world, justifying the language of the *Church of England Quarterly*:—"Of the complicity of Austria, in the contemplated partition of the sultan's European dominions, we think that among our readers there can be but one opinion; that this has been modified since the commencement of the present contest there is no doubt; but that the merest selfish fears have caused that modification, and not any inclination towards the cause of justice, must be manifest to all who have studied the conduct of the Austrian government in their relations with the Ottoman empire, up to, and even since, the occupation of the principalities."

The attempts of the Western powers to draw Austria and Prussia into the alliance against Russia were most persistent all through the year 1854. The efforts of Prussia were to serve Russia under pretence of a decided neutrality. The policy of Austria was to serve Russia at the expense of the Western powers, if possible; to ally herself with Prussia for the mutual protection of the territory of either power, in case any overt act in favour of the czar should cause the allies to attack the ultra-German provinces of the Austrian empire; but, at all events, to possess herself of the Moldo-Wallachian provinces of Turkey, and, without risk, reap the advantage of successful war. The allied governments must have seen through this policy, and have determined to outwit the cabinet of Vienna, and to play with that

government as it presumed to play with them; but a large and influential section of the members of the Western governments believed in Austria, and sympathised with her despotic principles of government, hence the vacillation in the conduct and tone of the French and English cabinets, which excited so much surprise in Europe. To set forth all the cabals, intrigues, and negotiations, which filled up the time, and occupied the ingenuity, of the diplomatists and their agents, would neither interest our readers nor comport with the character of this History; we therefore suppress much which we know, and exhibit only the main features of those transactions.

When, after the Christmas recess, the British parliament reassembled, Lord John Russell gave the following condensed outline of the diplomatic proceedings which characterised "the fall" (as Americans call it) of 1854:—"At the end of November, the Russian government, through their minister at Vienna, declared their acceptance of what are called the 'four points.' On the 2nd of December, a treaty was signed by France, England, and Austria; and on the 28th of December, a meeting was held by the ministers of France, England, and Austria, at Vienna, with Prince Gortschakoff, the minister of Russia. At that meeting the French minister read, on the part of his own government and of the governments of England and Austria, the interpretation which those three powers put on the four points, and which should be considered as the basis of negotiation. I will mention only that with respect to the third point, it was proposed in that interpretation to put an end to the preponderance of Russia in the Black Sea. Prince Gortschakoff stated that he would not agree to the proposed interpretation of the four points, but that he would request further instructions from his government. Ten days afterwards he informed Count Buol that he had received those instructions, and on the 7th or 8th of January, another meeting was held at the office of the Austrian minister for foreign affairs, and at that meeting Prince Gortschakoff read a memorandum which he said he had received, and which contained the views of his government. It was replied by Count Buol, Lord Westmoreland, and Baron de Bourqueney, that they had no authority to receive any such memorandum, and that they must require, as the basis of negotiations, the consent of the Russian plenipotentiary to the interpretation of which he had already received information. The Russian plenipotentiary then withdrew the memorandum he had read, and declared the acceptance, on the part of his government, of the communicated interpretation as the basis of negotiations."

This brief summary of the barren negotia-

tions of the last months of 1854 is very expressive. Austria was the difficulty. Had she been true, the war would have ended when the eagles of Russia took their flight across the Pruth. Had the Western powers dared Austria to do her worst, it is questionable whether she would have ventured to raise a sword against them; and if she had, all Italy would have risen, Hungary would have started to arms, and perhaps Poland also might have given more trouble to its garrisons,—although we are amongst those who think that Poland could have done little if anything to effect a diversion in favour of the Western powers. Kossuth, in one of his masterly political harangues, put the conduct of Austria, and of England to Austria, in a light striking and, to a great extent, true. In a former page we combated, in many respects, the views of that noble-hearted man, as to what ought to be and could be the policy of England in respect to “the nationalities.” The Hungarian chief does not know enough of the elements of English society, and of English opinion, to dictate a policy to the British people in the tone and terms which some of his most eloquent speeches assumed. Austria, however, and her aims were familiar to the earnest and gifted Magyar; and his opinion on every subject connected with our policy to her, or hers to us and to Europe, must have great weight. In the following extracts from the orator, he overlooks the impossibility of England forming a line of policy towards Austria separate from that adopted by France; nor could she, independent of her imperial ally, direct the mode of conducting the war. Notwithstanding these objections to the opinions and spirit of M. Kossuth, the following passages from his orations are singularly pertinent to the diplomatic phases of the events of the closing months of 1854, and to the military events, so far as their character depended upon the diplomacy:—

“England has bent her mind on bringing Austria over to herself; she has sacrificed to this one aim everything—numerous millions spent in vain; the life-blood of the flower of England spilt in vain; principles, political reputation, the liberal character of the war, and the very issue of the war—everything. And has your government gained Austria? Has it gained that Austria to whom it has sacrificed everything—that Austria of whom the *Times* acknowledges, you ‘are fighting her battles more than your own?’ What a proud sneering there was in official quarters when I, months ago, told the good people of England that they believe they pay and bleed for freedom, when in reality they are made to pay and fight for Austria. Now the truth comes out at last. Well, has your government

gained Austria? . . . Go and read the well-founded lamentations in the organs—even the ministerial organs—of publicity about the treacherous attitude and the overbearing insolence of that Austria which your government persisted in courting with so much submission, and which in return facilitates the enterprises of Russia, insults your allies, and counteracts your combinations. It is not only that you have not gained over Austria, but you have the Turks arrested in the midst of their victorious course; and the fruit of their heroic struggle, poor Wallachia, played over into the treacherous hands of despotic Austria. There is the Turkish army paralysed on the one hand, and there is on the other hand the czar made and left free to throw overpowering numbers upon the flank and rear of your gallant ranks in the Crimea. There you have the spirits of the Turkish army, high-flowing as they were by the victories at Silistria and Giurgevo, now depressed; there you have the spirits of the Russian army, depressed as they were, now restored. And, oh! I could tell you what it is to neglect the moment of spirited excitement in a victorious army, and what it is to give time to a demoralised enemy to resume its spirits and to take breath. One such moment's neglect in a war, and it is not battles, but empires that may be lost by it. . . . The *Times* says:—‘No human foresight could have anticipated the extraordinary position in which England finds herself.’ Extraordinary! Why, what is there extraordinary in the inexorable logic of concatenation between cause and effect? Is it extraordinary that Sebastopol is found to be an intrenched camp with a numerous army in it? Is it extraordinary that the czar is pouring whole fresh armies to its defence? The czar has been left perfectly free, and with ample time afforded to do it; nay, in fact, he has been invited to do it by the Turco-Austrian treaty, negotiated under England's auspices. The extraordinary in the matter is not that he has sent reinforcements to Sebastopol, but that he has not sent double the number, and a month earlier. . . . To have a radical cure you must penetrate to the seat of the evil. The real source of all your difficulties is Austria. Every child knows this. *Either England fears Austria too much, or loves her more than she ought.* This is the evil. Don't fear Austria, throw her overboard, and you are safe; if not, not. . . . Shift the theatre of the war; insist peremptorily on Austria's evacuating the principalities, and on siding with or against you; advise the sultan to grant independence to the Roumains, and arm them; enlist the Polish emigration—not in Turkey, but here; mind where the weak point of Russia is, and strike there. And wherever a government is playing false to you, call on the

nations it oppresses. These are your radical remedies; but remember that while in matters of internal progress you may say, by-and-by we shall come to that, in a war everything depends on moments. Opportunity lost is a campaign lost—may be even more. Poland is your surest remedy even to-day, but how much surer and easier would it have been six months ago? I do not speak from even patriotic egotism. This war—such as it is—and it may be carried on, or arranged, in the worst possible manner—is manifestly an indication of retributive justice, slow, but sure in its decrees."

Having in previous pages of this History combated the opinions of Mazzini as well as Kossuth, as to the duty of England in this crisis, and proved how impracticable were the measures recommended by that patriot, we have pleasure in placing before our readers the following eloquent passage from his pen, on the subject of a British alliance with Austria against the czar; it is addressed to the people of England:—"Will your government ever spontaneously adopt a change of policy? Never. The men who had not one word to say in the name of England's honour when the czar in 1848-9 invaded the principalities and crushed Hungary, because his object was then to check liberty and national movements—the men who plotted with Louis Napoleon for restoring the Pope 'under an improved form of government' at Rome—the men who can, during sixteen months, exhaust every form of servile complacency towards such a power as Austria, and, scorned, do not dare a threatening word—can ally themselves with despotic usurpers—they never will say to a nation, Rise! Their policy lies between the despatch of the 23rd of March, 1853, in which Lord Clarendon declares that her majesty's government is anxious to avert the risk of any advantage being given to the European revolutionists, and the speeches of Lord Palmerston, branding the liberty of Poland as a dream, the future rising of Hungary as an untoward lamentable event. They may break their pledge with Sicily; they will never break that which binds them to continental absolutism. But that you, English citizens, who worship freedom and revere morality—you who have no pledge except to England's honour and safety—you who all to a man waved your hats at Poland's glorious rising, and proclaimed its overthrow a crime—you whose brothers and sons are *dying*, the victims of a wrong policy, in the Crimea, whilst in Podolia and Lithuania they could *conquer*—that you, the free and able, by a single resolute act of will, by a sudden energetic collective manifestation to compel, can sit quietly witnessing the slow, useless work of destruction, and trust your fates to men who, thanks to

their policy and to Austria, are besieging, after nine months of operations, an outer work, is more than I can explain to myself or others. Every man who has a son, a brother, or a friend in the East, ought to walk with a map of the Crimea on his breast, and a flag with the name of Poland inscribed upon his shoulder, from place to place, from park to park, from cottage to cottage, and preach and explain, until hundreds of thousands should peacefully but sternly signify their will. 'Change of policy. Down with Austria. Let Poland's rising be helped.' And then you ought to kneel and thank God most humbly for having placed the easy accomplishment of a great act of justice on the very path which leads to English safety and success. But Austria! Prussia! Leave Prussia to her own people; Austria to Hungary and to ourselves. As sure as Austria will never fire a single gun for you against Russia, not a single Austrian gun will be fired against you while we live. The question of the nationalities is amounting to a general war. What of that? Will not the nationalities fight their own battles? Only those battles will be yours too. With Poland, Hungary, and Italy up, the czar cannot dream of marching to Constantinople. Out of the road I point, depend upon it there is no decisive victory nor honourable peace possible for you. In a letter which I addressed to the chairman of the Society of the Friends of Italy, on the 2nd of March, I said, 'Your policy is absolutely wrong and immoral, therefore you cannot and will not conquer.' I maintain my ground. War is for me the greatest of crimes, whenever it is not waged for the benefit of mankind, for the sake of a great truth to en throne, or of a great lie to entomb. Yours is not such a war. It shrinks from the proclaiming of a principle. It equally aims at curtailing despotic encroachments from the north, and strengthening despotism in the centre of Europe. It declares that Turkey has a right to independence, whilst its policy and tactics are calculated so as to prevent any other country from asserting itself independent. I believe in God and in a providential scheme, and consequently, I do not believe in triumph crowning a war grounded on expediency, temporary self-interest, and antagonism to European rights and liberties. Czarism is a principle—the principle of unbounded authority; it is only a principle—that of universal liberty—that can conquer it."

However correct the general character of the above remarks, and however improved the tone and tenor of this address, or of these extracts from it, as compared with some others written by the same able hand, it is obviously a misrepresentation of the aims of either the English government or people, to describe

the war on their part as intended to curb the despotic principle in one direction of Europe, and to strengthen it in another. The object of the war was to check the aggrandisement of a colossal military power, whose continued aggression endangered the independence of the world. It was "expedient" to check it, "self-interest" prompted the attempt; but in this case neither what was expedient nor interested contravened principle. The aim of the war was righteous, whether the character of the alliances formed were politic or otherwise. On the latter point M. Mazzini's opinions are entitled to weight.

That the real feeling of the German governments, great and small, was not favourable to the Western powers at this juncture, might be easily gathered from their press,—in which apprehension of revolutionary outbreaks under the auspices of the Western governments, or of the popular feeling of the Western nations, independent of their governments, was constantly expressed. Those journals professed at the same time to see no real ground of alarm at the progress of Russian aggression, or if some fears on that score were to be entertained, they were dissipated by the certainty of Russian aid against revolutions.

In a letter from Berlin the aspect of the war from a German point of view was thus expressed by a correspondent, during the negotiations for peace described by Lord John Russell in the extract from his speech in parliament already quoted:—"The fall of Sebastopol, it is alleged, may be an event of high importance for the allies, but it by no means affects Germany, and does not impose on it the obligation of abandoning its neutrality. Germany believes it advantageous to its interest to still maintain the attitude it has assumed with relation to the belligerents. Why should it be modified? With what object and for what benefit? It does not feel the necessity nor understand the utility of such a change. This manner of viewing things may not be popular on the other side of the Rhine, but it would be unjust to pretend that it is not the expression of our own will, the consequence of a determination freely and maturely adopted. When we are accused of being under the pressure of Russia, of being, as it were, her feudatory, the accusation is unjust, and is contradicted by facts. Let us go back to the origin of the conflict, and ask what was it that Russia demanded at that period? She proposed to us to contract with her an alliance of neutrality, with the object of repressing by arms any commencement of hostilities, whoever might be the promoter of them. In that manner the difference would remain exclusively limited to Russia and the Ottoman Porte, and, as the former had taken possession of the

Danubian principalities before any declaration of war, occupying them as a material pledge, the consequence would be that the moment the Western powers prepared to expel the Russians from them, Germany, according to such a treaty, would be forced to intervene, and against the allies. Such a plan would have been of the greatest advantage to Russia. Yet Germany, that is described as devoted body and soul to that power, positively refused to accede to such a proposition of alliance."

Without a clear understanding of the tone of public feeling in Germany, it is impossible to comprehend the policy pursued by the German powers, or the shifts of diplomacy resorted to by those of the West. In a very brief space the reader may find a fair description of the feeling of people and armies, from Berlin to Vienna, by perusing *Twelve Chapters on the Struggle of the Age*, by Carl Prettag, Ph.D., late Professor of Philosophy in the University of Rostock. The following extract will justify this reference:—"Wherever we look into the present struggle on the Continent, society is divided into two camps of political principles and national sympathies. The princes, the nobility, and a very small portion of the people whose present interests are connected with the former two, as in Germany (especially the clergy, Protestant as well as Catholic), are on the side of Russia; all the other classes, as far as they have any opinion at all, are body and soul on the side of the Western powers. It is unnecessary to mention, that to the latter belong especially the commercial classes, and, above all, the young generation of intelligent mechanics; but also amongst the *Beamte* (government *employés*) in Germany, by far the largest number may be considered to belong to the national and liberal party. The proud Prussian *Beamte* perceives with indignation the humiliating and anti-national policy to which his country is condemned, in a struggle in which that civilisation is at stake, of which he considers himself one of the foremost representatives. As far as regards the armies, there is a decided difference between the Romanic nations and the Germanic. Whilst the armies of Spain, Portugal, Italy, have often been the first defenders of liberty, their generals have first raised the standard of constitution, as at present in Spain; the armies in the Germanic states are so attached to the person of the monarch, that they are but a too willing tool of his despotic plans and policy. The reason is, that these armies are entirely in the hands of the nobility, and that the privates are animated by such an '*esprit de corps*,' that as long as they wear the king's jacket, they consider themselves in opposition to the people, and are estranged to their interests. Espe-

cially is this the case in Austria and Prussia. Less to be depended on are the soldiers of the smaller states, in which the '*esprit de corps*,' created generally by glorious recollections of past services to prince and country, are more or less wanting. It is not too much to say, that without Prussia and Austria, the princes of the smaller states would not be able to maintain their petty thrones for one day. The revolutions of Baden, Saxony, and Hesse-Cassel, have given sufficient proof of it. The fear of the Prussians, who are considered as the policemen of Germany, alone retains for these princes a power which they so often employ against their protector."

To meet the complications of the crisis, it required on the part of England and France ministers and negotiators of the most profound experience and the highest genius. Unfortunately such were not employed. The perpetual changes of government in France since 1830 prevented that country from consolidating her diplomatic corps, and choosing only on account of their fitness the best men; regard to party rather than to capacity was constrained in reference to the choice both of generals and diplomatists in the service of Napoleon III. So torn was the country by parties—republican and red republican, democratic and monarchical, Bourbonist and Buonapartist, Reichstadtist and Orleanist—that it was extremely difficult to find men of great capacity, military or diplomatic, very ready to serve under the last adventure of government, and under which the war was conducted. In Great Britain there was talent of every order; but without aristocratic influence or connection it could not be made available for the country's service. To let down in the least degree the prestige or power of the aristocracy, either ministerial or military, was considered in the higher circles as tantamount to the ruin of the country. The greatness and glory of England, apart from the ascendancy and glory of the titled classes, was an idea that passed the comprehension of those who then ruled her destinies. It was truly written at the time—"At present all the first-rate diplomatic posts are held by peers. At Paris, at Berlin, at Brussels, at Vienna, at Madrid, there are peers; at the Hague and at Naples our two representatives are men who, by the natural course of descent, will inherit peerages."

An able writer in the British *Quarterly* thus severely and justly criticises the condition of our diplomacy, and the capacity of the diplomatists usually employed in the British service:—"The most wanton and impolitic neglect of British interest has been too often felt by British merchants and manufacturers in foreign states. British ministers and consuls are too often ignorant of their duty, and

of the first principles of trade, and are sometimes disposed to treat with supercilious contempt men, their superiors in every mental and moral qualification, who call on them for redress. Till the diplomacy of the country is entirely remodelled, these grave errors must continue to be exemplified. Diplomacy must be thrown as open to every aspirant as it was in the days of Cromwell in England, or in the days of Napoleon in France, when Bignon, Maret, Caulaincourt, Duroc, Reinhardt, Champagny, De Pradt, and others, rose from humble station, by the force of their talents alone, to be ministers and ambassadors. Our eldest daughter, America, has shown us a fine example in this respect. In America, men of learning, sense, and talent, considerable lawyers, or public writers or professors, not lean-witted lordlings, are chosen for the different missions. Franklin, Jefferson, Adams, Pinkney, Rufus King, Pickering, Randolph, Morris, Everett, Rush, Wheaton, Maclean, Clay, Gullatin, Washington Irving, Hughes, Waddy Thompson, and N. P. Willis, have all been either well-read lawyers or professors, public writers, or men of letters. We should like to have pointed out to us the negotiation in which Brother Jonathan has been outwitted. It were time that the bar of England should be had recourse to, and be allowed to furnish the same quota of able men which it furnished in the days of Cromwell. Within the last twenty years, it was necessary to send men especially out to do the work of ignorant or inefficient ambassadors, as the late Mr. Villiers, brother of Lord Clarendon, the late Sir Henry Parnell, Dr. Bowring, Mr. McGregor, Mr. Porter, Mr. Fetherstonhaugh, and even an ex-proctor in the person of Mr. Rothery. This cannot be any longer permitted. In the most despotic states, the diplomatic career is more open than in England, as may be proved by the examples of Spain, Portugal, Turkey, and Russia."

The necessity to England of patient, vigilant, well-informed diplomatists, irrespective of their social rank at home, or of their connection with any particular branch of politics, was rendered the more necessary by the artful and disingenuous character of all Russian negotiations. Lord Palmerston did not in the least exaggerate when he declared in parliament that "the Russian government, by its various agents and by itself, exhausted every modification of untruth, beginning with concealment and equivocation, and ending with assertions of positive falsehood." Lord John Russell, in speaking of that government, said, "that to its unprincipled and unjust aggression, it added what he could not designate as otherwise than fraudulent, in the manner in which it pursued its policy."

In consequence of the character of the Russian government, and of even its highest diplomatic functionaries here drawn, peace often appeared at hand when it was in reality no nearer than when the war broke out. It was one of the peculiarities of the contest that the hope of peace never seemed to be abandoned: Russia amused the governments and peoples of Western Europe and Germany by overtures for the restoration of tranquillity, made by way of Vienna and Berlin, or by appearing to accept overtures there originated; while her real object was only to gain time, and wear out the patience of the allies or interrupt their harmony. In the last chapter which treated of diplomatic considerations and details, Austria and Russia were represented as maintaining a correspondence concerning the evacuation by the latter of the Moldo-Wallachian provinces. The language of Austria on that occasion was firm, and Russia, while assuming the language of fearlessness, deprecated in the tone of an injured friend and ally the sympathy shown by Austria to the allies, and the separate treaty with Turkey as to the Austrian occupation of the provinces. On the 8th of August, the English, French, and Austrian plenipotentiaries signed a *declaratory note* as to the minimum of conditions upon which peace might be conceded. It was as follows:—

THAT the relations of the Sublime Porte with the imperial court of Russia cannot be re-established on solid and durable bases:

1. If the protectorate hitherto exercised by the imperial court of Russia over the principalities of Wallachia, Moldavia, and Servia, be not discontinued for the future; and if the privileges accorded by the sultans to those provinces, dependent on their empire, be not placed under the collective guarantee of the powers, in virtue of an arrangement to be concluded with the Sublime Porte, and the stipulations of which should at the same time regulate all questions of detail.

2. If the navigation of the Danube at its mouths be not freed from all obstacle, and made subject to the application of the principles established by the acts of the congress of Vienna.

3. If the treaty of the 13th July, 1841, be not revised in concert by all the high contracting parties in the interest of the balance of power in Europe.

4. If Russia do not cease to claim the right of exercising an official protectorate over the subjects of the Sublime Porte, to whatever rite they may belong, and if France, Austria, Great Britain, Prussia, and Russia do not mutually assist each other in obtaining from the original action of the Ottoman government the confirmation and the observance of the religious privileges of the different christian communities, and in turning to account, for the common interest of their co-religionists, the generous intentions manifested by his majesty the sultan, without any prejudice resulting therefrom to his dignity and the independence of his crown.

The cabinet of Vienna communicated this declaration to that of St. Petersburg, with an expository note reserving the right of the allies to make further demands, if the course of events should make them necessary. The reply of the czar's minister was as follows:—

AUSTRIA, in recommending these conditions, has added that the Western powers have still reserved the right to make others, which renders it perfectly useless to submit them to a detailed examination. Besides, even if they should not be changed, their acceptance would lead it to be supposed that Russia is reduced by war to the last degree of exhaustion. Although the emperor has adhered to the principles enunciated in the protocol of Vienna, he cannot enlarge the meaning of it as much as others have done, because the immense sacrifices which Russia has made in the interests of Austria and Prussia would remain without any compensation. In the place of finding in those concessions a motive for redeeming those obligations, Austria has drawn closer its alliance with the enemies of Russia.

Consequently, the emperor infinitely regrets that he has not been able to accept the last overtures made by Austria. He considers that he has made every concession compatible with the honour of Russia; and, as he has not withdrawn any of these advantages, it only remains for him to do the same as his enemies—that is, to try the eventualities of war, in order to arrive at some solid basis of negotiations for peace.

The emperor has directed his general-in-chief to repass the Pruth with his troops from strategic motives, and Russia will keep herself on the defensive within her frontiers, until more equitable conditions are offered to her. The emperor, on his side, will avoid increasing the complications of the war, but he will repel with the greatest energy all attacks against him, from whatever quarter they may proceed.

After this missive Austria strengthened her forces in every direction, until her army became one of the largest in the world, rivaling that of any of the belligerent states,—and too formidable, taken in connection with her position in the provinces, for either side not to respect her neutrality, and not to entertain some apprehensions as to the policy she might pursue. Seventy thousand troops were posted in the German provinces; nearly 120,000, under Radetzky, in Austrian Italy; 30,000 in the Danubian provinces, then under occupation; 60,000 in Hungary and Transylvania; 80,000 in Galicia and Bukovina; 60,000 in the district around Cracow; nearly 100,000 under Jellachich in the military frontier districts; and 12,000 in the federal fortresses of Germany. This attitude of the great southern German state alarmed its rival, the great northern German power, which immediately put all its diplomatic artifices into force to induce Austria to recognise two great principles in her future relations with Russia during the war. One of these was, that Austria should close the principalities against either the Turks or the Western powers, so as to prevent Russia being attacked by either in that direction. To this proposal the Austrian cabinet replied in a despatch dated the 30th September, that such a resolution would be incompatible with the treaties already entered into by that cabinet with the governments of the Sublime Porte, the French emperor, and her Britannic majesty. The other principle of procedure to which Prussia, as the advocate of Russia, sought to bind Austria was, that the latter should in no case declare war against the czar unless attacked by him. To this

Count Buol, in the name of his master, replied:—"It is evident that we cannot wait in order to obtain peace, which is a necessity for us, from the efforts and combats of others; nor can we bind ourselves to support for an unlimited lapse of time the difficult sacrifices which such a passive attitude must entail on us."

On the 6th of November the Russian chancellor addressed an important despatch to the Russian minister at the court of Berlin, professing a willingness to negotiate—the real object of which was to neutralise the action of the German powers.

St. Petersburg, Oct. 25th (Nov. 6th.)

M. LE BARON.—The information which we receive from every side proves to us that, at the present moment, the German governments are pretty nearly all pre-occupied with one and the same apprehension,—that of seeing a rupture, occasioned by the Eastern affair, break out between the two great powers of Germany, which may endanger the peace of their common country, and the existence even of the Germanic confederation. Faithful to the policy which he has pursued from the commencement of this deplorable complication, and desirous of circumscribing the disastrous consequences within the narrowest possible limits, the emperor, our august master, wishes in the present conjuncture, and as far as in him lies, to preserve Germany from the scourge with which she would be threatened in such an event. Consequently you are authorised, M. le Baron, to declare to the Prussian cabinet that the emperor is disposed to take part in any negotiations which may have for their object the re-establishment of peace, and for which the four undermentioned propositions may serve as a point of departure.

These propositions are as follows:—

1. A common guarantee by the five powers of the religious and civil rights of the Christian population of the Ottoman empire, without distinction of worship.
2. A protectorate of the principalities, exercised in common by the five powers, on the same conditions as our treaties with the Porte have stipulated in their favour.
3. The revision of the treaty of 1841. Russia will not oppose its abolition, if the sultan, the principal party interested, consents to it.

1. The free navigation of the Danube, which exists of right, and which Russia has never had any intention of interrupting.

This determination is founded, not unreasonably, on the supposition that the Western powers will faithfully fulfil the engagement which they have contracted in the face of Europe, to assure the future of the Christian population of the Ottoman empire—that their religious and civil rights shall be placed henceforth under the guarantee of all the powers, and that so the principal object which Russia has had in view in the present war shall be attained. If the sentiments which have dictated to his majesty the present declaration are appreciated in Germany, as we have a right to suppose they will be, we think we may indulge in the hope that the confederation, united on the same ground, and entirely reassured as to the German interests engaged in this quarrel, will profit by its unanimity to throw its weight into the balance of Europe in favour of a peace, for which Austria and Prussia have spontaneously presented to us, in the four points, a basis which would satisfy them completely.

If, on the contrary, there is any wish to make use of the union—maintained once more by the care of Russia—to put forth new conditions incompatible in substance as well as in form with his dignity, the emperor does not doubt but that the states of the confederation will reject all such pretensions, from whatever side they may come, as contrary to the sentiments of good faith with which they are animated, as well as to the true interests of Germany. It is a neutrality maintained with firm-

ness and perseverance, such as has been proclaimed since the origin of this contest, that the emperor thinks he has a right, in all justice, to demand from her, in return for the deference with which he has received the wishes which have been addressed to him in her name.

Accept, &c.,

DE NESSELRODE.

On the very same day that this despatch was sent to the Russian ambassador at the Prussian court, the czar addressed a letter to Count Perowski, minister of the appanage, betraying his real feelings to be a desire for vengeful war. This was published in the newspapers of the empire, and was therefore obviously intended to produce a warlike effect upon the people, and to stimulate their invidious nationality and religious bigotry:—

GRAF LEO ALEXEYEVICH.—In full view of the dangers that threaten our beloved fatherland from the intentions of the enemy, our heart is refreshed by the zealous striving of all ranks to contribute to the defence of the Russian soil. In compliance with the wish of our imperial family, we have permitted it to raise a regiment of sharpshooters from among the peasants of the appanage domains. The orthodox Russian people has from time immemorial gained a glorious celebrity by its attachment to the faith, its devotion to the emperor, and its love to fatherland. In thus, through your agency, summoning our appanage peasants to the defence of Holy Russia, we offer them the opportunity, like our valiant troops, to vindicate the ancient Russian courage. We intrust it to you to organise the regiment of sharpshooters, and are convinced that the task will be executed with the desired success.—We remain, your well inclined,

NIKOLAI.

Thus the autumn wore on in fruitless negotiations among the powers, until, on the 2nd of December, Austria and the Western powers entered into a treaty of a more definitive character, of which the following were the Articles:—

ART. I.—The High Contracting Parties refer to the declarations contained in the Protocols of the 9th of April and 23rd of May of the present year, and in the Notes exchanged on the 8th of August last; and as they reserved to themselves the right of proposing, according to circumstances, such conditions as they might judge necessary for the general interests of Europe, they engage mutually and reciprocally not to enter into any arrangement with the Imperial Court of Russia without having first deliberated thereupon in common.

ART. II.—His Majesty the Emperor of Austria having, in virtue of the Treaty concluded on the 14th of June last with the Sublime Porte, caused the Principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia to be occupied by his troops, he engages to defend the frontier of the said Principalities against any return of the Russian forces; the Austrian troops shall for this purpose occupy the positions necessary for guaranteeing those Principalities against any attack. Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and His Majesty the Emperor of the French, having likewise concluded with the Sublime Porte on the 12th of March a Treaty which authorises them to direct their forces upon every part of the Ottoman Empire, the above mentioned occupation shall not interfere with the free movement of the Anglo-French or Ottoman troops upon these same territories against the military forces or the territory of Russia. There shall be formed at Vienna between the Plenipotentiaries of Austria, France, and Great Britain, a commission to which Turkey shall be invited to send a Plenipotentiary, and which shall be charged with examining and regulating every question relating either to the exceptional and provisional state in which the said Principalities are now placed, or to the free passage of the different armies across their territory.

ART. III.—In case hostilities should break out between Austria and Russia, Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, His Majesty the Emperor of Austria, and His Majesty the Emperor of the French, mutually promise to each other their offensive and defensive alliance in the present war, and will for that purpose employ, according to the requirements of the war, military and naval forces, the number, description, and destination whereof shall, if occasion should arise, be determined by subsequent arrangements.

ART. IV.—In the case contemplated by the preceding Article, the High Contracting Parties reciprocally engage not to entertain any overture or proposition on the part of the Imperial Court of Russia, having for its object the cessation of hostilities, without having come to an understanding thereupon between themselves.

ART. V.—In case the re-establishment of general peace, upon the bases indicated in Article I., should not be assured in the course of the present year, Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, His Majesty the Emperor of Austria, and His Majesty the Emperor of the French, will deliberate without delay upon effectual means for obtaining the object of their alliance.

ART. VI.—Great Britain, Austria, and France will jointly communicate the present Treaty to the Court of Prussia, and will with satisfaction receive its accession thereto, in case it should promise its co-operation for the accomplishment of the common object.

The treaty of the 2nd of December was the source of much discussion on the Continent and in England. The general feeling in continental Europe was, that Austria had at last pledged herself, and that the spring of 1855 would see her in the field. The more knowing politicians smiled at these anticipations, and foretold that Austria would never draw a sword in favour of the allies. In England some hopes of active assistance from Austria were entertained, but the great majority of men still doubted her fidelity. These doubts were confirmed by the speech of Lord John Russell in the House of Commons, delivered soon after the treaty was signed, and before any new symptoms of vacillation were exhibited on the part of that dextrous and faithless power. The speech of Lord John Russell was, perhaps, the most remarkable ever delivered in the English parliament as to the intentions of an ally, when the treaty signed by that ally had been only just completed:—"The position of Austria with regard to this country had been adverted to. He had never been satisfied that Austria had pursued that course which her duty to Europe ought to have induced her to take. But a cautious power like Austria was not likely to forget that her danger from a war with Russia was greater than that of England or France, neither of which powers had any reason to apprehend an invasion of its own territory. The Emperor of Russia had kept up an immense army upon a peace establishment, and after one or two victories upon the frontier, the road to Vienna would be open to him. It was not until Austria had increased her military force, and made other necessary military preparations, that she took the first step in concert with the allies. Austria had now advanced a step further than

she had gone before, but she had not even yet gone the length of saying, that if before the end of the year peace were not made with Russia, she would be a belligerent. She had only gone this length—that if she should be at war with Russia, a treaty offensive and defensive should, *ipso facto*, exist between Austria, England, and France. She had likewise agreed, that before the end of the year she would take into further consideration what steps she would be prepared to take with respect to terms of peace with Russia. Now, he understood the meaning of that article—certainly not containing anything very precise in itself—to be, that if England and France propose conditions of peace, which should be in conformity with the four bases, and that Russia should refuse to assent to them in a treaty of peace, then Austria would no longer hesitate, but be part of the alliance defensive and offensive. He did not wish to overstate the engagement in any way, and he quite agreed that Austria might still, at the last moment, say, 'those terms of yours, these four bases, *explained in a way I did not expect, would reduce Russia too much, and diminish too greatly her weight in Europe; and she can never be expected to agree to them.*' Such might be the language of Austria, without any breach of faith, and she would then be released from the alliance; but his belief and expectation were, that she did concur in those bases which were necessary for the security of Turkey; and if Russia did not consent to a treaty of peace founded on those bases, then, in the next campaign, the forces of Austria would be joined with those of England and of France."

The popular view on the Continent and in England of the treaty with Austria and its probable effects was very ably expressed by a German *libérateur* and politician, the author of *Poland the nearest way to Russia*, in the following letter:—"It would be a great mistake to expect a more speedy termination of the war, by means of the Austrian offensive and defensive alliance with the Western powers. 'If Russia does not accept the four preliminary conditions, Austria will make war.' Can Russia accept the four preliminary conditions? It is impossible. They imply the destruction of the power of Russia in the Black Sea; they consequently imply the reduction of Sebastopol, which, since the battle of Inkerman, has become equal to a regular campaign against the combined forces of the Russian empire. Will the Russian empire be considered, at St. Petersburg, to be in danger from an Austrian attack, so that it must hasten to deliver up Sebastopol, the Crimea, Georgia, and Bessarabia? For, with Bessarabia and the Danube in the possession of

* This letter forms no part of the work referred to.

Russia, one of the four conditions, the free navigation of the Danube, cannot be obtained. Can we then imagine that Russia will give up all those possessions without a most desperate contest? Certainly not. It would be cowardice and suicide to do so. It would be cowardice to fear Austrian aggression, while it is stipulated in every Austrian treaty, and not omitted in the present defensive and offensive alliance, that Austria shall merely form the rearguard of Omar Pasha, and consequently abstain from aggression, that it shall send troops to Varna, and not, where Russia is vulnerable, to Warsaw or to Odessa. And it would be suicide, if a power, like Russia, which is nothing but a military power, should consent to give up her finest provinces, and her dearest-bought conquests, without a desperate exertion of all her strength. Russia cannot and will not accept the four conditions in the course of this month; and Austria will be obliged to go to war next month. No doubt about that. What we have next to consider is, how far is Austria probably in earnest? She will go to war. We must admit that by this treaty she has made a very serious step in advance; and still to assert that this alliance is no alliance at all, and the war no war, but only a sham fight, would be a mistake. The same question arose about Louis Napoleon, when the French alliance was entered upon. We must infer that he earnestly wishes to reduce the power of Russia, although he does not wish to abolish the tyrannical Russian principle by introducing that of self-government anywhere in Europe. Is not Austria now quite in the same position? She saw the necessity of reducing Russia, not because she felt ashamed of her subservient position,—oh, no; but because she was aware that France and England could not yield, that Russia had not the slightest disposition to do so, and, consequently, France and England were obliged to make Germany move either with or without her governments. Thus, she had to take a resolution; and we must admit that she has chosen the safest course open to her. She takes the sword out of the people's hands, she will help to fight Russia; and although she does not wish to abolish the Russian system of rule and European tyranny, she wishes to force Russia to submission, and to act herself the part of the chief of the despots, by the grace of God, in that quarter of the world. The Austrian dynasty is again, as at the time of the Pragmatic sanction, very anxious to have as many guarantees as possible for the integrity of the Austrian dominions. First, Prussia and Germany were called upon, now the turn of the Western powers has come. One of the articles of the new treaty pledges France and England 'to maintain the integ-

rity of the Austrian empire after the present war.' The integrity of Austria! Say the integrity of the dominions of the evil spirit,—it is the same expression, it is the same sacrilegious pledge. This business will soon become the same work as that of the old anti-revolutionary wars. We pledge ourselves to maintain every despotism in Europe 'in its integrity,' even that of Russia, except in a part of the globe where the alteration of the system is of no consequence—in Asia and in the Crimea. But as to the war, has the help of Germany been obtained by the participation of Austria in the war? We must answer—Decidedly not! As Sebastopol was the wrong end of Russia to be attacked, so Austria is the wrong point for moving Germany. A decided move of Germany against Russia would destroy German despotism, and of course the Hapsburgs also. Now, as it is evident that Russia cannot be reduced without a serious European popular movement against her, she being the very keystone of the vault of continental tyranny, what will the Austrian alliance with us be to Russia? Let us speak the plain truth. After Louis Napoleon, who was the first, Austria will be the second guarantee to Russia, that this war shall not be allowed to take a popular turn—that it shall not be conducted for the benefit of liberty and national independence; and if it was difficult to resort to proper means with our first ally, it has become impossible to do so with the second we have now upon our hands. So long as Louis Napoleon and Aberdeen were the only obstacles of the popular turn of war, every German, French, Italian, Hungarian, Swede, Dane, and Pole, had a chance to be freed. He knew that a necessity might arise, by Austrian and Prussian desertion forcing England and France to a war of principles; and although neither Napoleon, nor Aberdeen, nor even Palmerston—represented a liberal principle, it was nevertheless a fact, that England as well as France were representatives of the revolution, in a very degenerate shape, it is true, yet both governments being the result of popular elections, they represented the liberal parties. They, after all, would not have objected to a popular movement in Germany, Poland, and Hungary; they might have desired it, in order to remove the German obstacle out of their way, and fairly to get at Russia where she is most vulnerable, namely, in Poland. Now, with the Austrian alliance all those nations have lost their chance. No longer can they feel the slightest interest in the victories of a force, guided, or at least, partially guided, by the black and yellow flag of Austria—the flag of death and pestilence, of tyranny, of the gallows in Hungary and Vienna, of the scaffolds in Italy, of the com-

mon enemy of every free German. Public opinion in Europe, I am sorry to say, will, from the date of this alliance of Western Europe with the Hapsburgs, no longer look upon Russia as the only enemy of freedom, but as if she were some avalanche about to slip from the top of a snow mountain, which, by its heavy fall, may crush the most inveterate and obstinate enemy of protestantism, of liberalism, of science, and honesty—Austria—and also bring about, by a fearful disaster, a change of governments in England and France, by which both these nations might be rescued from their present degradation. All interest whatever for the war has gone; no other feeling will remain in the hearts of the French, the German, and other oppressed millions, but the hope that the mischievous policy of the three governments, allied for the purpose of saving Austrian misrule, may rouse the indignation of their subjects, and create a new era of freedom and republicanism. The steam is up, but all the safety valves are screwed down, that of hope included, which, in ordinary misfortune, is left to the most miserable of all as a consolation. Thus the hope of millions becomes despair! The war about Sebastopol, about the Crimea, about Georgia, about the mouths of the Danube, will go on, but it will be a war of tyrants against tyrants, for a guarantee of tyranny is a tyrant himself; a war it will be, the curse of which is not to be forgotten for the noble end of the struggle. On the contrary, every country which sees the allied armies approach, discovers amongst them the Austrian hangman, and the men of the 4th of December, 1851. By this treaty of alliance with Austria, the Western powers have lost their character, and stand on equal barbarian ground with Russia. But they are far from being on equal terms with her. Russia has the advantage of a principle, which excited her masses to the hottest degree of fanaticism. In war this is a great advantage. Every war is a popular business. The fighting masses must have a higher inducement than mere obedience to the command to risk their lives; and, generally speaking in war, that party is the loser which is forsaken by public opinion, and that one the winner, which is backed by the spirit of the age and the enthusiasm of the nation. The nations may be induced, by superstitious and false motives, to sympathise with the one or the other of the fighting parties. Their enthusiasm may be fanaticism; but they will not seriously support any war in which they do not find their dearest interests involved. Russia has succeeded in giving a religious colour to the war before Austria stepped in. Now she will proclaim, although she does not believe a word of it, that the soil of holy

Russia is in danger, and that the struggle of 1812 has to recommence. But the English, and the French—can they still dare to speak, side by side with the Croats and hangmen of Arad, of saving civilisation from the inroads of barbarism? We have lost our character, and if before this treaty, on account of the Buonapartist alliance, we *did not dare* to show our flag of freedom, since the Austrian alliance we *have none* to show. The commonwealth is in danger. When it was so in Rome, the senate used to say, '*Consules videant ne quid respublica detrimenti capiat!*' Can our parliament say so? Have not our consuls brought this calamity down upon us? Louis Napoleon wished for such a solidarity of governments against the interest of the nation. Has not Lord Palmerston at Paris brought those sinister negotiations to a speedy termination? What then, in the name of justice, has the parliament to say? And who represents the wishes of the nation to see the war carried on quite in an opposite spirit? As yet we are at a loss to answer the question. And if we are not in a temper to despair neither of this nation, nor of France and Germany, we can only say, that we feel perfectly convinced our view of the case will be the general feeling of all the three leading nations, and this feeling will gather a thunderstorm in Europe compared to which that of 1848 will be nothing but child's play. The governments are blind—'*Que leurs destinées s'accomplissent.*'"

Although the above letter illustrates so well the feeling of the ultra-liberal party at home and abroad, in reference to the diplomacy of the Western powers, and especially in connection with the Austrian treaty of the 2nd December, yet in several respects it does injustice to the motives of the English cabinet, and was not in harmony with the views of a large number of the most liberal, enlightened, and active minds in England. The British government had certainly no intention of strengthening the dynasty of Louis Napoleon by entering into an alliance with him to conduct this war. Whatever dynasty governed France—Buonaparte, Bourbon, or Republic—it would have been forced into the struggle when Prince Menschikoff assumed the tone of insolent dictation which brought matters to an issue with the Porte. Whatever might have been the form of government in France, England must have consulted its will before going to war on a question raised by France; and even if the aggression of Prince Menschikoff had been perpetrated upon Turkey without any pretence of an occasion given by France, England must have consulted the policy of the French government in any step she took to defend the integrity of the Turkish empire. The question

with England, so far as France was concerned, was not whether she might have a more acceptable ally, or whether with such an ally she must leave untouched and unnamed various topics of European interest pending the alliance; but whether she could co-operate with that great and powerful nation, and its acknowledged ruler, to any and to what extent, for a common object—the preservation of Turkey from the dictation of Russia, a dictation injurious to France, perilous to England. Had England rejected the assistance of so powerful an ally, ready to concur with her in the one great object of the war, she would have proved herself unaccountably impracticable. Whether popular liberty on the Continent would probably be promoted or retarded by the war, and by the alliances England was constrained to form, were hardly subjects open at all to her consideration in the emergency. She had to deal with existing potentates, with the various states they governed and which they represented, and to accept or reject their alliance and aid in repelling the aggression.

In dealing with Austria, England proceeded in the same spirit as when dealing with France, and in no way pledged herself to preserve to Austria, for all time to come, the territory included within her empire. The writer last quoted, however, only too faithfully depicts the perfidy of that power, and the undesirableness of having her for an ally, except as the alternative of having her for an enemy, may be plainly inferred from what he so eloquently urges. The writer was in error in predicting that the treaty of the 2nd of December would commit Austria to a war with Russia; the speech of Lord John Russell was prescient on that point—the warning he gave was well timed and well put. Austria did not join her arms to those of the allies, but, lingering on the verge of war, feared to throw her glove into the arena; the kaiser rested upon his sheathed sword, while France and England fought and bled for the policy to which he was in justice and honour equally connected.

On the 14th (26th) of December, the Emperor Nicholas published a manifesto, which might be considered as his answer to the treaty of the 2nd of December, given through his own people. The object was to prepare them for fresh struggles, by exasperating afresh their invidious orthodoxy; and yet, by pious professions of the love of peace, to act upon the German courts and public, and retain the sympathy of the one, and moderate the dissatisfaction of the other. We quote only so much of the manifesto as shows the czar's policy—the rest is empty boasting of victories that were never achieved.

The causes of the war, which still lasts, are well understood by our beloved Russia. The country knows that neither ambitious views, nor the desire of obtaining new advantages to which we had no right, were the motives for those acts and circumstances that have unexpectedly resulted in the existing struggle. We had solely in view the safeguard of the solemnly recognised immunities of the Orthodox Church, and of our co-religionists in the East. But certain governments, attributing to us interested and secret intentions that were far from our thoughts, have complicated the solution of the question, and have finished by forming a hostile alliance against Russia. After having proclaimed as their object the safety of the Ottoman empire, they have waged open war against us, not in Turkey, but within the limits of our own realm, directing their blows on such points as were more or less accessible to them—in the Baltic, the White Sea, the Black Sea, in the Crimea, and even on the far-distant coasts of the Pacific Ocean. Thanks to the Most High, both in our troops, and in all classes of our subjects, they everywhere meet with intrepid opponents, animated by their love for us and for their country; and, to our consolation in these troublous circumstances, amid the calamities inseparable from war, we are constantly witnessing brilliant examples and proofs of this feeling, as well as of the courage that it inspires. Penetrated with our duty as a Christian, we cannot desire a prolonged effusion of blood, and certainly we shall not repulse any offers and conditions of peace that are compatible with the dignity of our empire, and the interests of our well-beloved subjects. But another and not less sacred duty commands us, in this obstinate struggle, to keep ourselves prepared for efforts and sacrifices proportioned to the means of action directed against us.

Russians! my faithful children! you are accustomed to spare nothing when called by Providence to a great and holy work—neither your wealth, the fruit of long years of toil, nor your lives—not your own blood, nor the blood of your children. The noble ardour that has inflamed your hearts from the first hour of the war will not be extinguished, happen what may; and your feelings are those also of your sovereign. We all, monarch and subjects, if it be necessary,—echoing the words of the Emperor Alexander in a year of like trial, “the sword in our hands and the cross in our hearts,”—know how to face the ranks of our enemies for the defence of the most precious gifts of this world—the security and honour of our country.

The last diplomatic act of the allies, during 1854, was to prepare a memorandum signed by the plenipotentiaries of Austria, France, and Great Britain, and to present it to Prince Gortschakoff, the minister of Russia at Vienna. Accordingly, on the 28th of December, it was handed to the prince. The object of this document was to define the sense in which the allies interpreted the four points which were the bases of the treaty of the 2nd of December. The memorandum is as follows:—

IX order to determine the sense which their governments attach to each of the principles contained in the four articles, and reserving to themselves, moreover, as they have always done, the power to put forward such special conditions as may appear to them required, beyond the four guarantees, by the general interests of Europe, to prevent the recurrence of the late complications, the representatives of Austria, France, and Great Britain, declare:—

1. That their governments, concurring in the opinion that it was necessary to abolish the exclusive protectorate exercised by Russia over Moldavia, Wallachia, and Servia, and henceforward to place under the collective guarantee of the Five Powers the privileges accorded by the sultans to the principalities dependencies of their empire, have considered and do consider that none of the stipulations of the ancient treaties of Russia with the Porte, relative

to the said provinces, should be revived at the peace, and that the arrangements to be concluded on the subject of them should be ultimately combined, so as to give full and entire effect to the rights of the suzerain power, to those of the three principalities, and to the general interests of Europe.

2. To give to the freedom of navigation of the Danube all the development of which it is susceptible, it would be desirable that the course of the Lower Danube, beginning from the point where it becomes common to the two river-bordering states, should be withdrawn from the territorial jurisdiction existing in virtue of the third article of the treaty of Adrianople. In every case, the free navigation of the Danube could not be secured if it be not placed under the control of a syndicate authority, invested with powers necessary to destroy the obstructions existing at the mouths of that river, or which may hereafter be formed there.

3. The revision of the treaty of July 13, 1841, must have for its object to connect the existence of the Ottoman empire more completely with the European equilibrium, and to put an end to the preponderance of Russia in the Black Sea. As to the arrangements to be taken in this respect, they depend too directly on the events of the war, for it to be possible at present to determine the bases: it is sufficient to point out the principle.

4. Russia, in renouncing the pretension to take under an official protectorate the Christian subjects of the sultan of the oriental ritual, equally renounces, as a natural consequence, the revival of any of the articles of her former treaties, and especially of the treaty of Koutchouk-Kainardji, the erroneous interpretation of which has been the principal cause of the present war. In affording their mutual co-operation to obtain from the initiative of the Ottoman government the confirmation and the observance of the religious privileges of the different Christian communities, without distinction of sect, and conjointly turning to account, in the interest of the said communities, the generous intentions manifested in respect to them by his majesty the sultan, they will take the greatest care to preserve from all attack the dignity of his highness and the independence of his crown.

This memorandum might have shown plainly to the czar and his government that the allies were no longer to be trifled with; yet it did not extinguish his hopes of distracting their counsels, and detaching Austria from them. His agents were set to work everywhere with renewed activity, and their eloquence was felt, not only in Berlin and Vienna, but also in Paris and London. Certain female politicians in the metropolis of France were supposed to exercise a powerful influence there. There were three parties in England extremely open to any argument in favour of the czar. The free-trade party was one; they were influenced by the desire to see commerce unimpeded by the exactions and obstacles of war. The peace party proper (as distinguished from the free-trade party) was another; their policy seems to have been to make the czar appear as frank and amiable as possible, in order to disarm public prejudice, and smooth the way of peace: by this party he was represented as a greatly aggrieved man, to whom the sultan had been faithless, the French government provoking and unjust, and the English government deceitful—having first connived at his errors, and encouraged him, and then at the last hour, when he could not have expected the like, his friendship was exchanged for that of the French emperor, who was the party really in the

wrong. The third party was the purely aristocratic, and sympathised with the czar as “the first gentleman in Europe,” and the friend and patron of gentility and aristocratic *prestige*. Earl Grey was the chief representative of this section; he, however, advocated the czar and his policy as much from personal disappointment at seeing himself shunned by the coalition ministry, and from a certain idiosyncrasy which leads him to have a croquet of his own, with which to annoy ministries, whether he be himself “in” or “out.” He made the memorandum a subject of eloquent invective in the House of Lords, when, some months later, the diplomacy of the government connected with the Vienna negotiations came under the review of that house. By an extract from his speech the reader will sufficiently see how the class, of whose views his lordship was the exponent, regarded the four points as interpreted and made more definite by the memorandum handed to Prince Gortschakoff:—

“The original dispute which led to the war has been decided entirely in your favour, but you declared, as you were entitled to do, that having been compelled to engage in war, you would no longer be satisfied with the terms which you would have been content to accept before the commencement of hostilities, and would endeavour to obtain security for the future by requiring additional concessions. Accordingly the powers deliberated together, and agreed upon certain arrangements to be proposed to Russia as the groundwork of negotiations for peace. In the first instance, Russia rejected the proposal thus made to her, but ultimately agreed to accept it, and the recent conferences at Vienna were held for the purpose of ascertaining whether Russia and the allied powers could agree on the means of carrying into effect the four heads of an arrangement (known as ‘the four points’), which had been communicated to the former on the 28th of December last. When the conferences opened, the two first heads of the proposed arrangement were easily settled. Russia consented to abandon the claim she had under former treaties to protect the Danubian principalities, and that they should in future continue subject to the Porte, but enjoy an independent and national administration under the guarantee of the European powers. This was a concession of no trifling importance on the part of Russia, which you did not think of asking at the beginning of the war, but which I willingly admit to have been now very properly demanded, as tending materially to diminish the danger of future wars. Russia, upon this point, seems to have met the allies as fairly as possible, and to have agreed to an arrangement with which no fault can be found. The same may be said of the second

point, by which the freedom of the navigation of the Danube was satisfactorily provided for. The third head of the proposal was that which it was always felt would lead to the greatest difficulty. The memorandum, delivered to Prince Gortschakoff on the 28th of December, 1854, stated, as the third point insisted upon by the allies, that 'The revision of the Treaty of July 13th, 1841, must have for its object to connect the existence of the Ottoman empire more completely with the European equilibrium, and to put an end to the preponderance of Russia in the Black Sea.' This was a demand of which nothing was heard till some months after the declaration of war. The first allusion I can trace to the necessity of obtaining anything of the kind, is in certain speeches delivered in the House of Commons on the occasion of a vote of credit being asked for the war, on the 24th of July last. Upon the first part of this point no serious difficulty arose, and an article was agreed upon declaring that the high contracting parties, 'engage themselves severally to respect the independence and territorial integrity of the Ottoman empire, guarantee together the strict observance of this engagement, and will in consequence consider every act or event which should be of a nature to infringe on it as a question of European interest;' to which a second article was added, providing 'that if a misunderstanding should arise between the Porte and one of the contracting parties, these two states, before having recourse to the employment of force, should place the other powers in a position to anticipate this extreme course by pacific means.' On these two articles, which were intended to carry into effect the first part of the third point, no difficulty whatever arose, except with regard to a reservation made by the Russian plenipotentiaries, that they were not to be considered, by agreeing to them, as engaging their government to take up arms for Turkey, whenever she might be attacked in any part of her dominions. The other powers recorded their regret at this reserve, but I must say I think without sufficient reason. Russia did not object to bind herself in the strictest manner to respect the independence and territorial integrity of Turkey, and also to abstain from using force in any misunderstanding she may hereafter have with the Porte, without giving to the other powers of Europe a previous opportunity of endeavouring to settle the dispute by pacific means; nor did she object to the other parties binding themselves to defend Turkey by arms from any attack, if they thought proper to do so; she only declined to contract a similar engagement herself, saying with unanswerable force, that the blood of Russia belongs to Russia, and ought to be shed only for Russian interests. The Russian pleni-

potentiaries, in my opinion, exercised in this a wise discretion, which I wish that our own had imitated. Unlimited engagements to defend other countries by arms, in all cases that may arise, and, therefore, in circumstances which cannot be foreseen, are, in my opinion, always imprudent and dangerous. But it is more especially so to enter into such an engagement in behalf of the Turkish empire, composed as it is of such ill-joined and heterogeneous materials, and menaced by such dangers from without and from within, that its ultimate dissolution is a matter of certainty, and a question only of time. Hence I consider the qualification attached by the Russian plenipotentiaries to their guarantee of the Ottoman empire to have been, not only reasonable, but called for by the most ordinary prudence. It is, I hope, most improbable, but it is certainly possible, that at some future time the English government may direct an attack from India on the remote eastern extremity of the Ottoman empire, and it is quite as possible that France may invade Tunis from Algeria—Russia most justly objected to being bound in such a case to make war with either of these powerful nations; and I own it gives me far more confidence in the sincerity of her plenipotentiaries, to find them thus guarding their assent to what was proposed to them, than if they had agreed, with what would have been a suspicious readiness, to all that was suggested."

After the 2nd of December, the Western powers made renewed exertions in support of the attempts of Austria to gain over Prussia to their cause. Many doubted whether she really desired to succeed in her apparently warm efforts for that object. It was alleged that she wished to keep Prussia back from jealousy of that power, while the necessity of having her support against Russia, on the plea of the inviolability of German territory, caused a show of eagerness in her negotiations for the junction of Prussia with the other powers. Very many were of opinion that the two German powers were in collusion to deceive those of the West; that each had chosen a part with the consent of the other, and was playing it out. The Western cabinets acted as if they believed Austria to be sincere, and desired really to overcome the *vis inertiae* of her northern confederate and rival. All efforts to win or frighten Frederick William only increased his truculency and time-serving. The more he was pressed, the more he vacillated; and the more loudly his people called for a line of policy worthy of the past glory and present position of Prussia, the more marked was the oscillation of the prince between the friendship of Russia, and the necessity of conciliating Russia's powerful foes. The Prus-

sians did not, however, show that zeal for the cause of national independence which Western Europe expected from so highly civilised and enlightened a people. A highly gifted young Prussian officer, and a gentleman of rank, while travelling with the author of these pages from Paris to Boulogne, made this remark:—"Russia will one day swallow up my country; at no distant period Prussia will be a province of the czar, unless the power of the great despot be checked, and I fear it is now too late for that." This remark indicates very fairly the tone of the class to which the speaker belonged. The youth of Prussia have been educated in the idea of the invincibility of Russia. To defer the day when Prussia shall become a province of her empire, is all for which they see any room to hope. The masses of the Prussian people abhor the autocrat, and would defy and manfully resist his power, if called to arms by a prince in whom they had confidence. The despondent feeling among the patriots of Prussia, no doubt acted upon any expression of public opinion there in reference to the temporising policy of Frederick William, subduing the pulse of the national heart.

Another motive for the coldness of Prussia to the cause of the allies, lay in the interests of the commercial classes—Prussia profited by the war. The blockade of the Russian ports enabled Prussian merchants to import the commodities consumed in Russia, and Russian produce was exported even to England from Prussian ports. The arrangement, recognised for the occasion by England and France, that "free ships make free goods," subserved the purposes of the Prussian government, and the interests of Prussian merchants. At last the attention of the English people was fixed upon this state of things, and they made such representations to their government as compelled the latter to address itself in strong terms to the court of Berlin. His Prussian majesty manifested considerable apprehension at these remonstrances, for he knew that if Prussia

ceased to be the medium of a profitable trade between Russia and the neutral nations, and Russia and even England, one motive for desiring peace would be withdrawn from his people, and his pro-Russian policy would become more difficult. Still nothing followed the almost menacing communications of the British government, except that the Prussian government and the traders became more cautious; the commerce still went on in the old channels. Perhaps England and France would have been more rigorous in the blockade, and more stringent generally in their relations to the commerce carried on with Russia by neutral states, had it not been for the government of the United States of America, the tone and temper of which were arrogant and almost hostile to the allies. That government made the occasion available to advocate the mooted point of free ships making free goods, as a fixed and permanent international law, and sought to draw the other neutral nations into treaties upon the subject, with the apparent design of thwarting the Western powers. The feeling of the American people was, however, generous and friendly, and the victories of the allies were hailed with almost as much enthusiasm in the cities of the United States as in Great Britain and Ireland.

Thus terminated the diplomacy of 1854; the opinions at home and abroad, and of all classes concerning it, are faithfully depicted in this chapter. The pen did nothing or next to nothing for peace—the bullet and the bayonet had still their work to perform: the red hand of war, more powerful and more terrible, was yet to be shaken over the nations, and the bolts of his fury to be yet more abundantly scattered. Fresh deeds of heroism, and new endurance, were to characterise the soldiers of England, ere the last laurel-leaf they should pluck might be enwreathed with the olive of peace. That leaf was at last torn from the standards of the proud empire, but, alas! how stained with woman's tears, and the hearts'-blood of the brave!

CHAPTER LV.

CLOSE OF THE ASIATIC CAMPAIGN IN 1851.—ARRIVAL THERE OF THE BRITISH COMMISSIONER, COLONEL WILLIAMS, AND OTHER BRITISH OFFICERS: OPPOSITION TO HIM BY THE PASHAS.—UNFORTUNATE CONSEQUENCE OF THE INDIFFERENCE SHOWN BY LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE TO COLONEL WILLIAMS AND HIS MISSION.

Fluellin. "If the enemy is an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you! be an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb?"—SHAKSPEARE. *Henry V.*

THE epithets employed by the immortal dramatist in the passage selected as a motto for this chapter are applicable, without any exaggeration, to most of the leading officers in both the Russian and Turkish armies of Asia.

There were splendid exceptions in the Russian army. Mouravieff, subsequently, and Bebutoff, and others, during the autumn of 1853 and the year 1854, displayed undoubted talent, if not of the highest order; but the great ma-

majority of the Russian officers showed little military skill, and often acted in their professional capacity very foolishly. The Turkish pashas were, as we showed in a previous chapter,* ignorant, incompetent, corrupt, and cowardly. The Russian chiefs gained repeated victories over them—not by good generalship or any remarkable competency for command, but by sheer audacity,—counting always upon the cowardice, venality, or stupidity of the pashas, as affording them so many chances of victory that it might be always relied upon. The Russian officers, also, invariably displayed great professional pride, leading their men with dauntless intrepidity, and exposing themselves to danger with a prodigality of chivalry which did them immortal honour. Several of the Turkish pashas and beys actually hid among the baggage, in the last disastrous battle from which their deserted troops fled in the presence of an inferior foe.

The attention of the Western governments was called to the melancholy prospects of Asia Minor by the reports of battle after battle lost by the Turks, and of the incredible imbecility and dishonesty of the whole tribe of pashas, except such foreigners as bore the title, and at most one or two native bearers of that rank. The French seem to have contented themselves with sending 30,000 old flint-lock muskets to Schamyl, when it was too late in the season for them to be of any use to him for that campaign; nor did our allies even supply the aid of skilful French officers in place of those who fell in action, died of disease, returned home in ill-health, or were murdered by the Kurds and Lazi, who were alike ready to assassinate allies or enemies, if an opportunity for plunder was thereby afforded. The murder of Captain Belliot, who fell by the hands of certain banditti in Lazistan—although two pashas and many inferior authorities were in league with the murderers, and afterwards connived at their escape—did not rouse the French government to any proper exertion to correct a state of things by which the administration of Turkish affairs in Asia was cursed, and the influence and interests of the allies discredited and impeded.

The English government seems not to have regarded the emergency with a sufficient conception of its seriousness; and when at last it was awakened from its torpor, the appointment of Colonel Williams as “commissioner” without Turkish rank, or any authority or control, civil or military, was the extent of their effort. The British consuls had very little influence, arising from the miserable defectiveness in every respect of the English consular system. The French consular system being based on sounder principles, and more carefully worked

out, gave the French consuls in the cities of Kars, Trebizond, and Erzerum, more considerable power, and this seems to have been the only medium by which the pashas were acted upon for any good. Kurschid Pasha (the Irish officer, named Guyon, or, more properly, Gahan) was recalled to Constantinople, and put on half-pay, the native pashas having made common cause against him; and when Colonel Williams received his appointment, demoralisation and ruin hung over the armies of the sultan in Asia. The reader may conceive the sort of persons upon whom the government of the sultan’s provinces, and the command of his armies, devolved, by the following sketch of a pasha met in a steamer from the Bosphorus to Samsoon by Dr. Sandwith, while on his way to act as chief of the medical staff to the newly-appointed British commissioner:—“We are honoured with the company of no less a man than Topji Pasha, who is proceeding to his post of governor of Khurjivat. It is a curious study that of a pasha, and if you have not the *entrée* of his *yoli* on the Bosphorus, a steamer is not a bad place of observation, since he makes himself quite at home on board. In spite of the crowded state of the deck, he has got a little space railed off near the rudder, and here he is seated on a chair enjoying his *kaf*, the *dolce far niente*, the great occupation of his life since he has been a pasha. About seven of his attendants stand before him with their hands folded. They preserve a grave and serious air, gazing anxiously into that placid face, and they have been standing there for the last two hours. The pasha varies the monotony of the voyage by smoking, eating raw cucumbers, and fingering his beads. A Turk, even a pasha, is never absolutely unoccupied; some such employments as the above are always had recourse to, for I believe he never thinks. His numerous servants watch every movement of his eye. What can it mean; and whence the origin of this strange adoration of their master? We have nothing like it in the West; but from time immemorial it seems to have obtained in Eastern manners. It must have been deeply imprinted into the mind of the nation when each pasha had the power of life and death; and when at a nod the head of an offending servant was rolled into the dust. The pasha makes a languid remark; a servant answers, touching his forehead in token of profound respect. The pasha pushes a stool with his foot, and his attendants spring forward to remove it. The pasha feels for his snuff-box; a quick-fingered slave has found it for him ere his fingers closed on it. At last the pasha is tired of sitting on deck, so he makes a move, heaving a sigh at the exertion. Two of his men rush forward to support him on each side, two or three go before, pushing the *profanum*

* Chap. xxv., p. 293.

vulgaris out of the way, and two or three follow, bearing his pipe, pocket-handkerchief, snuff-box, &c. He is conducted to the cabin, and, a soft cushiony seat being prepared, he settles himself down again, and his attendants take their places as before. It is a mistake to suppose the above individual is a specimen of a Turk. I would not wrong the Osmanli by quoting the modern Byzantine as a type of his race. To see the real Turk, we must turn to some of those deck passengers, and there you will see, wrapped up in the striped Anatolian cloak, several stout, short, brawny figures, with large but intelligent and honest features. These are either the aboriginal and nomad Turkomans, or the later emigration of the Osmanli. The pasha we have described, and his attendants, have nothing in common with these; their bodies are weak and ill-formed, their faces pale and inexpressive. They have, in short, the bodily forms, without the intelligent expression, of those individuals whose lives are spent in crowded cities. From this class of people, slaves of various races, and the lazy scum of the capital, the infancy and youth of whom are passed in crime and debasing servitude, is the race of pashas in a great measure recruited."

Unless endowed with an especial genius for inactivity, caprice, and stupidity, it is scarcely conceivable how the pashas in Asia could have failed to drive the Russians beyond the Caucasus. The numbers of the latter were greatly inferior; they were not commanded by men of extraordinary talent; their reinforcements arrived wan, wearied, and unfit for active service, after the long marches from Moscow, over so many arid and dreary steppes, exposed to every privation; the garrisons were located amidst either an indifferent or hostile population; Schamyl hung upon the flank and rear of Georgia, threatening repeatedly its very capital, and inflicting direful losses upon his enemies; the British had scattered the Russian garrisons on the Mingrelian coast, and the allied fleets commanded the shores of the Black Sea, in 1854, from Taman to the Bosphorus; yet did this ill-circumstanced enemy gain over these pashas five distinct battles in seven months, besides many combats. The cause of defeat did not rest with the Turkish soldiery, who only required to be well led, generally, to fight with spirit. "You fought well to day," said the British commissioner, after one of the contests in 1855, to a sort of *Chasseurs de Vincennes*, several corps of which the commissioner had organised: "We have always fought the same way, but were never *commanded* before," was the reply. It is to be admitted that when demoralised from any cause, the soldiery of Asia were not always true to the bravest and best commanders. On one occasion,

Guyon was deserted in the very crisis of the field by 4000 Turkish cavalry, whose organisation classed them with regulars, not with *Bashi-bazouks*. But, generally, the Turkish soldier fought well when bravely led, and when he had learned by experience confidence in his commander. Mr. Duncan, who travelled about with the head-quarters of the Turkish army in 1854, bears this testimony:—"By the introduction of a strict discipline; by an equitable system of promotion, and under the command of brave and honourable officers, the Turkish army could be raised to a point of excellence *second to no* European force. The sobriety of the men, their simple wants, unfailing patience, and power of resisting fatigue, offer the most splendid materials for creating an irresistible infantry. The men are both intelligent and courageous. A commander in whom they possessed confidence they would follow without hesitation or regret. And this confidence is facile to obtain: a few kind words, a display of interest in his welfare, and honesty of purpose, suffice to gain the poor Turk's heart for ever. The Turkish artillery is excellent, even in its present state, but is susceptible of great improvement. In the management of this arm the Turkish soldiers show great aptitude; and the pride of the men in their batteries, and the affection they display for their respective guns, is admirable. The causes that have largely contributed to weigh down the existing virtuous elements in the Ottoman army, are the corruption and incapacity that prevail among its higher ranks, and the disgraceful ignorance which distinguishes its subaltern officers. The Turkish private soldier, if well directed, is capable of great deeds, but the corps of officers and non-commissioned officers are alike inefficient and unsusceptible of improvement. Promotion by merit alone is unheard of in the Ottoman service. The subaltern ranks are filled by the personal slaves or domestics of the pashas; and such commissions are often the wages of disgrace. Promotion to the superior ranks is obtainable only by bribery or intrigue; the grade of colonel or pasha is purchased by the highest bidder; who subsequently recovers the sum he has disbursed by defrauding his regiment, or robbing the government. The simplest military rules are ignored by the officers, who are often withdrawn from a civil appointment to occupy a high military position."

Earl Granville, in his place in the House of Peers, after the conclusion of the war, pronounced this eulogy on the Turkish soldier:—"I have already observed that there are reasons why I should refrain from adverting to the conduct of the Turkish government; but no such considerations of delicacy need prevent me from expressing what I believe to be the

unanimous opinion of your lordships in regard to the behaviour of the Turkish soldiers, than whom no troops have evinced in a higher degree the military virtues of courage, patience, sobriety, and frugality. A striking evidence of this was seen in the fact that in the midst of famine these brave men guarded the provisions of the army under the enemy's fire, and rather than touch the food intrusted to their charge, preferred to die of hunger at their posts."

When Colonel Williams arrived at Kars, he found every obstacle to the reorganisation of the army which could by any ingenuity be conceived, or which the worst experience of Turkish pashas and their troops could lead him to expect. Before reaching Kars, he had made a close inquisition into the government of the provinces in Asia Minor generally, and the command and supplies of the army. At Trebizond and Erzerum he alarmed the pashas by these inquiries, who communicated their apprehensions to the *muschir* (field-marshal or captain-general) at Kars. The vile herd at once set about bribing him to silence, judging of him by themselves. Finding him to be incorruptible, they disputed his commission in order to gain time, and postpone the hour of his effective interposition. That hardly sufficed even for a very short time. They then denied his authority to interfere, alleging that, although it was competent to the Queen of England, as the sultan's ally, to send a commissioner to the head-quarters of his army, and to offer his opinion, or report it to his ambassador at Constantinople, or his government at home, he had no right to exercise any authority, or presume to call to account the high functionaries of the empire. He held no Turkish rank, and ought not to interfere, and must not be allowed to do so. This reasoning was unfortunately correct. Colonel Williams had no authority from the sultan, no rank in the civil or military administration of the imperial service; he was only a spectator, holding, indeed, a distinguished rank in his own service, and entitled to advise, but in any other way his interference might be regarded as impertinent, and an indignity to the sultan's officers. The pashas, taking this high ground obstinately, although with trepidation, Colonel Williams was impotent for good, or nearly so. He trusted to the power of his government and the influence of its ambassador to the Porte to rectify his position, and to invest his mission with power for usefulness; the pashas trusted to intrigue and corruption in the Divan, and sent agents to Constantinople to defame him, as they had defamed Guyon; and as the British ambassador was well known in the capital to be jealous of both Guyon and Williams, the pashas and their abettors in the vicinity of the sultan's

court were emboldened. Meanwhile, Colonel Williams, with no higher rank than that of a British brigadier (the usual one in his position to an allied army), instituted searching examination everywhere. He ascertained the muster-roll of regiments, and finding that all the corps were inferior in number actually to the roll, while the pashas were drawing pay for the dead men, he demanded an account of the surplus, which was refused with indignation; and he had no resource than to communicate to the British ambassador at Constantinople stated intelligence of the evils prevalent, the wrongs perpetrated, the peculations proved, and the obstacles thrown in the way of all attempts on his part to correct such things. The pashas more and more hated him, and were scarcely restrained from assassinating him—fear only deterred them. The common soldiers adored him, and in spite of every precaution on the part of the corrupt officers and civil officials, information privately, and often openly, was given to him of the misdeeds of those upon whom the responsibility of the ruin of the army rested.

While he was thus busy in a hopeless struggle to correct abuses, and the pashas only intent to get rid of him, that they might starve the troops and appropriate their pay, the Russians were making vast exertions for a new campaign, and laying up stores of every requisite for the winter about to ensue. The Russian generals at Tiflis, Gori, Gumri, and Bayazid, were well informed of all that was going on. Russian deserters renounced Christianity, adopted Islamism, and even obtained rank in consequence in the sultan's army, that they might have the more extensive opportunity to act as spies.

To understand clearly the scope of Brigadier-general Williams' original instructions, it is necessary that the reader should peruse the despatch of the Earl of Clarendon, conferring upon him the appointment. This was written August 2, 1854, while Colonel Williams was in the sultan's European dominions, where he was engaged in various services from the breaking out of the war: *—

"You will communicate to me, for the information of her majesty's government, all matters of political interest which may come under your observation, and you will keep me fully informed of the operations in which the Turkish army is engaged. You will also be at liberty to correspond with her majesty's mission at the court of Persia, when it may appear to you that the interests of the service on which you are engaged may be promoted by your doing so.

* Reference is made to this circumstance in Chap. XXXII., p. 396.

"You will furnish Lord Raglan with copies of all despatches which you may have occasion to write to this office, or to any of her majesty's diplomatic or consular agents; and you will send your despatches for this office under flying seal to her majesty's ambassador at Constantinople.

"You will furnish her majesty's ambassador with any information which his excellency may specially require of you, but with regard to any representations which you may think it expedient should be made to the Porte, you will, unless otherwise instructed by Lord Raglan, apply to his lordship on the subject, in order that, if he should concur in your opinion, he may himself request her majesty's ambassador to bring the matter before the Porte."

Various delays prevented Brigadier-general Williams from reaching Erzerum until the 14th of September. There he found the troops many months in arrears of pay, and had his worst suspicions confirmed. He knew the Turkish officials well, and was able at once to discover the track of their corrupt courses. The clothing of the soldiery was in rags, their rations miserable, the hospitals scenes of emipricism and neglect. Everything was radically wrong. Immediately upon arriving at Erzerum, the commissioner reported himself to the British Foreign-office as having entered upon the sphere of his labours, and gave his lordship the first glimpse of the condition and prospects of the Turkish army, in the following terms:—

"The troops in this garrison consist of two battalions of Anatolia rediff, one battalion mustering 350, the other 260 men. They are fifteen and seventeen months in arrears of pay. There are also detachments amounting to 350 men of different regiments of the army of Kars; they are seventeen, eighteen, and nineteen months in arrears of pay. The staff of the army at present here are four months in arrears. In hospital there are 1190, principally wounded. Of artillery there is a Bimbashi and 100 men. They are in the castle for the purpose of firing salutes. All these troops got one month's pay just before the last Bairam. Your lordship will see by the arrears of pay, as above stated, how utterly destitute these poor soldiers must be of all these little necessities which can alone preserve contentment and a good spirit in an army; and I most sincerely hope that, through your lordship's influence, steps may be taken to rectify this evil ere these troops arrive in their respective cantonments at the commencement of a long and most rigorous winter."

Colonel Williams had no money committed to his trust, and no *matériel*; he had not even a supply of arms of improved manufacture,

although the army of Kars were armed with many old Turkish pieces, and French muskets of inferior make, flint-locks, and detonators: there were no Miniés. Doctor Sandwith, already referred to, thus reported the state of the hospitals and medical stores:—

"A physician attached to this army told me that, having prescribed carbonate of iron, he was told by the apothecary that there was none left, but there was plenty of carbonate of ammonia; and what is worse, I learned that any carbonate or sulphate was substituted for any other, either to save trouble, or because none of the medicine ordered was to be found. I am told that ample sums are provided at Constantinople for the drug department, but the supplies on their way gradually diminish, until little is left at Kars to be turned into money by the Turkish *employés*. The depots at Erzerum are filled with large quantities of dried herbs, such as rose leaves, poppy heads, &c., the valuable medicines having disappeared; boxes also of old fashioned *specula vaginæ*, obstetric instruments out of date, and other drugs on the market, are sent to the camp at Kars. After the late defeat of this army, a rich harvest was made by the apothecaries and doctors, who turned into money their medicines and instruments, and reported them to have been captured by the Russians. A regular system of embezzlement is pursued, from the highest to the lowest; and as charges could be brought and proved by any man against his superior, anything like discipline or subordination in this department is out of the question, and the efficiency of the Turkish soldier suffers in consequence."

The suggestions of Colonel Williams and the doctor, and the apprehensions entertained at their approach, led to the adoption of remedial measures. Colonel Williams makes the following report of the hospitals at Kars soon after his arrival:—

"It is with pleasure that I acquaint your lordship with the result of my inspection, which embraced the four caravanserais and buildings appropriated to the reception of the sick and wounded, amounting, at the present moment, to 500 men; the beds were comfortable, the rooms as clean as the nature of the buildings would admit of, the kitchens and offices in better order than I had been led to expect; the patients were well cared for in all those points on which a military officer can be supposed competent to offer an opinion. On my return to the muschir I mentioned to his excellency the suggestion of Dr. Sandwith, which was, to construct fireplaces in each building, to create, by means of the draught caused by these fires, a more thorough ventilation. His excellency

promised to give orders to that effect. The picture which I have thus drawn of the hospitals of Kars is indeed a pleasing contrast to that which presented itself to the miserable inmates of the same buildings during last winter, when, owing to the want of medicines, bedding, food, fuel, and light, nearly 12,000 perished in them—their bodies, even before death released them from their agonies, presenting spectacles too loathsome to describe.”

The medical treatment was, however, not improved, as the remarks of Dr. Sandwith reveal:—

“I asked where the medicines were. I found that a great proportion of the patients were without remedies; others had tin bottles by their bedsides containing their potions. The apothecary who accompanied me was unable to say what these metallic bottles contained, but on tasting the fluid therein it was invariably found to be some infusion or decoction of harmless and useless herbs, such as marsh-mallow, bitter-sweet, and the like. All the severe surgical cases had been removed, others were already convalescent or dead, so that I was unable to ascertain by personal inspection the kind of dressings used. Many of the patients I saw were in various stages of typhus, dysentery, pneumonia, &c., and certainly required more energetic treatment than appeared to be in vogue. I was unable to obtain a sight of any statistical account of the diseases under treatment, but the above-mentioned appeared to me to be the most frequent.

“Separating myself from Colonel Williams and his party, who were inspecting what was directed to be shown, I prevailed on one of the medical men to conduct me to the pharmacy. We dived into a dark filthy passage, ascended a ladder, and came into three small mud rooms, which were shown to me as the central pharmacy. A short inspection of this at once explained to me the want of medicines in the hospital. A few large bottles and vases were labelled with about twenty specimens of drugs, but those labelled for medicines of any value I found empty; the others contained preparations such as *aqua styptica*, and tinctures, the use of which has been long discarded by modern medicine. There were also infusions of marsh-mallow, extracts of bitter-sweet, and sundry equally inefficacious drugs. The whole place was filthy and disorderly, and seemed more like the wreck of a plundered pharmacy than the depot from which the sick of an army are supplied.”

The above description is terribly graphic and strictly true. Dr. Sandwith painfully felt the want of authority in his department, although his personal influence enabled him to apply the hand of reform at once. He had,

however, no skilful and active coadjutors, and no funds; as it was with his chief, so with himself—all depended on his own skill and courage.

On the 23rd, the commissioner pushed on for Kars. As soon as he arrived, he pursued the same sifting system there as at Erzerum, and with the like results. His report, so early as September 26th, presents a frightful exhibition of the condition of the army of Kars, justifying the strong language of Lord Clarendon in the British House of Peers, when he denounced the pashas as “robbers:”—

“I regret to inform your lordship that the troops composing this army are so much in arrear of pay as to induce me to believe that money sent from the capital for the purpose of settling, even in part, with these unfortunate soldiers, has been embezzled either at Erzerum, or on the spot here. The troops are twenty-two, eighteen, and fifteen months in arrears of pay; their patience, under so glaring an injustice, is truly praiseworthy.

“I have further to beg for your lordship’s intercession in the case of the unfortunate soldiers maimed and wounded in the former and recent battles on this frontier, and who are now reduced to beg their bread. An imperial firman that these men be pensioned, and that three months in advance be paid to them, would have a most beneficial effect during the next campaign.”

In three days after, the commissioner again reports to the foreign secretary, and in the same terse style conveys the state of affairs in these matters, which were then of most pressing importance:—

“The guns and their carriages were in an efficient state, and the horses, considering the season of the year and the difficulty of procuring forage, were in tolerable working condition, although these animals have been cheated out of at least a third of their corn by the malpractices of the commander-in-chief and his generals of division; the accounts of the army showing four okes a day for each horse, whilst the animals have only received from two and a half to three.”

The facts revealed in the foregoing extract are truly infamous. The next day the colonel reported upon the state of the cavalry. Such of our readers as know anything of military details will understand the labour and difficulty of these inspections when the colonel had every official opposed to him. The quality of industry in the man is strikingly prominent:—

“I have this day [September 28, 1854] inspected the cavalry of this army. I enclose an extract from the ‘morning state’ presented by

these pashas to the muschir on the parade this morning after the inspection, which sets forth that there were four regiments, containing 2222 men, and 2212 horses; whereas the files were counted whilst filing past by Lieutenant Teesdale and M. de Nettancourt, and their numbers were found to amount to 1568, whilst I have positive information, since the review was over, that there were six regiments."

Shortly after the foregoing report, the colonel had an interview with the muschir on the subject of the numerical strength of the army, which the muschir had represented to the colonel and to his own government at Constantinople to be greatly superior in numbers, as well as condition, to what it really was. The object of these misrepresentations was to draw the pay for a larger force, the surplus money being appropriated by the muschir and his pashas. The true state of the case is thus put by the British commissioner in a letter dated October 2:—

"Zarif Mustafa Pasha, the muschir, assured me the day before yesterday that there were 1500 under arms; but I learn from authority which I can depend on that their real effective does not amount to more than 800 men. I have, therefore, given to your lordship a statement of the numbers of the army supposed to have been composed of nearly 40,000 men. I will sum up the regular army as follows:—Of cavalry, 1568, and 2212 horses. Of artillery, 1822, of which 450 belong to other corps, leaving a total of artillery of 1372, and 1962 horses. Of infantry, 14,600 bayonets; forming altogether 17,990 men, and 4174 horses of regulars and 800 irregulars."

At a subsequent period, when the neglect of the commissioner by the British ambassador at Constantinople excited the indignation of the foreign secretary, his excellency excused himself by hinting, and ultimately expressing doubts, whether the commissioner had not exceeded his commission by the pertinacious and minute inquiries which he made into every department of the Turkish army. If our readers compare the labours of Colonel Williams, as expressed in the above despatches, with the instructions which he received from Lord Raglan, under whose direction he was placed, they will see that no such imputation, coming even from Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, deserves respect:—

GENERAL LORD RAGLAN TO COLONEL WILLIAMS.

Varan, Aug. 20, 1854.

SIR,—Her majesty's government having been pleased to nominate you commissioner at the head-quarters of the Turkish army in Asia, and to act in that capacity in communication with me and under my orders, I have the honour to request that, in obedience to their commands,

you will lose no time in proceeding to Kars, and assuming the duties confided to your discharge.

You will, however, in the first instance, take advantage of your being at Constantinople, for the purpose of obtaining the necessary equipment, to solicit her majesty's ambassador to get from the Turkish government introductions to the authorities with whom you will have to communicate in the accomplishment of the objects of your mission.

You will also seek to obtain from his excellency the advice which his great local experience, his knowledge of public men in this country, and his unrivalled power of discrimination, enable him to give better than any other man.

The instructions of the secretary of state are ample, and would render unnecessary that I should add anything thereto, were it not that the variety of accounts that have been given of the muschir's army obliges me to impress upon you the expediency of trusting to no reports you may receive, but of endeavouring to ascertain by close personal observation its actual composition, the numbers each arm can bring into the field, distinguishing the regulars from the irregulars, the state of the arms in possession of the troops, whether cavalry or infantry, the quantity of musket ammunition (rounds per man) in the hands of the men and in reserve, the number of pieces of artillery and their calibre, how horsed, and with what number of rounds per gun, and how carried; whether the infantry or cavalry are formed into brigades and divisions, and under general officers, or whether there is no formation beyond that of a regiment or battalion; whether the troops are regularly supplied with provisions and the horses with forage; and, lastly, whether the army is paid, and to what period.

You will also make it your business to discover whether the officers exercising commands of importance are efficient, and whether they support each other, or are occupied in intriguing to supplant those with whom they are associated.

You will make all these inquiries free from any spirit of party, or bias in favour of or prejudice against any individual, and you will attend especially to the judicious injunction of the Earl of Clarendon, to establish and maintain the most friendly relations with the French officer whom I have reason to hope Marshal St. Armand will attach to that army for the exercise of the same functions as those entrusted to you.

You will correspond with me by every opportunity, and you will take care to send your despatches to the secretary of state under flying seal to Viscount Stratford, and to keep his excellency informed upon all military as well as political matters.

I have, &c.,

RAGLAN.

As a specimen of the way in which Colonel Williams communicated to the pashas the defects of inferior officers, the following letter will suffice. It is directed to the governor-general of Trebizond:—

COLONEL WILLIAMS TO HAFIZ PASHA.

Bayburt, Sept. 10, 1854.

EXCELLENCY,—The two guides whom your excellency sent reached me at Chiarlar, and have accompanied the caravan as far as this station. They have conducted themselves with great propriety, and I have to thank you for this mark of attention.

When I had the honour of conversing with your excellency at Trebizond on the affairs of the army at Kars, you fully coincided with my views with respect to the late disasters near that city—viz., that it was entirely owing to the want of conduct on the part of the superior officers. It is not only on the field of battle that ill-conduct leads to defeat; but the remissness of officers in charge of artillery, ammunition, and stores on their way to the army in the field equally conduces to fatal results. I have now to bring to your excellency's notice the bad conduct of the officer, whoever he may be, that has charge of the siege-train which you informed me marched a certain number of hours a-day towards Erzerum. I had not got more than two hours from Trebizond when I

passed two of the valuable guns planted in the middle of the road, and, on inquiring of a peasant who stood at his door, found that they had been abandoned. At a short distance from these guns, I passed a load of sponges and rammers, apparently enough for the whole siege-train of thirty-two guns. These were thrown together loosely on the cart, and were already much warped and injured by the sun and rain. They ought to have been packed in bundles and covered with matting.

I enter into these details with your excellency to show the utter neglect of the officer of artillery who sent forward these stores, and I take the liberty of strongly recommending you to dispatch the colonel of artillery whom I met at Trebizond to superintend the forwarding of this ordnance; obliging him to render you a daily report of their progress, and thus assuring their passage across the mountains before the snow falls. I have sent this despatch open for Mr. Stevens to read to your excellency; and I should fail in my duty if I did not send copies of it to her majesty's ambassador at the Porte, to Lord Clarendon, and to Lord Raglan, commander-in-chief of the English army. I beg to add that twenty of the guns have passed Baybout, and that no less than twelve remain in the position I have described.

I have, &c.,

W. F. WILLIAMS.

It appears almost fabulous that such ignorance and misconduct should take place in any army, or, taking place, be suffered to pass with impunity; but such was the management of the Turkish forces when the commissioner first went among them. It will be seen from the foregoing despatch that Colonel Williams was extremely uneasy lest winter should set in before any proper provision was made for the troops at Kars. This uneasiness increased as the autumn wore away, and early in October the urgency of his tone is apparent. The following is addressed to Mr. Brant, the British consul at Erzerum, through whose influence he hoped to make an impression upon the pasha. It discloses already the dreadful prospects for the army of Kars:—

Camp near Kars, Oct. 4, 1854.

SIR,—Having had occasion this morning to bring to the notice of the muschir the state of the cavalry horses, which, from being for a considerable time on half-rations of barley, are unfit for service, I begged that three instead of two oaks might be issued to them. His excellency informed me that he had only six days' provision of this grain in store, and that his acquiescence in my request would reduce the number of days' subsistence to four; that in all other departments of the commissariat they were equally deficient; in fine, he admitted that this remnant of an army was living from hand to mouth, and in the event of the rains setting in, it would be reduced to extreme want and bitter suffering.

The army's debts here and at Erzerum are already 10,000 purses, and the arrears of pay amount to 25,000 purses; the troops were paid a half-month's arrear on the 1st inst.—that is, each man received a 10-piastre note, which he cannot change to buy tobacco or any other little necessary; specie is, therefore, necessary to its very existence. The musteshar is absent at Erzerum, and there is a lamentable remissness in forwarding supplies; may I, therefore, request of you to wait on Ismail Pasha, the governor-general, and read this despatch to his excellency, begging him, at the same time, to rectify these defects, and aid the common cause in which the three allied empires are engaged. His good intentions must be seconded by the most active assistance, or even greater misfortune than has already befallen this army will soon be exhibited when the winter obliges us to break up, and leave 10,000 unprovided for in this garrison, where typhus fever already prevails not only in the hospitals, but among

the inhabitants, in whose houses I am obliged to search for winter quarters for the sultan's troops, and which I hope to effect in a few days. You were witness to my efforts in this respect at Erzerum, and you can therefore conceive the difficulties which present themselves in this wretched and twice pillaged town.

I beg you to have the goodness to send a copy of this despatch, together with the answer of his excellency the governor-general to the Earl of Clarendon, to her majesty's ambassador, and to General Lord Raglan.

I have, &c.,

W. F. WILLIAMS.

Mr. Brant used every exertion to bring the refractory but dissimulating pasha to a sense of his duty, but in vain. The object of his excellency was to get rid of both consul and commissioner, and to preserve for himself and all minor pashas the immunities of pillage, peculation, and oppression.

COLONEL WILLIAMS TO THE EARL OF CLARENDON.

(Received Nov. 7.)

(Extract.)

Camp near Kars, Oct. 10, 1854.

After the despatch of my last messenger I waited on the muschir, and offered his excellency the following advice:—

1. Seeing that severe frosts now occur at night, which especially affect the invalids, and that we have before us the certainty of winter, which may at any day overtake us, I strongly recommended a selection of the weak and sickly men from all the corps, as also the most attenuated of the cavalry horses, in order that they might march leisurely towards Erzerum, which arrangement would in nowise lessen the real effective of the army, and at the same time enable the men to reach their winter quarters with less chance of crowding the hospitals after their arrival. Mustafa Pasha at first insisted that all his men were able to march to Erzerum in four days. I replied that in all armies infirm and weak men were to be found. The muschir then said that he would order the selection of the sickly and weak from each regiment. I have just heard from the ferik pashas that no such orders have been given.

2. I told the pasha that, in superintending the drills of the army, I found the infantry un instructed in loading even with blank cartridges; that many of the regiments had not the opportunity of one day's fire-firing given to them; and I begged him (now that it could be done without even the fear of scarcity of powder, which fear he had expressed when I first spoke to him on this vital point) to carry my wishes into effect.

3. I have repeatedly begged him to send into the neighbouring forests to cut wood and haul it into Kars before the terrible winter of these regions sets in.

4. I have not ceased for the last ten days to importune the muschir to cause the houses intended for the safety of the sultan's troops to be cleared out and cleaned for my inspection.

5. I have inquired in vain for the result of any arrangement made by the Vali of Kars for the supply of mutton for the force about to be left in Kars, and I can find no reason for supposing that great privation will not be felt on that head. The sheep ought to have been purchased before this eleventh hour, and placed in villages within reach of this garrison during the storms and intense cold of an Armenian winter.

6. Medicines and wine for the sick have also occupied my attention. His excellency Zarif Mustafa Pasha tells me that a supply of medicine has already arrived at Erzerum; but I have just complaints to offer to your lordship even on the diet of these hospitals. Dr. Sandwith brought me, two days ago, a loaf of black dough, full of all sorts of impurities, and quite unfit for a human being. This was taken from a sick man. I enclosed it to the muschir, who said it had been sent to the hospital as food for the attendants, and not for the sick.

7. I have just heard of the intention of the muschir to divide those regiments which will remain after the

garrison of Kars is completed, into detachments, to be stationed at Ardahan, Kaghisman, and Childir; thus reducing the garrison of Erzerum to a force quite insufficient to prevent its insult and capture by the enemy, operating by Bayazid in early spring. I shall immediately protest against this arrangement.

8. I shall again endeavour to bring the muschir to reason on all points connected with this despatch; if I fail, I am prepared to adopt that course which the urgency of our affairs demands at my hands.

The day after the colonel wrote the last despatch he found it to be his duty again to address the English foreign secretary on the conduct of the unaccountable muschir:—

COLONEL WILLIAMS TO THE EARL OF CLARENDON.

(Received Nov. 7.)

(Extract.) *Camp near Kars, Oct. 11, 1854.*

HEARING this morning that the muschir was in consultation with his two feriks, I sent and begged to be allowed to speak with them. I was consequently invited to Zarif Mustafa Pasha's tent. I began by recapitulating my requests to have quarters prepared for the troops who are to remain here. On this point I received the usual excuses and vague answers. I then touched on the preparations to be made for the march of the division intended as the winter garrison of Erzerum. Zarif Mustafa Pasha answered with a smile that did not convey respect, "that he knew how to manage and quarter his troops." I felt that the moment had arrived when I must act with firmness, or lose all my influence, which has thus far wrung from the muschir daily drill for the army, and procured wholesome food for the hitherto half-starved and fever-stricken soldiers, who have expressed to General Guyon their gratitude for this amelioration of their condition. I therefore drew from my pocket the draught of my despatch of yesterday's date, and caused each paragraph to be translated to the astonished muschir and his feriks. The tone of his excellency changed in a moment, but as no promise was given I took my leave. I had scarcely reached my tent when Mr. Zohrab, the interpreter and secretary, was recalled, and a promise sent to me that he would attend to every suggestion which I should in future make for his consideration.

At a later hour of the morning I was called to hear the muschir give his orders for the preparation of the houses intended for the troops in Kars, and also directions for the conduct of this local governor with regard to the supply of wood, grain, and sheep. His reply was that any supplies can be had with money, but that such is the extent of debts already contracted by this army that nothing but cash would induce the producer to come forward in the market. I have, therefore, addressed a letter to the defender of the army at Erzerum, under cover to Mr. Brant, requesting him to read it to that functionary, and to forward a copy of it, together with his reply, to your lordship.

I have this moment heard of the arrival of a courier in camp from Erzerum, bringing 500 purses (£2500), but, as on former occasions, it proves to be paper money. This sum, however, has been handed over to the governor of Kars, to insure the immediate supply of wood, meat, and grain.

I heard this morning that the muschir was about to quit the army; and, as he had thrown out a hint to that effect while conversing with me yesterday, I waited on him this morning, and advised him to contradict such reports, as his excellency well knew that Kars was his post till the army had been placed in safe winter quarters, in the details of which he will take my advice.

The Russian camp is now on the Arpa-tchai River, two hours above Gumri. It has lost a good deal of ammunition by accidental or wilful explosion; and I got the pasha's promise this morning to have our tumbrils so divided and guarded as to prevent any serious loss by the acts of spies or treacherous friends in this camp.

P.S.—After writing this despatch I have been able to see the muster-roll about to be forwarded by the muschir

to Constantinople. The total number stands 27,538 effective of all arms; whereas, as I have already hinted in my former reports, if this army were called upon to stand to its arms this evening, 14,000 effective men would be all that could respond to that call.

The firmness of the commissioner brought forth suitable fruits. The pashas, somewhat intimidated, placed the two regiments of Ariabaston infantry under suitable cover. They had been encamped upon the plains in pitiable plight—for the nights during October are bitterly cold in that part of Armenia. The streams and canals, which might be made a source of health to Kars, were so loaded with decomposing substances during the whole autumn as to breed fever extensively. The commissioner's remonstrances led to the cleaning of these currents, until the water ran fresh and clear. The drainage of the city had been in an abominable state, and was probably the most active generator of typhus among the many existing in Kars. The perseverance of Colonel Williams was here also successful; and these foul reservoirs of every filth known to an Asiatic city were at last cleansed. When the soldiers were at breakfast or dinner the commissioner visited them, and inspected their food, which he generally found to be both bad and deficient in quantity. The colonels were sent for; the bread broken and tasted in their presence; the meat and other food examined, and its deteriorated quality exposed: these officers, at last, dreading such encounters with the commissioner in the presence of their men, humiliating as it must have been to them, improved the diet, until for a time the commissioner had no cause for complaint. This was the state of affairs up to the middle of November. The exertions of the commissioner the reader must perceive to have been herculean. Kitchens, hospitals, camps, drains, barracks, regimental messes, drills, stores, magazines, treasury—everything connected with the army had his attention. His chief difficulty consisted in his having no rank in the Turkish army. Rank under the sultan was necessary in order to satisfy the prejudices of the soldiery, and to silence the objections of the pashas. Early intimation of the necessity was made to the British ambassador at Constantinople, both by the commissioner himself and by the British foreign minister. The ambassador took no means to effect this object; and the intrigues of the Asiatic pashas were powerful enough with the Porte to prevent the extension of this favour, unless the ambassador's determination to obtain it was unquestionable. The pashas, however, had their instruments not only busy with the Divan, but with the embassy; and Lord Stratford himself, jealous and suspicious, lent a ready ear to whatever tended to depreciate the commissioner.

Up to the middle of November, Colonel Williams' numerous despatches to the embassy at Constantinople remained unanswered. Not a letter—not a line—was sent thence to cheer the overburthened commissioner. No courier or messenger, no indirect communication through consul, secretary, pasha, or any one else, reached Colonel Williams from Lord Stratford, to whom he was taught to look for advice in every difficulty, and influence in every emergency. In vain did despatch succeed despatch from Erzerum and Kars to Constantinople. The British ambassador there might as well have been dead, for any advantage Colonel Williams derived from his presence and power. No man living had so much influence with the sultan as his lordship; and it is not conceivable that had he exerted himself as he ought to have done, Colonel Williams would have remained so long without Turkish rank. The irritable and jealous ambassador had no pretext given for either anger or jealousy by Colonel Williams, the tone of whose despatches is most deferential. As soon as he was fairly in the harness of his government, he submitted to the guiding hand of my lord at the Bosphorus. We find the following proof of this fact:—

COLONEL WILLIAMS TO LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE.

Pera, Aug. 23, 1854.

MY LORD,—I have the honour to enclose for your lordship's information a despatch which I have this moment received from General Lord Raglan, and in doing so I beg to solicit from your excellency the assistance and advice which are so necessary, and indeed indispensable, to the fulfilment of my mission.

My baggage has not yet arrived from England, but the *Medway* steamer is hourly expected. In the meantime I am occupied with my tents and other arrangements for my departure on the 31st inst., when I understand an Austrian steamer goes to Trebizond.

I have, &c.,
WILLIAMS.

Lord de Redcliffe seems to have taken matters very easy from the first. On the 9th of September he wrote home to the English ministry. The following extract shows that he thought matters would be kept cool and quiet by the frosts and snows of an Armenian winter, and that no person need be in any great hurry:—

THE Turkish government declares its intention of keeping the army at Kars on the defensive. The retirement of the Russians and the approach of winter are in themselves sufficient securities that no forward movement will be attempted.

The dead season, should war continue, will afford time for deliberation on the whole of this matter, and the reports of Colonel Williams may be expected to assist her majesty's government in coming to a decision as to what may best be done in order to make the next campaign in Asia more successful than the last.

The English foreign minister, however, was in earnest; and he wished the ambassador of her Britannic majesty, and the minister of the

sultan, also to be in earnest; for immediately on receipt of the despatch from Lord de Redcliffe, from which the above extract is made, he thus addresses his excellency:—

THE EARL OF CLARENDON TO LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE.)

(Extract.)

Foreign Office, Sept. 22, 1854.

HER majesty's government trust that Ismail Pasha, the newly-appointed general, may, unlike his predecessor, have been selected on account of his capacity, and they request that he may receive instructions to defer to the advice of Colonel Williams, who is thoroughly acquainted with the people and the country, and who ought to have a high Turkish rank given to him in order to insure respect for his authority.

The British excellency was not, however, to be moved by even so urgent a despatch. Lord Clarendon had taken, without intending it, the most effectual way of checking the ambassador's advocacy of the commissioner's authority and his country's interests. The English minister for foreign affairs had chosen an active man, of great intelligence, well-known military talent, and extensive acquaintance with oriental affairs. He was not a mere creature of the British embassy, therefore he was not to be encouraged by the great man reigning in such puissance there. Lord Clarendon also reminds the ambassador of Colonel Williams' capacity and oriental experience,—a very unpalatable thing to the man who supposed that he alone was capable of giving an opinion on oriental affairs. Lord Clarendon had no suspicion of this sort, although had he condescended to read *Household Words* or the *Roving Englishman*, he might, notwithstanding his high position and great talent, have received light on this matter.

After Lord Clarendon had received the despatches of Colonel Williams, already before the reader, he was greatly astonished at the inactivity of the ambassador, and addressed to him a despatch, in which he politely hints that it was quite time the minister should bestir himself:—

Foreign Office, Nov. 9, 1854.

MY LORD,—Your excellency will have learnt from the correspondence of Colonel Williams the peculations and frauds on the part of the muschir and his immediate chiefs, which have been attended with such disastrous consequences as regards the efficiency of the Turkish army at Kars.

I have now to instruct your excellency to demand of the Porte the punishment of Zarif Pasha, and his two feriks, Kerim Pasha and Veli Pasha, by whom these frauds and deceptions have been carried on, if the Porte means to attempt the restoration of discipline in the unfortunate army at Kars.

I am, &c.,
CLARENDON.

While this correspondence was proceeding a change of "muschirs" took place in the Asiatic army. The new muschir was only intended as a provisional commander by the authorities at Constantinople. He, however, resolved to carry matters with a high hand, his predecessor having given him dark accounts of how dangerous a man Colonel Williams was to all

pashas sufficiently enlightened to look after their own interests. The new commander-in-chief was named and entitled Shukri Pasha. He appears to have entered upon his office in a fierce state of hostility to the English representative. He had the impolicy to betray his state of mind while on his way to his pashalic through Erzerum, and the active and vigilant consul there discerned the bias of the pasha, and at once wrote to Colonel Williams. His letter gives an amusing picture of the pashas altogether:—

CONSUL BRANT TO COLONEL WILLIAMS.

Erzerum, Nov. 2, 1851.

I LEARNED that in an evening meeting you were spoken of, and your interference. Shukri Pasha said it would not be allowed; that the authorities were not under your orders, and would resist interference on your part. Then Zarif Pasha chimed in, and did his best to Shukri Pasha against you. Zarif Pasha said that you were a mere *miralai*, without any proper authority; came to Kars, assumed the direction of everything, impeded the proper march of affairs, and produced nothing but confusion. Shukri Pasha, more excited, replied, that an officer in Roumelia had acted pretty much as you did, but the Turkish authorities soon got rid of him, and that this would be the result of your mission.

Zarif Pasha left Kars (the 25th of October) before his successor arrived. Colonel Williams seized the occasion to influence the hopes and fears of the *muschir's locum tenens*, one Kerim Pasha, and succeeded in persuading Kerim to assemble all the colonels, and lecture them on their idleness, speculation, drunkenness, neglect of their military duties, &c. &c. Kerim even went so far as to assure the commissioner, in the presence of all these superior officers, that whatever happened, speculation and intoxication should be put down. Accordingly reform had some chance in the short interval elapsing between the retirement of Zarif and the arrival of Shukri. Steps were taken to increase the stores of provisions, hospital arrangements of a beneficial kind were effected; billets of wood for fuel were brought in from the woods; corn and other provender were laid up for the horses of the artillery and the draught animals, for the cavalry was nearly extinct—it fared even worse if possible than the British cavalry in the Crimea. The fortifications on the heights above Kars, devised and commenced by the skillful and enterprising Guyon, were completed, the men working with eagerness and perseverance, willing to do anything to please the good English commissioner.

We have no fear that our readers will weary amidst the intrigues and intricacies which the deeds and misdeeds of the pashas present, for the transactions of the period are more like a chapter in oriental romance than in sober history. One is obliged to pause in wonder over some of Colonel Williams' accounts of the persons with whom he had to do, the way in which they acted towards him and their conduct in

the great events in which they were engaged, however grotesque or wicked they may alternately appear to be in the reader's esteem. It is difficult to peruse so grave a story without amazement at the infinite absurdity of these commanders of armies—*muschirs*, *feriks*, pashas, beys, and whatever else the sultan in his misguided counsels was so unfortunate as to make them.

When Williams, on the 10th of November, deemed it desirable to leave for Erzerum, he committed his trust at Kars to his worthy aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Teesdale. The Earl Granville, long after the events of which we write, passed a glowing eulogy on the merits of this officer, observing, that so young was he, and so boyish in appearance, that it seemed impossible he could have sustained such onerous and serious duties with such satisfaction to his chief, his government, and his country. But his instance only proves what Williams himself illustrates, that England is not deficient in wise and talented men to serve her and promote her greatness, her glory, and her beneficent influence among the nations, if she only insist that public servants shall be chosen for their capacity to serve, and not because they are the parasites of other men, who, by rank without merit, have occupied a name and place and power in the nation.

On the 17th of November, Colonel Williams being then at Erzerum, wrote to Lord Clarendon respecting matters at Kars, chiefly upon the testimony of his reliable young friend and coadjutor, Teesdale:—

“Lieutenant Teesdale further states that Shukri Pasha had arrived at Kars, and had received him with cold civility, but letting him plainly see that his presence was not desired. I also met that *ferik* on the snowy mountains lying between Kars and Erzerum. His reception of me was in all respects similar, and, although such conduct was irritating, my thirteen years' knowledge of the Turks led me to consider it as a matter of course; I therefore saluted, and passed on my way. On my arrival in Erzerum I waited on the governor-general, Ismail Pasha, to give him the detailed contents of the magazines of Kars, on the 8th inst., estimating the force at 14,000 men and 2000 horses, viz.:—

Wheat.	37 days' consumption.
Barley	84 ”
Flour	4 ”
Biscuit.	23 ”

“I acknowledged having passed large convoys proceeding to Kars, and again received his promise not to relax in his efforts; but this interview plainly indicated the only course which was left for me in my future communications with Shukri Pasha, now at the head of

this army, and Hussein Pasha, the chief of the staff; and I consequently wrote him a letter, the enclosed copy of which will explain to your lordship the nature of the conduct of both, and against which I have protested in firm and, I trust your lordship will think, appropriate terms. This letter will meet Shukri Pasha on the road, on his return to Erzerum; and as I learn from Lieutenant Teesdale that, after the arrival of this functionary at Kars, he had not been able to get the account of the daily issue of provisions from the magazines of that garrison, the suspicions which my recent interview with the governor-general and the military pashas raised in my mind are fully borne out, and my resolution to take a stand against a concerted plan on the part of the *ferik*, Shukri Pasha, and the chief of the staff, is, if possible, strengthened. Their object is obviously to deprive me of those sources of information which have thus far enabled me to put her majesty's government in possession of the effective strength and intended movements of this army, as well as to lay bare the enormous frauds which characterise its administration, civil and military, which might have, and still may (if this clique be not crushed in the bud), lead an allied force into difficulty, and, perhaps, terminate in great disasters.

"The governor-general and the *defterdar* of the province have just returned my visit. They are dispatching large supplies of every denomination to Kars, and they afford me all the intelligence I require. Ismail Pasha is, however, a man of extreme old age, and should be invested with a government better suited to his feeble body and impaired faculties."

When the foregoing statement arrived in England, the Earl of Clarendon addressed to Lord de Redcliffe the following letter, calculated to arouse his lordship's attention to his own neglect, and that of the Turkish government, towards a deserving British officer:—

"Her majesty's government have had under their consideration General Williams' despatch of the 17th of November; and it is with regret, or it would be more appropriate to say with indignation, that they have again to complain of the conduct of the Turkish officers at Kars.

"Her majesty's government have sent to the head-quarters of the unfortunate army at Kars a distinguished officer, whose knowledge and experience peculiarly fitted him for the service; and it is not too much to say that he has already preserved the remnants of the army from the destruction that awaited it at the hands of its commanders. He has already saved large sums to the sultan by checking the most barefaced robberies; and yet it appears, that without respect for the character of General Williams as the commissioner of the Queen

of England, or regard for the sultan's service, General Williams is exposed to affront from Shukri Pasha and the chief of the staff, who endeavour to prevent his acquiring the information that the Turkish government are deeply interested that he should possess, in the vain hope that he may be disheartened and foiled, and that the system of plunder may recommence. But General Williams must be upheld, and her majesty's government must insist that his exertions to render the army at Kars fit to take the field in the spring should be aided by the Turkish government.

"Your excellency will take the means you may think most expedient for bringing this despatch to the knowledge of the Turkish government, but her majesty's government desire that it should be by a written communication.

"Your excellency will require that the most stringent instructions shall be sent to the *muschir* to respect and support General Williams; and your excellency will obtain a copy of those instructions and send it to General Williams."

Foreign Office, Dec. 29th, 1854.

While yet at Erzerum, the attention of Colonel (Brigadier-general) Williams was directed to its defence. The munitions of war which it contained were of great value; and if the pashas did not prize them, the Russians might show a different estimate of their value by a sudden swoop upon the place. Keeping these circumstances in view, the colonel* wrote, on the 26th of November, as follows:—

"Two regiments of infantry, and as many of cavalry, having been sent by Hussein Pasha from Kars to Ardahan, throws a large force from the point where it was, in my opinion, more immediately required, that is, Toprak-Kaleh and Bayazid. I had frequently advised Zairi Mustafa Pasha (as I have already stated in former despatches) to hold his men in hand and keep his eye on Bayazid; and Hussein Pasha made this movement after I quitted Kars. I hope it will lead to no important embarrassment, as the weather is now inelament, and I do not think General Wrangel would risk a disaster (from snow and frost) at this critical period of affairs in the East. . . . Until Ismail Pasha arrives here nothing which I can hint at will be listened to, and I shall not lose a moment to draw his attention towards putting Erzerum into a respectable state of defence. The ground around presents favourable points, and we now have a battering train to arm redoubts most formidably; these inestimable guns, moreover (in such a difficult

* Williams calls himself colonel; Lord Clarendon calls him general. His rank in the army was colonel; his local rank, brigadier-general.

country to bring them into), are prizes which might induce the enemy to make a dash on this city, where ammunition and stores to a large amount are in the magazines."

The Ismail Pasha referred to in the above letter was appointed *mushir* by the sultan, but a complaint in the eyes detained him at Constantinople. The commissioner was too hopeful of Ismail; for even the best and bravest of these provincial governors were but little suited for co-operation with an English officer. Before Ismail could arrive, Shukri determined, while the chief command was in his possession, to do all the mischief he could. The following extract from a letter sent by the British consul, Mr. Brant, at Erzerum, shows how far this Shukri was determined to proceed, and the vigilance of the consul in discovering his plan:—

"You will have perceived that Shukri Pasha, second in command to the new *mushir*, Ismail Pasha, was prepared to thwart Colonel Williams in his energetic exertions to save the remnant of the Kars army from annihilation by sickness and famine, and to put it into a state of efficiency.

"I have since been informed, from a source that I may depend on, that a plot has been got up among the superior officers of the army to persuade his Excellency Ismail Pasha, on his arrival, that Colonel Williams' interference is unauthorised and most prejudicial; and to induce his excellency to invite the colonel to an interview, in which he will be requested to produce his credentials from the *seraskier*, and, in case such are not shown, he will be told that any further interference in the affairs of the army will not be tolerated. I have warned the colonel of this plot."

Placed in possession by Mr. Brant of this important information, Colonel Williams, despairing of any farther usefulness as long as he was unsupported at Constantinople, wrote in the most urgent terms to the ambassador, appealing to him in words at which honour and patriotism should have kindled. We quote the most important portion of General Williams' communication to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe:—

"Since I fulfilled the duties confided to me as her majesty's commissioner to the headquarters of the army at Kars, I have had the honour of addressing to your excellency fifty-four despatches, identical with those forwarded simultaneously to the Earl of Clarendon and General Lord Raglan. Each packet has been accompanied by a private letter containing details and suggestions, which, had they found place in my public communications, would

have inconveniently lengthened these documents.

"On the 23rd of September I was honoured by a private letter from your lordship, appealing to my 'spirit and humanity,' relative to the captivity of those unfortunate Russian ladies who had then recently been seized and carried into the mountains by Sheik Schamyl, the Circassian chieftain. Since the above date, I have not been favoured with a line by your excellency—even with an acknowledgment of the reception of my public or private communications. To one who has served your lordship for so many years, such an avowal on my part can only be recorded with feelings of deep disappointment and mortification—feelings which I have studiously endeavoured to conceal, even from my aide-de-camp and secretaries, because each successive post was anxiously looked for, in the hope of receiving answers from your lordship on the pressing and important affairs connected with my mission to the head-quarters of the army of Kars.

"Nor have I either, for the above reasons, directly or indirectly, to Lords Clarendon or Raglan, hinted at the silence which your lordship has been pleased to preserve towards me, until the 28th of November, when I acquainted the authorities of the Foreign-office with my intention to make my representations on this, to me, distressing subject.

"I need not trouble your lordship with a recapitulation of the contents of my various identic despatches; but as the Earl of Clarendon and General Lord Raglan will be furnished with a copy of this communication, I owe it to her majesty's government and to myself to remind your lordship of communications, public and private, especially addressed to you.

"Independent of my various conversations with your lordship, before and after my visit to Lord Raglan at Varna, I invoked, in a public despatch, dated the 20th of September, your excellency's 'countenance and support' in my endeavours to save the remnant of the Kars' army from the horrors of last year.

"I forwarded, with my first packet from Kars, for your excellency's inspection, a Russian and a Turkish cavalry sabre; and having thus shown one of the principal causes of the want of efficiency of the Turkish horse at the battle of Injé-Dereh, I stated the necessity of having 5000 English light cavalry sabres as the only hope of rendering that important arm efficient for next spring. On this point I at the same time addressed a private memorandum on the necessity of allowing Baron de Schwartzburg to re-organise and drill this wretched arm of the service.

"In consequence of the great scarcity of a certain kind of ball-cartridge in the magazines of Kars, and applicable to the arms in use by

the only really efficient troops in that intrenched camp, I hoped that your lordship would excuse the great liberty I was taking, and respond to my urgent prayer for a supply to be sent to me, when I enclosed two cartridges in a despatch, telling your excellency at the same time that it was only through you, and you alone, that I could hope for a supply. I need not add that in the event of an attack during the winter this intrenched camp may owe its capture to the want of this ammunition, for none other, as I at the time explained to your lordship, will fit the muskets and rifles of their corps of *élite*, which were the only regiments which behaved well at the battle of Injé-Dereh.

"When at Kars I first heard of the intention on the part of Shukri Pasha to treat me with contempt, I added to my public despatch on that subject a private note, assuring your excellency that your promptly exerted influence could alone stop this dangerous conspiracy, or effectually sound the real intentions as regarded myself of the newly-named *muschir*; and I have faithfully detailed, in subsequent despatches and private letters, the insolence of Shukri and Hussein Pashas since my arrival here.

"The last report of Lieutenant Teesdale, which your lordship will receive by this messenger, proves what results the fear of that retribution, which I know they hourly expect, is working upon the minds of the pashas and colonels; for the safety of this army I trust it will not be long ere it fall upon all those officers whose names stand forth in infamous notoriety in my despatches, for theft, cowardice, or drunkenness; but, unhappily, the result I allude to by my quotation of Lieutenant Teesdale's report is merely temporary, for the consciousness of worthlessness on the part of those pashas and colonels will not render them either more brave or less thievish, and the danger to that garrison is consequently imminent.

"Under these circumstances I most respectfully, but as firmly insist, through the influence and interference of your lordship, that my reports be promptly attended to by the Turkish government; that those officers, pashas, and colonels, who have been convicted of robbery by false muster, direct thefts, and drunkenness, be dismissed, and others named in their places.

"With regard to the principal criminal, Zarif Mustafa Pasha, who, as I have stated in my despatches from Kars, might have, by his false muster-rolls and other dangerous deceptions, caused the discomfiture and disgrace of any British force sent to his assistance, I leave him in the hands of the allied governments; for happily he can do no more harm here. With regard to Shukri and Hussein Pashas, if

they are not instantly recalled to Constantinople there will be very little, if any, use in my attempting to execute the difficult and onerous duties imposed upon me. And having made this appeal to your lordship in the name of her majesty's government, it is my duty to state distinctly that I shall not be able to give such intelligence to my superiors as is absolutely necessary for them to be masters of, that I shall fail to preserve the power I have (unaided) seized, and that I shall consequently not succeed in shielding the troops from starvation, without my demands be complied with. If they be not, the dissolution of this army and the fate of Asia Minor will inevitably follow, and a golden opportunity be lost."

When Colonel Williams addressed this appeal to the ambassador it was the fifty-fourth in eleven weeks, the previous fifty-three having been unanswered. The excuse offered for this subsequently by his lordship is lame and impotent. He alleged that the tardiness and illusive conduct of the Turkish government rendered it impossible for him to give such assurances of support to Colonel Williams as he required; and his lordship did not wish by writing to hold out false hopes to the gallant officer. This was the reason given for leaving more than fifty despatches unanswered. How the pasha of the embassy (as we may well call my lord) must have winced when he perused the eloquent and indignant despatch of the 8th of December from the neglected commissioner! Most of the despatches written by Colonel Williams were accompanied by private letters, affording to the ambassador such peculiar information as was unsuitable to a despatch, and the importance and urgency of which no one better understood than his excellency.

The English minister for foreign affairs became increasingly indignant at the conduct of the ambassador to the commissioner, and the despatches between these two great officials are very instructive, although too voluminous to give at length. Lord Stratford presumed to tell Lord Clarendon in a despatch, that much of what Colonel Williams had written was "superfluous and exaggerated." Lord Clarendon somewhat haughtily replied that the English government could not understand the application of these terms to the actual circumstances; that the Turkish army had been without "clothing or shoes; that the cauldrons in which their food was cooked were in such a state as to render it poisonous; that the muster-rolls exceeded greatly—often one-half—the numbers really present; and lastly, when there is reason to believe that nearly 18,000 men perished last year through the want of ordinary care and precautions, her majesty's government cannot consider that there has been any super-

fluous or exaggerated matter in the reports which have reached them during the last twelve months, and respecting which they have so often and ineffectually remonstrated with the Turkish government."

"General Williams was in a position of great difficulty and responsibility, surrounded by traitors and robbers, with whose occupations he was bound to interfere, and he stood in need of all the support and encouragement that her majesty's servants could afford him.

"It was my duty regularly to acknowledge the despatches of General Williams, containing a painful recital of the difficulties against which he had to contend, and it has been to me a great satisfaction to convey to that gallant officer the entire approval of her majesty's government of the energy and success with which he overcame the obstacles to improvements, some of which he found on his arrival, and others which have since been wilfully thrown in his way. Her majesty's government, therefore, cannot but regret the silence observed by your excellency towards General Williams, and they can well understand the discouragement and mortification he must have felt at receiving no acknowledgment of his fifty-four despatches, accompanied by private letters; for he looked to your excellency as his natural protector, and must have well known that the great—the deservedly great—influence of your excellency must be more powerful on the spot than any her majesty's government could exercise to save him and the Turkish army from the consequences of that corruption, ignorance, prejudice, and want of public spirit which your excellency so well describes, and the proofs of which are in every direction unfortunately but too apparent."

When the despatch of Colonel Williams to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, dated the 8th of December, arrived in London, the government gave it the most serious consideration, and the feeling produced in the English cabinet towards her majesty's ambassador at Constantinople was one of unmitigated anger. The following epistle was directed by the Earl of Clarendon to his excellency:—

MY LORD,—Brigadier-general Williams has transmitted to me a copy of the despatch which he addressed to your excellency on the 8th of December, recapitulating the various communications which he has at different times made to you on the state of the Turkish army in Asia, and of which it would seem that your excellency has not taken any notice to Brigadier-general Williams. Her majesty's government desire to receive your excellency's observations upon the despatch of General Williams, which I need hardly say has been read by them with great regret, after the anxiety they

have felt, and the remonstrances which they have in vain addressed through your excellency to the Porte, respecting the unfortunate army at Kars." "Such is the conduct of Shukri Pasha, the man just sent from Constantinople to take the command at Kars, and who, if he had not positive instructions to treat General Williams with contempt, can have had none to show him respect, although your excellency announced on the 15th of November last that he was to have the rank of *ferik* in the Turkish service. But her majesty's government will no longer endure to be trifled with, and they are determined that if the Turkish government still persist in treacherously disregarding the sultan's interests, the Turkish officers shall, at all events, not insult the queen's commissioner; and your excellency is instructed to demand the immediate dismissal of the person who gave orders that General Williams should be thus unbecomingly addressed. Your excellency will also transmit to me a copy of your application to the Turkish government for the official recognition of General Williams when he went to Kars, and of the answer which you received; and you will also demand, if you have not yet got it, a copy of the instruction that was sent by the Porte. Your excellency will understand that her majesty's government require to be furnished with a full and detailed report of everything which has passed between her majesty's embassy and the Porte respecting the army at Kars, in compliance with the instructions that so frequently, but in vain, have been addressed to your excellency."

"*Foreign-office, January 6, 1855.*"

On the 14th of December, Lord de Redcliffe addressed the English foreign minister in a tone which showed that he began to feel some alarm as to how his neglect might affect his own reputation; yet he was desirous to make things *quiet* everywhere—except at Kars, where they might take their chance. It is almost amusing to observe how satisfied he seems with the movements of the Turkish government just then, although his want of confidence in its honour and promptitude were assigned as his reason for not replying to some fifty despatches from the seat of war! To that communication the Earl of Clarendon replied in a tone of cutting rebuke, exposing the flimsy pretexts of the ambassador, whose conduct was open to the very censure he had pronounced against that of the Turkish government. We annex an extract from Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's letter of the 14th of December, 1854:—

"It will be satisfactory to your lordship to know that some apparent progress is making towards an improved state of things in what regards the Turkish army at Kars. An inten-

tion had been entertained of sending Mustafa Pasha, the mausehir commanding at Batoum, to take provisionally the chief command in place of Ismail Pasha, who is destined to command the army of the Danube during Omar Pasha's absence in the Crimea; but Vassif Pasha, late commander-in-chief of the Arabian *corps d'armée*, being at liberty, it is intended to employ him for that purpose. He will be instructed to attend to the advice offered to him by Colonel Williams, and he will be also empowered to remove, if necessary, Shukri and Hussein Pashas, of whom the colonel has had occasion to complain. Letters of reprimand have been already addressed to those officers, at the same time that letters of approbation have been sent to Kerim and Hafiz Pashas, founded on the request of Colonel Williams. Colonel Williams' diploma as *ferik* is in preparation."

This letter was received on the 30th of December, 1854, and on the 1st of January following Lord Clarendon thus replied:—

"MY LORD,—With reference to what your excellency reports in your despatch of the 14th of December, respecting the progress of measures for ameliorating the state of the army at Kars, I have to express to your excellency the hope of her majesty's government that Vassif Pasha is fit for the post of commander-in-chief, to which he is to be appointed, and that this has been ascertained by your lordship, as the object of her majesty's government is to obtain an efficient commander, and not simply a change of generals. As no result whatever has yet ensued from the repeated and urgent remonstrances of her majesty's government, and as the improvement, such as it is, in the army at Kars, is solely due to the exertions of General Williams, I have requested M. Musurus to convey to the Porte the dissatisfaction of her majesty's government. The rank of *ferik* is necessary for securing to General Williams the authority and respect required for the performance of his arduous duties; and in your despatch of the 15th of November, your excellency reported that your application for that rank had been acceded to by Redschid Pasha; yet your excellency writes, in your despatch of the 14th of December, that the diploma for Colonel Williams as *ferik* is in preparation; and this unfortunately shows that the wishes of her majesty's government and the interests of the sultan are alike disregarded by the Turkish ministers. Your excellency will report to me the cause of the delay in issuing this firman."

During all these proceedings on the part of the corrupt pashas, the conduct of the Turkish common soldiery was excellent, justifying the panegyrics passed upon them by General Wil-

liams himself when, at the close of the war, he returned to his country, and was received at public entertainments given in his honour. At the dinners given to the general by the Lord Mayor of the City of London, and by the Reform Club, portions of his speeches touching this subject were thus reported:—"Referring to the position and conduct of the Turkish troops in Kars, he [General Williams] said that better materials for an army did not exist than was to be found among the Turks. The position in which he found the troops in Kars was such that few, if any, European soldiers, would have been kept together under such depressing circumstances. They were hungry—they were penniless—their pay was three years in arrear, and the officials whose duty it was to supply them with food were wilfully and corruptly neglecting to do so. The army had no officers on whom they could rely, and they seemed when he arrived to have no hope of being able to withstand an attack from the enemy. These gallant men, starving as they were, stood in the breach for seven hours, and kept one of the finest armies of the world at bay." . . . "With regard to the Turkish forces who stood by me," continues the general, "through so many troubles and trials, it is impossible I could speak in adequate terms. But I can, and will at least do so—hold them up on every occasion that may present itself to me, as men worthy of public consideration and sympathy. I can assure you that it was not only the Turkish soldiers who stood by me at Kars, but the heroic townsmen of that place—I may almost say the children who formed the population of that town. Their misery and suffering, their abnegation you all know—but I can tell you that which you do not know. It is this—on my return by Tiflis, I met with General Mouravieff, and almost the last thing he told me was, that after he entered Kars he found no less than ten dead bodies in one house. My lords and gentlemen, these were the corpses of heroic men—men who had silently died—men who preferred the terrible end of death by starvation, rather than to come to ask me for that bread which they knew my garrison and the women and children of the town required. My gallant friend—for I shall always call General Mouravieff my gallant friend—observed that in very many houses he had found one or two dead bodies, but that in this one he had found no less than ten dead bodies."

Events to be recorded at a future page of this History are referred to in this extract, but are here anticipated as showing on the highest testimony—that of General Williams himself, given at a time when he could look back upon the whole story of Kars—what his estimate of the troops and people were whose superior

qualities were displayed from the very first, in spite of bad pashas and unfavourable fortunes.

It is necessary to a full comprehension of the disasters which had previously fallen upon the Turkish army, and the difficulties which Colonel Williams encountered in preparing it for future service, to notice the arms and discipline of the different departments of the troops. The cavalry of the Turks had for ages obtained a great reputation, but since the father of the present sultan introduced European discipline, the Moslem horsemen have lost their prestige, they have ceased to be what they were—wild riders and splendid horsemen, and have not become a well-disciplined European cavalry. They have been drilled after a variety of plans, British, French, and Prussian, without attaining an organisation after any model. Dr. Sandwith says,—“I never yet heard of their accomplishing a charge.” Some of these horsemen have a ludicrous resemblance to European hussars,—the Hungarian refugees in the sultan’s service having made sundry abortive attempts to give a semblance of that description of cavalry to the wild men of the Armenian mountains. Their horses were good, but badly fed, the officers plundering and selling the corn allowed for them. The Turkish officer has no patriotism—the connection of his feelings or sentiment with the government of Constantinople being purely fanaticism. To kill Jews and Christians, by way of execution or cowardly massacre, is the only use to which he wishes to put his sword. He will therefore steal the barley allowed to the horses of his troopers, and convert the horse-clothing to various purposes of convenience in connection with his tent, or sell it to some Jew or Armenian pedlar. The clothing of the troopers was most inappropriate. He wore no helmet, a light fez being the only protection of his skull from the unfriendly contact of Russian sabres. His garments were in tatters, what was left of them was gaudy and filthy in the extreme; on his feet were large slippers, which required more ingenuity to keep them, walking or riding, than an English trooper could put forth. The arms of this wretchedly apparelled man were in keeping with his accoutrements and horse-furniture. He had a carbine of the old flint lock order, which would not always go off, and by which no enemy was ever shot except by chance. A very short sword, of very bad workmanship, constituted his remaining weapon, which was utterly useless in opposition to the sword of a Russian dragoon, or to that of any other cavalry soldier. The mode of sitting on horseback peculiar to the Turks favoured the use of the sword, but that posture on the saddle had been put aside by the Prussian drill officers, and a stiff and formal seat was substituted, the legs being stretched ludicrously in efforts,

barely successful, to bring the feet in contact with the stirrups. Dr. Sandwith, in describing them, says, “I do not presume to enter into the military question of cavalry drill and tactics, and the necessity of reducing every detail to the necessary standard; I merely give a Yorkshireman’s opinion of the horseman I see before me, and do not hesitate to say he makes a ridiculous figure. How different is the appearance of that Bashi-bazouk dashing across the plain on his active little Kurdish mare! What perfect command he has both of horse and arms! A regiment of men well drilled to manœuvre, but retaining the seat formed from childhood, will surely answer better than this half-Prussian style. If I am not mistaken, our irregulars in India, rising daily into higher repute, are an illustration of this remark.” The Doctor afterwards adds, “I had not seen Captain Nolan’s book when I wrote these remarks in Erzerum, about Christmas, 1854.”

The infantry were rather better equipped and better armed than the cavalry, but the advantage thus possessed was small. The clothing was of coarser cloth than that allowed to the cavalry, but seemed to wear better. They were armed with the old “brown Bess,” once so dear to the British soldier. Dr. Sandwith describes them as low in stature, but broad-chested, and the calf of the leg better developed than he had ever seen with British soldiers. It is very doubtful whether any Asiatic soldier could exceed in this respect the recruits brought to the British army from the Highlands of Scotland and the west of Ireland. There was among the infantry an *élite* corps, called *shishanajis*, these were armed with the French *carabines-à-tiges*. They were recruited from the Zebeks, a race inhabiting a mountain district south of Smyrna, who are habituated from early youth to the use of the rifle. They were formidable marksmen, vigilant, brave, hardy, and active. The Turkish infantry are drilled on the French system.

The artillery was brought to great perfection under Ibrahim Bey, a Prussian officer, and a Turkish officer named Tahir Pasha, who had been educated at Woolwich. These men had set an example of skill and bravery in the combats and battles of the campaigns of 1854, which checked the progress of disaster.

The general organisation of the army was the worst possible. The muschir, although chief in command, seldom took upon him any responsibility or originated any orders without bringing together his feriks, or lieutenant-generals. While sitting together, smoking and sipping coffee for many hours, or perhaps engaged in a very much worse manner, they discussed military projects, and the plan of a battle or a campaign; the decisions were, in

one respect, not unlike those of most councils of war—resolutions to do nothing were generally passed unanimously. All were bound to keep secret the subjects of conversation in the council, but before the morning dawned all that passed was in possession of the Russian spies. A *chef-d'état* major and a considerable staff was in theory an important part of the military system in the field, but in practice very little attention was paid to it. Guyon held this post until driven away by persecution; he had no foreign cabinet to interpose on his behalf. Colonel Thorn exaggerated in no degree the merits of this glorious man when he said that, "had he the command of the army not a Russian would have retained a foot of land even in Georgia." Guyon's superior staff were foreigners—Hungarians, Poles, and Italians; his junior staff were educated young Turks from the military school at Constantinople. Against these the animosity of the *muschir* and his *feriks*, and the colonels of regiments, was especially directed. The simple circumstance of their being well educated, and pretending to some knowledge of the military art, was sufficient to excite the envy and malice of the whole tribe of ignorant pashas and beys. This may be easily conceived from what happens in the British army. The educated officers are notoriously not popular. It is no recommendation in a gentlemanly corps to have been at Sandhurst or in a French military college. Ignorance, especially if associated with rank, hates talent, even when its possessors are made to subserve the selfish ends of those who hate it.

For nearly two months before Colonel Williams' arrival the troops had gone through no exercises of any kind, and, as an army, were utterly unfit to take the field. Exception should be made in favour of a small body of cavalry, which, under the gallant and able Hungarian, Kmety, kept the outposts. The general position of the army, strategically considered, was good. Its left flank rested for support on Batoum, from whence supplies of men, provisions, and munitions, could at any time, before the depth of winter, have easily been sent. Kars was the centre, and thence to Trebizond was only eleven days' journey for convoys. Bayazid, Kaghisman, Toprak-Kaleh, are within easy and secure distances for military operations from Kars. The right flank of the army extended towards Bayazid, but was not so well supported as the left. So deficient were the command, organisation, transport, and commissariat of the army, that any movement of an offensive kind, even with such an advantageous base of operations, would have exposed it to destruction. Dr. Sandwith quaintly observes, "the only organisation complete was that of peculation." The

main difficulty of an external nature was the faithlessness of the races inhabiting the country all around. The Armenians were so subjected to robbery, murder, and every species of oppression, from the *Bashi-bazouks*, that they would welcome the Russian, or any other Christian rule, instead of the Mohanmedan. Long oppression had made the whole nation cowards, or they would have risen against the Turks in arms, and seriously aggravated the miseries endured. It is a curious fact that the Georgians, who are of the Greek religion, are far less attached to the Russians than are the Turkish Armenians. Perhaps this is to be explained by the circumstance that the Georgians have already tested Muscovite rule, while the Armenians have not as yet tried it; for the inhabitants of Russian Armenia are less Armenian in religion, and have on the whole been favoured by Russian policy. The Kurds, although Mussulmen, were not loyal—robbers at heart, they would serve any standard under which might be found the best hopes of plunder. Many of the irregular cavalry of Russia were Mohammedans, and subjects of the Porte. At the beginning of the winter of 1854, the czar had more Turkish subjects in his irregular cavalry than the sultan himself. The disposition of the Georgians in favour of the sultan did not last long, for the frequent forays of the *Bashi-bazouks* into their borders, were attended by such atrocities as altered the feeling of the people towards the contending powers,—they decided that Russia was, of the two, the less ruthless master. During these raids the *Bashi-bazouks* were encouraged by certain pashas, to bring the heads of as many *Giaours* as they could decapitate, and they should receive a proportionate reward. Men, women, and children, were murdered in cold blood—many young virgins were selected for the caprices of their captors, or were sold as slaves. Among these were beautiful and educated women (for the women in Georgia are better educated than the men), torn from their happy homes, and treated by these Turkish robbers with a barbarity no pen could describe. Such was the state of matters when Colonel Williams, accompanied by Lieutenant Teesdale, and Dr. Sandwith, the whole of his staff at that time, arrived at Kars.

The Doctor is a native of Yorkshire, a medical man of some professional reputation, and a scholar. He is of a scientific turn of mind, and also possesses much natural aptitude for military things. He is the author of an excellent work on the subject of the war in Asia. Lieutenant Teesdale was born in 1833, at Grahamstown, in the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, where his father, Colonel Teesdale of the Royal Artillery, was then quartered. Young Teesdale entered the Royal Military

Academy in 1848, and in 1851 received his commission in the Royal Artillery, to which branch of the service especially, and to the army generally, he is an ornament. At the conclusion of the war he had risen to the rank of major in the British service, and was, while serving in the army at Kars during the last campaign, lieutenant-colonel by courtesy, holding that local rank.

Another name rendered memorable by association with Kars, is that of Mr. Churchill. He is a native of Pera, was educated at Paris, accompanied Colonel Williams when sent out some years ago to adjust the Turco-Persian boundary, and finally acted as his secretary during the momentous events with which he was lately connected.

It is an important element in forming a judgment upon the conduct of the Turkish generals, and the British commissioner respectively, to take into account the winter climate of Armenia. About the middle of November the sky, generally clear and frosty for six weeks before, becomes piled with clouds, which, after a time, break in snow gusts upon the whole country. The severity of the winter becomes more and more intense, until, about Christmas, it reaches its full force. Dr. Sandwith, who spent that period in 1854 at Erzerum, writes, "About Christmas the snow falls in immense quantities, and from time to time 'tepehs,' or snow-storms occur, burying whole caravans which have been venturesome enough to brave the weather. These blinding snow-storms often overtake the poor peasant, as he passes from one village to another, in which case he is found cold and stiff the next morning, perhaps buried in a snow-drift a few yards from his own door." As winter advanced, the preparations made for the ensuing campaigns were all conducted on the principle of robbing the soldiery and the people. The pashas had correspondents at Constantinople, who were themselves pashas or other officials, or perhaps contractors, and

regular plans for plunder were concocted, and acted upon, reducing the sources of supply in the territories of the sultan, disgusting the people, neglecting the troops, and exposing the country to all the chances of inadequate preparation for a campaign in the ensuing spring. Such is a true, and as ample an account as our space affords, of the condition of affairs during the last autumn months of 1854, and the closing months of that year.

During the negotiations in Europe, and while the closer alliance of the Western powers was forming with Austria, the prospects of a peace at that juncture were viewed very jealously by all persons acquainted with Asia, in consequence of the disasters which had befallen the Turkish arms there. In our East Indian territories such considerations had great weight, as it was there generally believed that all Central Asia would be influenced by the defeats which had been inflicted by the armies of Russia in Asia Minor. The feeling entertained in India, and the reasoning of men cognisant of oriental affairs and of British interests in those regions, were thus represented by the *Madras Athenæum*:—"No peace with Russia can at present satisfy English interests; the ascendancy gained by that power in Asia Minor lays British influence in Persia and Central Asia prostrate for many years to come. The best diplomacy is that which an army in Armenia could carry on. Let the sound of English cannon be heard on the confines of Persia, or the English flag be seen floating in Tiflis, and then a peace on almost any terms would retrieve the influence of England in the Eastern world, and put all machinations against her Indian empire out of the thoughts of all men. If we have a peace now, every one, great and small, from St. Petersburg to Bokhara, that meddles with politics, will meditate insult or aggression. The vulnerability of England in the East will be an accepted opinion in the Asiatic nations."

CHAPTER LVI.

HOME EVENTS AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR 1854.

"It will be the country which will urge forward the ministers to spare no pains, to omit no exertion, to make every sacrifice and every effort, for the purpose of securing a just and honourable peace, in consequence of a successful and vigorously prosecuted war."—THE EARL OF DERBY in the *House of Peers*, Dec. 1854.

WHILE the army battled and suffered before Sebastopol, and numbers perished in the infected corridors of the Scutari hospitals,—while intrigue worked its tortuous course at Vienna, and procrastination characterised the proceedings of the tardy diplomatists,—while the czar was publishing manifestoes, and recruiting his armies by conscription and his treasury by

new imposts—the hearts of men in Western Europe were thrilled with the tidings which were daily borne upon the wings of the press throughout their cities and centres of civilisation. A December session, so unusual in English parliamentary sittings, was summoned by her Britannic majesty. The English government was alarmed at the growing discontent in

every part of the country with the way in which the war was managed, and they were therefore desirous to shelter themselves under the protecting ægis of the senate, but they were also solicitous to obtain its support in matters constitutionally requiring parliamentary sanction. The queen's speech was neither better nor worse than such political documents usually are, and the topics referred to in it were only noticed so far as was necessary to bring out the party tactics of the political combatants of the house. On the 12th her majesty opened parliament in person, and the government was immediately put upon its defence by the opposition, for the way in which the war had been conducted. The Earl of Derby, in his brilliant invective, charged the government with a total want of foresight, disqualifying its members for the offices which they filled, and blaming them for all the disasters which attended the occupation of Roumelia and Bulgaria, and the campaigns in the Crimea. The fierce political assaults of the eloquent leader of the opposition in the lords, evoked from the Duke of Newcastle more open statements and admissions than were deemed politic by his party, or just to his colleagues and himself. The noble duke admitted that the government were not possessed of the experience required for the emergency, but expressed such readiness to profit by past misadventures and shortcomings, and with such an air of ingenuousness, as produced a personal feeling in the house favourable to the honesty of the government, which was supposed to be on the whole the most able which the state of parties would allow of being formed. The statements of his grace were also calculated to remove various impressions among the general public which were prejudicial to the government. It was thought by most men that the policy of the Western powers was not so identical as had at first been supposed; the duke protested that both before and since war had been declared, the imperial policy and that of her Britannic majesty had been in complete unison.

The Earl of Derby charged the government with vacillation as to the Crimean expedition, and as having entered upon the war with no fixed plan of procedure. To this the minister replied as follows:—"The noble earl represented that it was only after the siege of Silistria was raised that we contemplated the invasion of the Crimea, and in support of that statement he quoted passages from speeches made by the noble lord the president of the council, and his noble friend near him (Earl Granville). Now, let me inform the noble earl that he is in error in the whole of that statement. From the very first the invasion of the Crimea was contemplated, and I only wish that it were consistent with my duty to lay

before your lordships the despatches between Lord Raglan and myself with reference to the conduct of this war. My lords, I say at once that by me certainly no blame whatever shall be cast upon any portion of that army. I believe that no blame belongs to them; and certainly I am not the man to blame them. But, my lords, if the noble earl means to say that, because no blame attaches to the army, blame, therefore, does attach to the government, will he be good enough to look at the facts of the case, and, having studied them, then pronounce an opinion? With the greatest energy and activity Sir E. Lyons, Sir G. Brown, and others, were employed for nearly a month in obtaining those materials and planning those operations the neglect of which might have occasioned the embarking and disembarking of the troops to be attended with very different results from those which took place. By far the most serious cause of delay, however, was the breaking out of cholera in the camp. As regards the deficiency of preparations which the noble earl charges against the government, I really do not know to what the noble earl refers, unless it be, as he specified, the paucity of men. I can only say, that those preparations were not only immense, but minute. My lords, that body of nearly 60,000 men landed at once on the shores of the Crimea, and I believe that the records of history do not show any undertaking upon such a scale so successfully accomplished throughout. Look at the great military power of Austria. What have they been doing during the last four or five months? Were they in an effective state to take the field at the time when war was declared by this country? Certainly not; and if they had been obliged, as we were, to send a force into the field, is it not notorious that they would have been obliged to send one much more inadequate and much less fitted for the service in view than they will now be enabled to do? My lords, if that is the case with great military nations—nations whose whole military system is based upon conscription—what must it be with a country whose military system rests entirely upon voluntary enlistment? My lords, the siege of Sebastopol commenced, and, after a considerable amount of necessary preparations, upon the 17th of October, and it soon afterwards became apparent, from the intelligence which reached this country, that that siege was likely to be more protracted than I readily admit the government at first expected. I say I readily admit—if that be any blame to the government—that we did hope and believe that long before the time at which we are now assembled that fortress would have fallen; and if we erred in that expectation—if we were over confident, I believe that we erred in common with many men of great experience in war, and men

whose opinions were well worth having—we erred in our confidence in common with the public at large, both in this country and in France. We did not expect that an army could be moved from Odessa to Sebastopol with the marvellous rapidity with which that movement was effected; and, probably, some of your lordships will be surprised to hear that, through the extraordinary efforts of the Russian government, through the means they were able to command of an unlimited number of cars and cattle, that march was effected at such a rapid rate, that on one day a march of forty-two miles was actually effected. Now, I may be imprudent in making these confessions, but I wish to deal frankly with your lordships.”

This was the defence of the government, made by the highest authority—the war-minister himself; and, however well received by the peers, it was regarded by the country as proving his incompetency, and that of the government of which he was so prominent a member, to deal with matters requiring urgency, energy, foresight, and acquaintance with military detail.

In the House of Commons Mr. Sidney Herbert assumed a bold and defiant tone, admitting no errors, and betraying a self-sufficiency that ill comported with the practical impotency which had been displayed by his colleagues and himself. The reply of Mr. Layard, who had the advantage of having been an eye-witness of many events in the Crimea, told with withering force against the pragmatical secretary. The description given by the former, of the source of all the indecision of the government, was so obviously the true one, that it took hold of the public mind, and produced an effect unfavourable to coalition ministries, however well versed their members in government routine:—“Mr. Layard said he never addressed the house with a more painful sense of responsibility than he did on that occasion, and that sense of responsibility was increased by the speech which they had just heard from the Right Hon. the Secretary for War. He could not conceal, that, after what had passed, he did not feel that confidence in her majesty’s government which he wished he could say he did feel. He did not say that after all they may not have embarked in a policy worthy of this nation. On that he had not now to touch. But if he could see that the calamities which we had suffered were the result of inexperience, and that in the future they might hope for better things, he should still place confidence in her majesty’s government. Instead of that, however, he believed that those calamities were solely to be attributed to the want of a definite policy. He believed, moreover, that it was impossible for a government composed as the present government was,

to have a definite policy. How could a definite policy be expected from a cabinet which included representatives of all the political parties in Europe, from a minister who represented the holy alliance down to another who represented the extremest state of liberal opinion in this country. From a cabinet so composed, it was inevitable that they should have a half-and-half policy, for the members of it must meet one another half-way and propose half measures, or they could not otherwise act together. That might answer very well in ordinary matters, but on a great question like that, they could not have half-and-half measures, and a half-and-half policy would not do. Last session, he (Mr. Layard) had attempted to warn the country of the dangers and calamities to which they were hurrying, but the same appeal was made to him, and which had been again made that evening by the right hon. gentleman (Mr. Sidney Herbert), namely, that the appearance of dissension on that question should be avoided, and that they should show themselves to be a united people. Was that a position for the government of a great nation? Was that government to govern merely when a pressure was exerted on it from without, and at the last moment? If so, any twelve men they could pick up between Westminster Hall and Charing-Cross would be equally as capable of governing. Before proceeding further, he begged it to be distinctly understood, that although he felt it his duty to attack the government upon this great question, it was upon that question alone, and that on all others he was faithful to those great principles on which he had been elected to that house. They were told that in attacking the acts of her majesty’s government upon this question they were, at the same time, imputing blame to our allies, the French, and might give them offence. Now, so far was it from being the case that the French were implicated in the mismanagement of our government, that, on the contrary, the French had taken the initiative in every act that was sound and straightforward, and we were compelled to follow them.”

On the whole, the opening debates were rather in favour of the government, so far as the feeling of parliament was concerned; but the effect upon the country was detrimental to the ministry, public confidence never afterwards rallied, and the foundation was laid in the opinion of the people for the popular discontent which at last rose in its might, and overwhelmed the cabinet.

The public interest was much excited by the passing of votes of thanks to the allied armies and navies for their heroism and endurance in the campaign of 1854. These votes were proposed on the 15th of December. In the House

of Lords the performance of this agreeable task devolved upon the Duke of Newcastle. The objects of the public gratitude upon the occasion were comprised in various distinct classes—the general officers and regimental officers of the army, and the army at large, the navy, the medical staff of both services, and the army and navy of our ally. In the Commons, Lord John Russell proposed a similar vote, but in a speech inconceivably superior to that of the noble duke in the Lords. The following neat compliment to the common soldiers is probably one of the best conceived ever paid to their undoubted merits:—"And now, Sir, I will proceed to notice that expedition and those contests in which the best blood of this country has been shed; and when I say the best blood of this country, I by no means intend to refer to any particular rank, military or social; for I feel that among the best blood of this country is the blood of those sons of labour who, having entered the military profession, have devoted their whole hearts to their duties—men who have stood in the field of battle without the hope or expectation of being distinguished by those rewards by which men in higher stations are often swayed, but who have performed their duty nobly, reckless even of their lives, at the same time with a feeling of religious obligation that all must admire. For while they have endured with the greatest firmness the assaults of their enemies, they have shrunk with the utmost avoidance from committing the slightest outrage upon any one. I am confident that these children of the peasantry of England are of no less worth in blood and courage than the sons of the highest and the noblest of the land."

The thanks of the House of Lords to the army and navy, and to the French army and navy, was proposed by the Duke of Newcastle on the 15th of December. His panegyric of Lord Raglan, the British commander-in-chief, was that of a thorough partisan. To judge from the speech of his grace, Lord Raglan might be considered the saviour of the army, and the man by whom the greatest deeds were accomplished—whereas never did a commander personally do less for an army by vigour, ingenuity, or the qualities requisite for a great command. He had the power to overrule and control all departments, but he left them to their own miserable incompleteness and incompetency. Long after the date to which we refer, and when the war itself had terminated, the following caustic but just remarks were written in "the leading journal:"—"What, then, are we to say of our late commander-in-chief, as his acts are chronicled in the reports and evidence derived from two commissions? Brave with an antique bravery, of most courteous manners, and, to those of his own class,

cordial and kind, he naturally has the warm sympathies of a circle who can see no defects in him. But the nation has to judge of men by the results of their actions. Let the private friends of Lord Raglan cherish his memory, and seek to communicate their enthusiasm to their countrymen. But if the country remains incredulous they must not be surprised. We do not make heroes of good men or polite men, but of those who do great actions and advance a great cause. Now, how stands the case with Lord Raglan? He had been for forty years supreme at the Horse Guards; he knew, if any one might be supposed to know, the British army, with all its merits and defects, its personal bravery, the shortcomings of its commissariat, transport, and medical systems. He was, in fact, at the head of the very department which broke down most egregiously. He had been often abroad, and had enjoyed in France opportunities of seeing the details of a great military organisation; yet, under his guidance the British army—literally the British army, for we had no reserve—was blindly led to destruction, from which only the outburst of popular feeling preserved it. For five months was this army in Turkey before it embarked for the Crimea; not a few of the deficiencies began to be felt even before it moved from Gallipoli to Varna; yet, though endowed with unlimited power, though not only requested, but even abjured, by the government to remedy every defect with a strong hand, the commander-in-chief saw nothing, heard nothing, knew nothing, until the deluge of disaster was upon his devoted troops. In all these inquiries his name hardly appears. The government of the army seems to have been a commonwealth of independent generals and heads of departments. What a quartermaster-general did in Dublin or Quebec, that he felt necessary to do in the Crimea; he did nothing more, it was not in his department, and no higher power interfered. The commissariat could not transport provisions for want of ships and horses; they made requisitions that were not complied with, men perished by hundreds, and we see no help come from head-quarters. Napoleon and Wellington dictated the minutest details of organisation, but all by which wars are made successful—feeding, clothing, transport, shelter—were in this British army abandoned to the fortuitous agreement of some half-dozen departments, each of which, as far as we can see, was carrying on a war of recrimination and provocation with the other."

His Grace of Newcastle took the opportunity of lauding Lord Raglan's staff as unwisely as he heaped eulogy upon the chief himself. Some of these officers certainly deserved no thanks from their country—unless the disasters they caused, and the mismanagement which

they either occasioned or could not control, are titles to a nation's gratitude. Foremost amongst the staff-officers of the army was Sir Richard Airey. The authority last quoted thus notices his claims to renown:—"Sir Richard Airey, too, who will not go one inch beyond the strict limits of his duties as understood on a home station in time of profound peace—had he no means of becoming acquainted with the army's real wants, and the necessity of some breadth of view, and some increased exertion to meet a great crisis? We have him pleading, and pleading successfully, that he is not responsible for anything more than the making of requisitions for what is necessary—a duty which we should think any subaltern in the army might equally perform. We have him exonerating himself by stating that the rugs were half cotton, the coats too small, the boots unfit for wear, the palliasses useless for want of stuffing. We have him sending for tents and huts two months after the landing in the Crimea, because he had no reason to believe they would be wanted before. If he had come from India or the Cape to his post about the time of the battle of the Alma there might be some reasonableness in this defence. But what must we say when it is remembered that this man had been military secretary to the commander-in-chief up to the very day of sailing, must have been aware of the exact state of the army, a confidant of all the doubts, fears, surmises, and anticipations on the subject of the expedition; that he must have known well the terrible suspense of the two governments, the importance they attached to a decisive campaign, the dreadful consequences of any sluggishness or irresolution at such an hour? Yet he and his subordinate, knowing all this, are content with such a perfunctory discharge of their barest duties, that if they had been the agents of a shipowner or a purveyor they would have been dismissed as not taking care of their employer's interests."

On various other officers of the staff "the thunderer" launched his bolts in similar terms, summing up his estimate of their claims upon their country generally in these words:—"They will wear their orders, and their rank and titles, won amid so much desolation, will be blazoned in the face of the world, for of that courage which boldly faces shame they have no lack. But from the verdict of history they cannot escape. They may well hope that obscurity will cover their names, and they may not share the immortality of Mack and White-locke."

These censures are quoted because they convey the actual state of public opinion in England at the time when the Duke of Newcastle so bombastically lauded his friends, to whom he and his colleagues had so unworthily com-

mitted the conduct of a great expedition. His grace did justice to the non-commissioned officers and soldiers in his oration; but he was evidently more at home in expending his eloquence upon Lord Raglan and his satellites. Although this speech was coldly received by the country, it met with great favour in the House of Lords, and some passages of it were perused with warm approbation out of doors. One passage, in which he offered a grateful tribute to the fallen brave, met with a hearty response from both the house and the country; it was one of the duke's happiest oratorical efforts—chaste, unpretending, and full of simple pathos:—"We are called upon to vote thanks to the men who have served their country, but I regret to say that a large body of those who left this country, high in expectation and confident of success, are not now within the reach of our mortal thanks. Their names are not in the list which I am about to submit to your lordships, but I am confident that they are not forgotten. With all our triumphs sorrow is inevitably mingled, and, when I look round upon your lordships at this moment, I see that there are some who bear the outward semblance of that grief which preys upon their inmost hearts for the losses they have sustained. I think, then, your lordships will not deem it unbecoming if, upon this occasion, departing from the dry rule of precedent, we should express our regret at the loss of those noble men, and our condolence with their relatives. I propose merely to ask your lordships so to do. I shall not in that resolution include any names, but it is impossible not to recollect the name of one whom, perhaps above all others, the country most deeply mourns. My lords, I had the happiness to become acquainted with that gallant and noble man, Sir G. Cathcart, by official communications before I ever saw him personally; and from the official communications which I held with him for a year and a half, while he was governor of the Cape of Good Hope, I must say that I never was more struck with the ability, the honour, and the devotedness of any man. In common with the rest of those who were acquainted with him, I confidently looked forward to the time when he would take a position in the British army of the highest value to the country, and to that sovereign who, as much as any one of us, regrets his death. He and his companions sleep on the green hills of a foreign coast, but I am confident their names will live for ever, not unhonoured, in the sad and grateful memory of the people, as well as in the military records of this country." The motion was seconded by the leader of the opposition peers, the Earl of Derby, and carried by acclamation.

In the Commons, Lord John Russell, as the ministerial leader in that house, proposed a

similar vote in one of the ablest speeches ever addressed by his lordship to that assembly, frequently as it has been his privilege and honourably to address it. Lord John's encomiums on Lord Raglan were more judicious than those of his colleague in the other house, but not less decided. Had the gallant chief conquered all Southern Russia, his military skill and brilliant conceptions having chiefly led to such results, Lord John could hardly have presented him to the country as more an object of public admiration. In his speech the noble commoner estimated the Russian army at Inkerman as 80,000 men, and attributed their "robustious coming on," as the great dramatist would call it, to the fact of their being newly-arrived troops, who had not previously encountered the British, and would not have the fear of them with which the Russians who fought at the Alma were said to have been filled. His lordship computed the Russian loss to have been 20,000 men. The leader of "her majesty's opposition" seconded Lord John's proposal, which was carried with unanimity and enthusiasm.

It was very acceptable to the army in the Crimea thus to be remembered and honoured; and the cold bivouac was cheered weeks afterwards there by the recital of the brave words of Lord John Russell, and the acclaim of the senate of England. The effect upon the French government was also gratifying, when Lord Cowley, the British ambassador to the court of Napoleon, formally communicated the votes of the British houses of legislature to the French minister of foreign affairs in the following terms:—

Paris, Dec. 17.

MONSIEUR LE MINISTRE,—Never did a more pleasing or flattering duty devolve on me than that which I now fulfil in transmitting to your excellency the minutes of the sitting of the British parliament of the 15th of this month, in which both houses resolved unanimously to offer their thanks to the French army and navy for the cordial co-operation and assistance which they have given to the naval and military forces of the queen in their combined operations.

In conformity with the usages and rules of parliament, Field-marshal Lord Raglan and Vice-admiral Dundas will be charged to convey to General Canrobert and to Admiral Hamelin the thanks of the two houses, but I am at the same time instructed to make known to the emperor and to his government in what high esteem the British parliament hold the conduct of the French army and navy, as also the great satisfaction with which the government of the queen has seen the national legislature unite with so much cordiality in the sentiments which it itself professes for the imperial army and navy.

In begging your excellency to be the medium of this communication, I am, &c.,

COWLEY.

The first notice the people of England had of the reception which this act of courtesy and alliance met with in France was from the columns of the *Moniteur*, the organ of the imperial government:—"The whole of France will be deeply moved by the thanks which England has just voted by acclamation to

General Canrobert and our army, and to Admiral Hamelin and our navy, for their valiant co-operation and their cordial assistance in the war in the East. To this solemn manifestation, hitherto without example, of the sentiments of a great people towards its faithful ally, France has already replied by its admiration at the brilliant valour of the English fleet and army. She has warmly applauded the eulogiums which our generals-in-chief, after the battles of the Alma, Balaklava, and Inkerman, bestowed upon the intrepidity of Lord Raglan and his troops. The two nations, like the two armies, have done each other the most frank and the most cordial justice. While their soldiers and their sailors struggle with courage and devotion, the two nations appear to rival each other in generosity, in order to accord each to the other the most brilliant share of the glory acquired by both in common. Nothing is better calculated to draw closer their alliance than the exchange of these noble sentiments. Nothing can tend more to enlist the sympathies and the assistance of all civilised nations, and hasten the definitive triumph of the holy cause which they defend."

A more formal, if not more official notice, speedily followed. The English minister for foreign affairs received from Lord Cowley a letter addressed to him by the French foreign minister, in the name of his imperial master, in acknowledgment of the courtesy of the English legislature:—

M. L'AMBASSADEUR,—I have had the honour to receive the letter by which your excellency was good enough to communicate to me the text of the identical resolutions adopted by the two chambers of the British parliament in their session of the 19th inst.

The thanks voted to our army and to our fleet, as well as to their commanders, could not but deeply affect the government of the emperor. The thoughts of his imperial majesty are directed with unceasing solicitude to the scene of the contest in which the allied armies are engaged; it is, therefore, with the utmost satisfaction that he observes the esteem which the soldiers of the two countries mutually entertain for each other increased by the courage and perseverance which they display in the service of one and the same cause. The government of the emperor especially congratulates itself at perceiving in the vote of the parliament an evidence of the intimate union which, connecting together the policy of France and England, blends also in one and the same expression the encomiums to which glorious efforts and toilsome labours so justly entitle the two armies and the two fleets which the two countries have sent to share the same perils and the same fatigues.

Receive, &c.,

DROUYN DE L'HUYS.

These communications gave rise to warm discussions in France, according to the political hue of the party whose opinion was conveyed. The *Union*, the organ of the Legitimists, took no notice at all of this mutual exchange of compliments. The *Nationale*, the organ of the Fusionists—the party of united Bourbonists, representing those of the older and younger branches, who were willing to merge their dif-

ferences, in order the more effectually to prevent a Buonapartist dynasty—expressed an unmitigated hatred of England, averring that if she were left alone in the conflict against Russia, its sympathies and those of its party would be with the czar. England never had an enemy more mean, pertinacious, and ungrateful than Louis Philippe, and the whole house of Orleans partakes of the dislike. The great Napoleon often desired alliance with England, to which the unrelenting animosity to him of the English court, aristocracy, and nation, would not listen. The present Napoleon is but carrying out the policy of his great uncle in seeking an English alliance. It is not matter of surprise that the Orleanist and Fusionist *Nationale* should desire that the English had been unaided at Inkerman, and had perished. The *Moniteur* and the other court organs paid the most extravagant compliments to the English government, legislature, army, and navy. But the most sensible, sincere, and hearty expressions of sympathy and goodwill came from unexpected quarters—the republican and popular journals. The *Siccle* represented most intellectually those classes; and the following noble tribute of admiration to our country graced its columns:—"The spectacle which England now presents will, we think, remain in history as a lesson full of force and authority for the conduct of states. Look at that country which has been said to be only one of shopkeepers; it enjoys liberty, and that liberty which has made it so great as a commercial nation has the privilege of suddenly rendering it as heroic and chivalrous as a ballad of the old clans. It would appear that the heart of every Englishman has only one wish, and that an ardent one—victory—complete victory. The war-cry of the Greys and Enniskillens comes forth from every breast. The journals are no longer simple daily papers, recording the events of the morning or the evening; the writers have become poets. Their descriptions of battle smell of more than powder; they breathe forth the most undaunted patriotism; they are almost as overpowering as the charges of Scarlett and of Lord Cardigan. It may be comprehended in reading them that it is not only the English government that makes war—it is the nation; artisans, manufacturers, great lords, and princes—all are engaged in the same intoxication of combats. The hurrah for old England nowhere meets a dissentient voice. Even the Stock Exchange of London—that famous speculative Bourse—appears to think, at the hour of quoting its consols, of the number of millions of rentes fighting at the head of the English troops in the Crimea. It hails with a rise the devotedness of those great lords, who quit their estates, their luxury, their castles, and their clubs to maintain intact

the fortune and the star of Great Britain, and who wish that the aristocracy should remain in the illustration of death and sacrifice. There is not a dissentient voice. Numerous and brave men have been lost, and not a complaint is heard! Are reinforcements, fresh vessels, fresh troops, and fresh supplies of money wanted? The English government is told to take them. It is not the taxpayer who gives them with regret; it is England who offers them with her whole heart. England is pledged; she must triumph. *Salus populi suprema lex*. What strength this unanimity gives to a government! Instead of having to stimulate it has only to direct and moderate. For it there is no uneasiness for the future; in presence of public opinion so powerful and so enthusiastic the parliamentary powers cannot but second with all their force and all their votes the submission of the government to the wishes of the country. We have said that this country is free. When it decided for war it took its decision with a full knowledge of its situation and of its resources. It replied in the affirmative when the first sacrifices were in contemplation, and it cannot use a negative when the last shall be asked for. If by chance some criticising and grumbling voices, as there must be in all *régimes* of liberty, should demand accounts, would not public opinion soon bring the accused towards the Capitol? Is it not the free will of England which ferments in every mind, which inflames every one's courage, and which raises so high the great hurrah of battle that the shrill noise of the spinning-jennies and the loud roar of the steam-engines are but as silence compared to it? And then for the brave men who fall one against five what a consolation there is! For those who fight what a support there is in this fervent public opinion, the echo of which reaches as far as them! In what dignified language it speaks of their heroism; to what sublimity it rises in celebrating their courage; what a pedestal it erects for their devotedness. A man can die with joy when so honoured. More than once we also, the organs of opinion in France, we could have wished to follow our soldiers on the fields of battle, to live on the glory which they acquired, and to identify ourselves by the grandeur and the poetry of our homage with all our efforts. They do not do less than the English; they strike and die like them, and like them they excite admiration; but why not avow it? why should they be less celebrated? The French press has not the warm accents, the acclamations of which resound on the other side of the channel; the phrases of our writers have not the sacred flame which illumines the columns of our English contemporaries. The heart of the English nation burns with a pure and holy patriotism—such a people cannot but

conquer. They are worthy allies of France, appreciating the bravery of our troops; while their only rivalry is in generosity and gallantry. The esteem of such a nation must be appreciated by France."

The highest acknowledgment of the thanks of the English legislative houses proceeded from the emperor himself, who, in opening the legislative session of the 26th of December, referred to the circumstance. His speech gives a faithful picture of the condition and feeling of France at this juncture. Imperial and royal speeches are not always true indices of the country to which they refer—so many motives of policy exist for presenting an unfaithful picture, that these documents seldom receive much credence. From a vast variety of material now before the author of these pages, he can pronounce this address of the French emperor as presenting the real state of affairs in France, and the spirit of the imperial policy:—

"Gentlemen, Senators, and Deputies,—Since your last meeting great events have happened. The appeal which I made to the country to provide for the expenses of the war was so well responded to, that the result even exceeds my hopes. Our arms have been victorious in the Baltic as well as in the Black Sea. Two great battles have shed lustre on our flag. Striking testimony has been afforded of the intimacy of our connection with England. The parliament has voted thanks to our generals and our soldiers. A great empire made young again by the chivalrous sentiments of its sovereign, has detached itself from the power which for forty years threatened the independence of Europe. The Emperor of Austria has concluded a treaty, defensive now, to be offensive, perhaps, soon, which unites his cause to that of France and England. Thus, gentlemen, the longer the war is prolonged, the more does the number of our allies augment, and the more closely are drawn the ties already formed. What ties, indeed, can be more binding than the names of the victories belonging to the two armies, and recalling a glory in common—when the same uneasiness and the same hope agitate the two countries, and when the same intentions animate the two governments upon every point of the globe? Thus the alliance with England is not the effect of a fleeting interest, or a policy of circumstances; it is the union of two powerful nations, associated together to obtain the triumph of a cause, in which for more than a century were involved their greatness, the interests of civilisation, and at the same time the liberty of Europe. Join with me, then, upon this solemn occasion, in thanking, in the name of France, the parliament for its cordial

and hearty demonstration, and the English army and its worthy chief for their valiant co-operation. Next year, should not peace be then re-established, I hope to have the same thanks to address to Austria, and to that Germany whose union and prosperity we desire. I am happy to pay a just tribute of eulogium to the army and the fleet, which, by their devotion and their discipline have, in France, as well as in Algeria, in the north as well as in the south, worthily fulfilled my expectations. The army in the East has, up to this time, suffered everything and overcome everything: epidemy, incendiarism, tempests, and privations—a town unceasingly provisioned, defended by formidable artillery by sea and land—two enemies' armies superior in number—nothing could weaken its courage or arrest its ardour. Every one has nobly done his duty, from the marshal who appeared to compel death to wait until he had conquered, down to the soldier and the sailor, whose last cry in expiring was an aspiration for France, an acclamation for the chosen of the country. Let us, then, declare it together, the army and the fleet have merited well of their country. War, it is true, entails cruel sacrifices; nevertheless, everything enjoins me to prosecute it with vigour; and for this purpose I reckon upon your co-operation. The army is now composed of 581,000 soldiers and 113,000 horses; the navy of 62,000 sailors afloat. To keep up this force is indispensable. Therefore, to fill up the vacancies occasioned by annual retirements and by the war, I ask you, the same as last year, for a levy of 140,000 men. A law will be presented to you, having for its object to ameliorate, without augmenting, the burden of the treasury; the position of the soldiers who re-engage will lead to great advantages, to increase the number of old soldiers in the army, and to allow hereafter a diminution of the burdens of the conscription. This law, I hope, will soon receive your approval. I shall ask your authority to raise a fresh national loan. No doubt, this measure will increase the public debt. Nevertheless, let us not forget that, by the conversion of the stock, the interest of that debt has been reduced twenty-five millions and a-half. My efforts have been directed to the object of limiting the expenses to the receipts; and the ordinary budget, which will be presented to you, will show that both are balanced. The resources from the loan will be solely applied to meet the exigencies of the war. You will see with pleasure that our revenues have not diminished. Industrial activity is maintained. All the great works of public utility are proceeding, and Providence has been pleased to give us a harvest which satisfies our wants. The government nevertheless, does not close its

eyes to the inconvenience occasioned by the dearth of provisions, and has taken every means in its power to prevent that inconvenience, and to mitigate it. It has created in many localities new elements of labour. The struggle which is proceeding, circumscribed by moderation and justice, although it may frighten some, gives so little alarm to great interests, that soon the different parts of the globe may expect to enjoy the fruits of peace. Foreigners cannot fail to be struck with the touching spectacle of a country which, relying upon divine protection, sustains with energy at 600 leagues' distance from its frontiers, and which develops with the same ardour its internal riches—a country where war does not prevent agriculture and industry from prospering, or the arts from flourishing, and where the genius of the nation is displayed in everything that can tend to the glory of France."

From the above speech of the emperor, the measures taken by France to meet the emergencies of the war are indicated. The demands of his majesty were of course complied with by the legislative body, and men and money were provided as required. An active army of half a million of soldiers was thus provided for the contingencies of 1855, and seldom was an army better caparisoned for hostile operations. The French fleet also reached a degree of efficiency never before attained, while the number of sailors was actually one half more than that of England. Of course the commercial marine of Britain was far greater than that of France, and the maritime resources of the former such as the latter is not likely to possess for a long period of her future naval progress; but the bare fact of a numerical proportion superior in such a degree was startling, however conscious Britannia might be that she still "ruled the waves."

The measures originated by the English parliament for carrying on the war in 1855 were few, but there were two especially worthy of notice. One of these referred to the militia. The object of it was to permit regiments to volunteer for service or garrison duty out of the United Kingdom. This measure was introduced by Lord Palmerston, as prime-minister, with all his accustomed tact. He argued that the government was not open to the reflection so generally cast upon it, of having sent forth an army upon a distant expedition without providing any reserve. "Our reserve," said the ready and astute politician, "is the whole British nation." The militia proved, as it always has done, a valuable resource. During the long war with France it fed the army with recruits. It was in fact a round-about conscription. Men were liable to be balloted into

the militia, and then a bounty, often a large one, was given to them to volunteer into the line. When volunteers were demanded, those who held back were sure to be regarded as less patriotic, and what the soldier even feels more, less brave. Frequently, during the insurrection in Ireland, in 1798, the militia behaved better than the troops of the line. On one occasion, when a force consisting of both was defeated by the insurgents, in the county of Wexford, a peasant related the circumstance thus—"the army ran away, and the militia retreated," which, odd as the description was, exactly depicted the event. At Carricknagat, in the county of Sligo, Colonel Vereker, at the head of a few hundred men of the Limerick militia, kept the French force at bay which had landed under General Humbert at Killala. The invaders were turned aside upon the interior of the country, where all were captured. For this exploit Colonel Vereker was made a peer, under the title of Lord Gort. During the war in 1855, the militia were very efficient, volunteering in large numbers into the line, the cavalry, and the Guards. It is a curious fact, but verified by statistics, that fewer men of the Scotch militia deserted than of the English, while a greater number volunteered for the line; and that fewer men of the Irish militia deserted than of the Scotch, and a greater number volunteered for the line. This circumstance justified the policy of Lord Palmerston, who successfully opposed Lord John Russell in the parliamentary discussion concerning the embodying of the Irish militia; the latter noble lord being opposed to the enrolment of the Irish regiments, the former being in favour of including them in the general appeal to arms. At the time, Lord Palmerston's conduct was regarded as a mere political *ruse*, being then a rival of Lord John's; but events showed that the former noble lord understood better the material of which the Irish militia was likely to be composed. The other important measure was a bill to enable the queen to enlist foreigners. The crown formerly had this power, but in 1794 the royal prerogative in this respect was abolished. The English nation was always jealous of any such right on the part of the crown, and one of the causes of the revolution of 1688 was its exercise injudiciously, and for the purpose of infringing upon the constitutional rights of the people. When this measure was proposed in 1854, the *Times*, the great leader of the press, bitterly assailed it; and most of the leading journals, metropolitan and provincial, opposed it as a reflection upon the patriotism of the youth of the nation. Nevertheless the measure was proceeded with, and ultimately carried. The government plan was, that the foreign troops should be formed into

separate corps. In 1837, an act was passed giving permission for the enlistment of one foreigner to every fifty British subjects; but the practical effect of that act was to exclude foreigners from the English army, except a few who held commissions. The discussions in both houses, as well as among the people, were very warm in reference to this measure. The author of these pages, in an article written for a London journal at the time, thus treated the subject. Time proved that his opinion was correct, and the general public at last coincided with the framers and passers of the act:—

With regard to this measure, we are of opinion that it is wise and opportune; for while

“In native swords and native ranks”

dwelt our hope of freedom and victory, it cannot be denied that we have power and wealth beyond the proportion of our numbers, and that we have now, as heretofore, embarked in military enterprises which, while within the compass of our skill and resources, require more men to carry out than the anvil, and the loom, and the counting-house can spare. We greatly prefer a foreign legion to the system of subsidies. The governments we subsidised in former wars seldom took our money without intriguing against us, and sometimes professed their incapacity or confessed their unwillingness to fulfil the stipulations on which our money was disbursed. And even when we have attempted to pay and arm people for the defence of their own liberties, they have ignominiously sold the arms we gave them, or fed at our hands and refused to fight with their own. In both kingdoms of the Peninsula this was exemplified upon a grand scale during the late war. More muskets were uselessly distributed than would have armed the whole people, and a base banditti, or still baser regular soldiery, were fed and clothed from our stores, while our own army were ready to perish from want. Wild waste characterised this whole system, while our own brave soldiers were fed, and paid, and rewarded with a parsimony as astonishing to other nations as was the spendthrift freedom of our impolitic and useless largesses.

Let it not be objected that the mercenaries we would employ on any system would neither conduct themselves to our honour nor to their own. It is not proposed by the government to employ men whom the word “mercenaries” would describe. They do not mean to open the way for the Dugald Dalgettys of the Continent to earn British gold by a mere professional soldierhood—albeit that the Swiss and others fight well, with no higher meed of praise before them than that of good soldiers of fortune. Our government evidently aims at

the enrolment of Polish, Hungarian, Italian, and other refugees, men who feel that in fighting for the predominance of Western Europe, they fight for the liberty of their own down-trodden lands. There would be no difficulty in raising a Polish legion, a Hungarian legion, and an Italian legion, as earnest in assailing the tyranny of Russia as our own people could be. The very *élite* of the soldierhood of these three trampled realms will flock to our standards if they perceive that, however England may disclaim interference with Austria, it is her aim so to cripple the force of Russia, as to leave it but little probable that she will again offer her alliance against any of the populations of the Austrian empire who may assert their independence. Even if Austria form a closer alliance with the allies, that would not prevent Austrian fugitives from crowding beneath our standards when Russia is the foe. They know well that it is not Austria, after all, that keeps down their nationalities. Austria would be shaken off in the first throes of their next struggles for freedom, were it not that Russia is her support. Russia stands guarantee for the tyranny of Austria, and every blow that Hun, or Pole, or Lombard aims at that colossus of oppression, is a blow levelled against the Austrian ascendancy.

There exists much sympathy throughout Germany with England in this war. The smaller states of that confederation are generally represented to be as despotic in their sympathies, at least as Austria and Prussia. It is so with the governments; it is not so with the people. In Brunswick and Hanover especially, there is a strong leaning to England; religion, race, old alliance, and family connection, bind those minor states to Britain; and amongst the best officers in Germany, especially in the cavalry and light infantry services, are those of the little states that feel so friendly to us. Hanoverian hussars drilled our light cavalry in the Peninsula, and Hanoverian officers led our cavalry in many a field. Amongst the best horse-soldiers we had were the heavy Germans, whose gigantic forms were stretched on every battle-field of the Peninsula where a cavalry charge was possible. We have a striking instance in the cause of the Foreign Enlistment Act of how useful alien troops may be in a service for which they have sympathy. We lost the far-famed field of Fontenoy by the bravery of the Irish brigades in the French service. It was English policy in those days to allow the Irish Roman Catholics to enter the French army, it was an escape for the adventurous discontent of the day in that discontented country; but at Fontenoy, when the armics of France were beaten, the Irish brigade was ordered to cover the retreat, they, instead of so doing, charged the

victorious army with such impetuosity and heroism, that France snatched a victory from defeat by the gallant, but erring men, to whom she gave a refuge. Our Foreign Enlistment Act followed that fatal proof of the impolicy of giving to France, or any other country, energies we might employ, and sympathies which we might at least endeavour to reclaim. Let us, by all means, instructed by such incidents, have a legion bearing the name of every oppressed nationality in Europe, and of every nation also that sympathises with a war against the grand supporter of the tyrannies of the world.

We are astonished that in our emergencies the army of the East India Company is not thought of. Had we the irregular cavalry of such men as Colonel Christie and Major Jacobs in the Crimea, much alarm and painful watching would have been spared to our brave infantry, as, weary from the trenches, they often sought repose in vain. Egypt, some time ago, refused the passage of British troops to India, by way of the Isthmus of Suez, and with reason; but Egypt is an ally, and can hardly refuse the passage of native troops from India, to the assistance of the Porte, of which the pasha is a vassal. Here, at least, padishaw and pasha might agree, and, if confidence towards the Western powers exist, the progress of a Bombay contingency ought to be facilitated. Russia affects to sneer at the sepoy, but the troops who conquered Moodkec, Ferozashoosha, and Sobraon, would not recede before the serfs of the czar, although rack, Greek masses, and imperial benedictions intoxicated their zeal.

Let us have good troops from every quarter; the example of our own gallant men will not fail to infect with noble aspirations all hearts capable of manly and martial fire.

These two measures were the more important as the vote for the increase of the army for 1855 did not exceed 36,000 men. It seems extraordinary that the government and the country could have been satisfied with a numerical force of native regular troops exceeding that of 1854 by only 36,000 men.

The government made various efforts to improve the organisation of the army during the latter part of 1854. Several camps were formed, in which to give the troops a knowledge of camp life, and prepare them for the contingencies of war. Two separate corps were originated, especially calculated to relieve the soldiers from the labour of road and trench making, and carrying, which so much added to their fatigues and illness, and impeded to so great a degree the progress of the siege of Sebastopol. The two corps intended for this important object were the Army-works Corps and the Land-transport. There existed in the war with France a body called "the Royal Military Artificers," who were of great use,

but these were ultimately absorbed in "the Sappers and Miners,"—a very valuable portion of the British army, which ought to have been much increased previous to the war, and immediately after it had begun. The army in the Crimea suffered from a deficiency of intelligent auxiliaries, such as the proposed corps would supply; for, at the beginning of the war, the whole force of sappers and miners amounted to no more than 3000 men, and only a third of this body could be spared for service in the expedition to the East. The land-transport corps, although one of the government measures of 1854, was not organised and made effectual until long after, when Colonel M'Murdo brought it into order and efficacy. Its utility at the seat of war was soon made manifest—the troops received supplies with more regularity, and pure water, one of the most painful deficiencies in the camp, was made plentiful by its services.

The army-works corps, although not organised and in use until a later period, was so obviously a necessity at the close of 1854, that the attention of the government and public was strongly directed to the desirableness of its formation. It was much discussed, the chief difficulty appearing to be that men could not be engaged to serve in it without a rate of wages so much larger than that given to the soldiers as to excite the jealousy, and possibly insubordination, of the latter. Such was eventually the case, so far as murmuring evinced it,—the sappers and miners protesting that the enlargement of their corps, due promotion, and fair wages, would have rendered any auxiliary service unnecessary. The government thought otherwise, and Mr. Sidney Herbert, in a speech delivered in the House of Commons, July 26, 1855, presented the following picture of the awkwardness and helplessness of the English soldier, and afforded "the house" and the country his views of the philosophy of this assumed fact:—"In England you have the highest degree of civilisation to be found in the world. As a matter of course, you have the minutest subdivision of labour; and, from the smallness of the country and the close proximity of different places, you have the most rapid communication between your cities and towns. What is the result? Why, that the English peasant never does anything for himself, as is the case in less advanced states of society. His house is provided for him, and so is his dress and everything else he requires, except in the case of the most remote districts of the empire, where a few of the peasantry may be found who build their own cabins and make their own clothes, shoes, and other articles in a primitive manner. The great subdivision of labour consequent on high civilisation offers such facilities for every man

getting everything done for him, that he does not know how to turn if he is thrown upon his own resources, and left to shift for himself. I recollect an honourable friend of mine opposite handing me last autumn a letter with suggestions relating to the clothing of the army to be sent to the Crimea, which I adopted without loss of time; and that letter concluded with a remarkable sentence of warning, to the effect that when I had done all the things that he recommended they would be almost valueless, for the men must suffer through not knowing how to help themselves."

There is much exaggeration in these statements, and the motive of making them was obviously to excuse, in an indirect way, the incompetency of the staff of the army, and to throw all the blame upon the peculiar social character and original condition of the men who constituted the British soldiery. Why not make the division of labour to which the men had been accustomed in civil life subservient to their military efficiency? There were in the ranks of all the regiments good carpenters, joiners, cabinet-makers, masons, bricklayers, painters, cutlers, tailors, shoe-makers, smiths, workers in various metals, grooms, servants, farm-labourers, "navvies," sailors, and almost every other conceivable trade and avocation to which poor working men belong. Had these men been organised and set to work, huts could have been erected, tents repaired, apparel set in order, roads made, provisions cooked, and everything else done which was requisite for an army, as far as their numbers admitted of any work being done. The troops were too few for the task assigned to them, there was no organisation to make the most of their handiness and willingness to labour, and no adequate intellectual power at head-quarters to devise anything, or even to rearrange anything which fell out of the usual system of routine. These causes, and not those which Mr. Herbert assigned, accounted for the condition of disaster in which the army was at the close of 1854. The peculiar civilisation to which Mr. Herbert attributes the incapacity of the men to help themselves aided their adaptation to soldiering, and made them more capable of taking care of themselves under proper direction and management. Mr. Herbert was always exceedingly plausible and specious in his military notions, but seldom either philosophical or accurate; the *non causa pro causa* pervaded all his statements concerning the origin of the Crimean disasters, and the remedies to be applied.

The employment of ordinary workmen as auxiliaries to the troops was, however, a good idea; for, in this way, assistance could be obtained from numbers who, willing to go out under civil superintendence, would not enlist

in the sappers and miners, nor otherwise subject themselves to military control. It is difficult to say with whom first the project originated; early in the campaign the *Times* and other London morning journals were made the media of suggestions from civil engineers, and even military men to this effect. One of these letters made considerable impression: the writer thus addressed the public:—"If, in the first investment of Sebastopol, we had sent out a strong and efficient band, composed of railway navigators and Cornish and Lancashire miners, with a complete establishment of barrows, planks, and tools, as well as an experienced gang of well-sinkers and borers, our brave soldiers would have been relieved of a great portion of their harassing duties, and would have been spared the sufferings of thirst, hunger, &c. Such a band, to be effective, must be entirely independent of military discipline, excepting so far as may regard perfect co-operation, but should be conducted by a civil engineer-in-chief, who would receive his instructions from the chief in command of the military—the engineer-in-chief being provided, of course, with proper assistants, as well as a sufficient number of subordinates. The men should be under the immediate control of their own chiefs and heads of gangs, and their own contractor's engineers, as they are called. They should be accompanied by travelling workshops and artisans for making and repairing tools, boring and blasting apparatus, and one or more compact portable high-pressure engines for general purposes, but more particularly for raising water. In proportioning the numbers of such a band to attend upon the regular army, especial regard may be had to the fact that each of those men would do with ease the usual work of three soldiers on fatigue-duty."

The raising and organisation of the army-works corps was committed to Sir Joseph Paxton, who had originated the plan of erecting the Crystal Palace. In a speech delivered by him in the House of Commons, March 3, 1856, he threw considerable light on the difficulties which were encountered in the formation of the body, and he depicted its gradual improvement and ultimate utility. The following extracts from his speech will place these matters with sufficient fulness and clearness before the reader:—"When the corps was first contemplated, the question was not whether the government could induce the particular men who now composed it to proceed to the Crimea, but whether they could get any men at all to go. There not being sufficient sappers and miners to build hospitals, construct roads and bridges, and do the general mechanical work of the camp, what he, acting for the government, had to set about in the first

instance, was to raise a body of men competent for such duties, to officer it, and to dispatch it expeditiously to the seat of war. The first thousand men sent out were not as scrupulously selected, nor as well trained as could have been wished, and a little confusion occurred when they landed; but the second, third, and fourth contingents were carefully chosen and excellently disciplined; and the whole corps was now conducting itself with exemplary propriety. . . . I had no little difficulty in inducing a gentleman of first-class acquirements to go out for merely as much money as he would have been sure to earn if he had remained at home. . . . Sappers and miners might have been in some respects preferable; but it would have taken a year to organise such a force, and the new corps was required in four weeks. The officers and men were the best of the kind that could be procured, and the 'navvies' were the most powerful of their athletic class. With regard to expense, taking all circumstances fairly into consideration, this was the cheapest corps ever raised. The men were one and all in condition at the time they were embodied; they did not require to be drilled and instructed for years; they were all thoroughly conversant with their respective trades, and within three months of their return to this country they might be disbanded and completely got rid of. The best test of efficiency was perhaps the following:—'The commissary-general, seeing how admirably the army-works corps did its business, applied to the war-minister for a body of men to be organised on similar principles for the service of the commissariat department.'

In these notices events are anticipated; but as the discussions in the winter of 1854 originated these plans and movements, and as by relating them here much matter is disposed of which would encumber the narrative of the siege, it seemed judicious to present these transactions in the history of this particular juncture.

Probably the most important movement at home auxiliary to the operations in the Crimea, was the preparation for making a railway from Balaklava to the camp before Sebastopol. This idea originated with Mr. Peto, the celebrated railway contractor; and as "the army-works corps" arose out of the railway undertaking, Mr. Peto may be fairly considered as the parent of both accessories to the progress of the siege. He suggested to the government the feasibility of such an undertaking, and patriotically offered to perform it without any profit to himself, merely sending to the government the bills which in the course of the operation should be sent to him. The government accepted the proposal. Perhaps they were influenced in doing so by the joy with which

the public received the idea, which seemed to promise some speedy relief,—for the general uneasiness and dissatisfaction with government, commanders, officials, and contractors, were very great. The chief representative of public opinion in England thus referred to the subject, producing a still more decided desire among the people to see Mr. Peto's plan carried at once into execution:—

"How are we to spare our men, and make them go as far as possible? How are we to make one Englishman count for half-a-dozen Russians? There ought to be no difficulty as to the reply. Our vast superiority in mechanical art is unquestionable. The Russians are but imitators, ever on the watch to pick up the inventions of their neighbours, and labouring under the want of a mechanical genius even where they copy in the most servile manner. We possess such means of mechanical production, such forges, laboratories, and workshops as are not to be found in Russia, and we have classes of skilled workmen that no serfs could ever vie with. It is our plain duty, then, to give our soldiers every mechanical assistance that art can procure. When this is the first thing to be done, what will be said of the lamentable fact that the reinforcements now going out are armed with the common musket instead of the Miniés, which have been found so serviceable, and to which we chiefly owe the vast difference between our casualties and those of the foe on the 5th of November? The superiority of the Minié is no longer a question, and the sole reason why the troops going to war are not armed with it is, that there are none to be got. The Birmingham people, who made such a furious and successful fight last year against the establishment of a government factory for small arms, in order to save their own monopoly, cannot make the new muskets fast enough, and at this terrible crisis of the national fortunes our soldiers are sent out with bad weapons. It is clear that the private manufacturers are not to be trusted where the national honour and safety are concerned, and that we must forthwith make ourselves independent of contractors and their workmen. But there is a great deal more to be done before we have exhausted the assistance of art or of our mechanical superiority. After the sacrifice of much valuable time, many beasts of burden, and even some men, in the transport of heavy articles from Balaklava to the batteries, it is suggested that about nine-tenths might have been saved by the use of iron-rails, a sufficiency of which might have done duty for ballast in a single transport, and which it would not have taken a week to lay down. Five hundred 'navvies' too, with their practical experience and their own tools, would have done the earthworks in less than half the

time the soldiers and marines have been about them, and would have completed the defences of our right flank in time to double the Russian loss and halve our own on the terrible 5th. Much more there is, that almost any respectable contractor would suggest, which would contribute to the great object of sparing the British soldier. At present we are simply competing in numbers and brute force against an enemy who has a superabundance of them, and cares not how much he throws away, so long as he can reckon three of his savages to one British grenadier. We must make that grenadier stand for more than three savages, and the dragoon for more than three Cossacks, if we would win the day, and not suffer a reverse, which may be England's first step in that decline which her enemies have so often predicted."

The public impression was right in this case: the most desirable remedy to the evils of the situation in the Crimea was a railroad from Balaklava to the lines. When the disastrous battle of Balaklava deprived the English of the lower and more circuitous, but more facile, road to the camp, their condition became at once one of hardship. Sir Charles Trevelyan, Secretary to the Treasury, affirmed before the Sebastopol Committee, that the want of a good road to the camp from the landing-place was the severest want of the army. Before Mr. Peto's plan was taken up by the country and the government, several others, which would have been beneficial if carried into operation, were brought forth. One of these was the employment of Turkish porters along the track to the camp over the plateau, each to bear for a short distance a load which for a longer distance would be overbearing, but which the suggester calculated could for short journeys be taken without injury. This, certainly, would have been an improvement upon the existing state of things, but was an inadequate remedy. The porters of Constantinople and Smyrna are able to carry loads which the labourers of western Europe could not sustain, and the enrolment of a corps of Turkish carriers would have been of great relief, provided care was taken of the men, and medical attendance provided; but if neglected, as their countrymen were, and as the British were, the corps would have been broken up in a week by sickness and the inclemency of the weather. With proper attention to their physical wants, the Turks of Asia more particularly could have borne the rigours of the Crimean climate better than any other troops employed there.

Sir Francis Head, whose proceedings in Canada had given him so much notoriety, proposed a plank road, such as they use in British North America. The arguments used by Sir Francis were cogent, and many, after the

perusal of these arguments, blamed Lord Raglan for not having the foresight and capacity of himself to have adopted the like. His lordship had no spare labour, but plenty might have been procured from Constantinople, if the British commander-in-chief had made proper representations to the ambassador there,—who, however, if we may judge from his treatment of General Williams, at Kars, was not likely to act with vigour upon such representations, or himself to devise any scheme for the assistance of the troops. The government having decided on adopting the project of Mr. Peto, he and his partners, Messrs. Brassy and Betts, signed an agreement to have the work accomplished in a certain time. They immediately advertised for men, who volunteered in greater numbers than were required. Many of these had been engaged on the Continent and in America in railway operations, and were likely to endure, therefore, the climate of the Crimea. So vigorously did Messrs. Peto, Brassy, and Betts set to work, that shortly before Christmas the first dispatch of *matériel* and labourers left our shores. The fleet for this convoy consisted of two sailing and seven steam vessels:—

	Tons.	Horse-power.
Lady Alice Lambton, screw steamer.	511	90
Great Northern, ditto	578	90
Earl of Durham, ditto	554	90
Baron von Humboldt, ditto.	420	60
Hesperus, ditto	500	150
Prince of Wales, ditto	627	120
Levant, paddle-steamer	694	500
Wildfire, clipper sailing ship	457	
Mohawk, ditto	850	

The material was astonishing for its magnitude and variety. It was composed of 1800 tons of rails and fastenings, 6000 sleepers, 600 loads of timber, more than 3000 tons of machinery and other material—such as tools, engines, cranes, trucks, waggons, barrows, blocks, chains, chain-falls, wire, wire rope, picks, crowbars, capstans, crabs, sawing-machines, forges, hammers, anvils, nails, &c. &c. The way in which this vast tonnage was arranged on shipboard was most ingenious, exhibiting great forethought and practical skill; so that if some of the ships were lost, this would not cause the failure of the enterprise. Five hundred workmen went out, in parties or "squads," each under the charge of a superintendent and assistant. Each ship had on board a victualling clerk, to attend to the proper distribution of food, and a surgeon to watch the health of the men. Huts were sent with them to shelter them from the climate upon their arrival out, and portable stoves, with patent fuel, large railway-goods' covers, thick and waterproof, and warmly lined, were to serve as protection while the huts were being erected, and to prove otherwise useful. Four experienced nurses, selected from the London hospitals, and several dis-

persers of medicine were to aid the medical men in charge of the health of the party. The apparel and personal furniture of the men was curious but very appropriate. Each was provided with a kit which comprised—One painted bag, one painted suit, three coloured cotton shirts, one red flannel shirt and one white, one flannel belt, one pair of moleskin trowsers; one moleskin vest, lined with serge; one fear-nought slop, one pair of lindsey drawers, two blue cravats, one pair of leggings, one pair of boots, one strap and buckle, one bed and pillow, one pair of mits, one rug and blanket, one pair of blankets, one woollen coat, one pair of long waterproof boots, one pair of fishermen's boots, one pair of grey stockings, and two pounds of tobacco. Of course it was scarcely to be hoped that the expedition would be in time to spare the army much of the sufferings of the winter; but it was hoped that before the cold, raw spring of the Crimea was over some assistance would be rendered; and, at last, the labour and fatigue spared, from which the troops had so unintermittingly suffered. The arrival of this novel squadron at Balaklava, and what "the navvies" did upon their arrival, will be more appropriately narrated in the history of events there.

So prompt and energetic were Messrs Peto and Co., that a second detachment sailed on the 2nd of January, 1855. Upon its departure, Lord Henry Clinton, brother to the Duke of Newcastle, addressed the men on behalf of the minister, and Captain Andrews, director of the North Europe Steam Navigation Company, whose aid was most valuable to the expedition, also addressed them. His speech produced a thrilling effect upon the rough, but not unsusceptible navvies, and evoked repeated cheers, and the most enthusiastic utterances of patriotic devotion. This may be readily conceived from the following specimen of Captain Andrews' admirable address:—"They were going to the aid of our heroic defenders, who had not only to fight—and how they fought the whole world would for ever admiringly testify—but had also to work as field-labourers, and perform many duties for which it could not be expected that soldiers were so well adapted as the skilled and trained men who were now going out to relieve them, and to leave them at full liberty to deal with the enemy as they had done in the dashing rush at the Alma, and the immortal conflict at Inkerman. The future success of the siege operations in the Crimea would depend in a great measure on that expedition. They must expect, and would not be cast down by, hardships and privations. Some of these, perhaps, would not appear so terrible in the Crimea even as they would at home. There would be no public-houses to go to, but there would be

plenty of good substantial refreshments always available when needed; and while that was the case, he had no fear that there would be much grumbling at whatever work might be expected at their hands. They were not like Russian serfs, who dare not call their souls their own, but who must slay or be slain without asking wherefore. They were free Englishmen, volunteers, at perfect liberty to go or stay, just as they pleased, according to their own unbiassed judgment, without the least undue influence, concealment, artifice, or exaggeration used to warp their opinions one way or the other. All that was said or done was to guarantee them good clothing, good food, good pay, a good ship, and a good captain. They had also a good cause—the cause of their country, the cause of justice and fair play. They would bring good hearts to that cause—English hearts, that never recoiled from the obligations of duty, come in what shape they might, whether at the point of the pick or the bayonet; and he doubted not that the British navy would prove himself as great a benefactor in repelling the evils of barbarism abroad, as he had been in extending the blessings of civilisation at home."

Mr. Peto did not neglect the spiritual instruction and care of his workmen; a chaplain and two railway missionaries were sent out, and these received from the objects of their concern every proof of confidence and respect. By the end of January, 1855, all the men and material requisite, with some unnoticeable exceptions, were sent out. Few men deserved better of their country for civil services subserving a great war than Mr. Peto. He incurred much anxiety and labour, and, although guaranteed against loss by the government, much personal expense. He was obliged to give up his seat in parliament, an honour of which he was justly proud, but which he freely sacrificed on the altar of his country. The constitutional rules against contractors with the government occupying a seat in the commons' house of parliament was deemed applicable in his case, although it was notorious that he incurred loss by the contract personally; the public were not willing to waive the constitutional principle, although they regretted the effect of its action in this case. The government, however, satisfied the national desire to show Mr. Peto some mark of approbation expressive of the grateful sense of his services by his country. A baronetcy was conferred upon him—a reward to which men of the highest merits might with ambition aspire.

Such were the leading incidents in western Europe affecting the war during the close of 1854. That year closed in England gloomily as to the immediate prospects of the great conflict to which the nation was committed; but the

heart of the people did not quail. They mourned their gallant men-of-arms who slept in Russian graves, or on the pestilential shores of Bulgaria, or in the plague-pits of Scutari, but they were resolved to contend until victory crowned their efforts. The people of England presented at this juncture a most peculiar spectacle to Europe, manifesting the most remarkable practical aptitude, yet possessing an army every department of the government of which was disorganised; showing the most indomitable national will, and yet unable to rectify the abuses of their own military system, and approaching every reform with vacillation, uncertainty, and irresolution; exhibiting to all nations the most extensive and profound experience in constitutional government, and yet unable to ascertain in what department of the administration authority existed to control or direct the various operations of war; portraying the most noble public spirit and public sympathy, yet tolerating a political and administrative system by which the bravest of their brave were permitted to die like dogs under the very beards of an enemy they had so often vanquished, and on a field of conflict where they had contended like gods. The government of the country was actually ignorant of the real state of affairs in Lord Raglan's army. The commander-in-chief of that army either partook of this ignorance, or connived at the suppression of intelligence; while the newspaper press spread the real facts before the nation, and afforded the government the most reliable information it could obtain. Yet that government, and a large party by whom it was supported, abused and hated the press, because its agents were so active, vigilant, patriotic, and faithful;

and by their prompt and reliable communications awakened the country to a proper appreciation of the emergency, and a suitable zeal to meet it. Well might foreigners conceive us to be a most enigmatical and incomprehensible people. As the short, dark days of December, 1854, died away, many mourned in England: widows' weeds were worn—for gallant husbands had perished in the wars; sable suits were numerous in our churches and places of public resort—for brave sons, the children of many solicitudes, had sunk beneath the inclement skies of the Crimea, or were stifled by pestilence in the filthy wards and corridors of Scutari. Many of the young and beautiful were widowed who had never worn the bridal robe—their loved and gallant ones died in the struggles of the unequal conflict, and left for them only their fond remembrance and their glory. Tears stained many a manly cheek in England as the old year faded into dimness and distance for ever. Yet there was no repining; the past could not be recalled—

“Seasons and suns return; but when
Shall by-past time come back again?”

The future demanded renewed struggles and fresh sacrifices, and the people were prepared to make them. As the budding tree, checked by ungenial winds, loses not its spring energies, but, conquering the adverse season, asserts its vitality and pushes forth its verdant foliage to perfection; so the nation, chilled, stricken by events so adverse, felt conscious of its power and of its conquering future, with redoubled energy put forth its resources, and displayed its dignity. The heart of the United Kingdom cherished in reference to the war one all-prevailing thought—to perish or to conquer.

CHAPTER LVII.

THE OPENING OF THE YEAR 1855 BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.—THE STATE OF SOUTHERN RUSSIA GENERALLY AS INFLUENCING THE ENERGY OF THE DEFENCE.—TERRIBLE DESTITUTION AND SUFFERING OF THE BRITISH TROOPS.—CONDITION OF THE HOSPITALS IN THE CRIMEA, AND CONDUCT OF THE MEDICAL MEN.

“Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
“Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As bounty's hand unsought.”—SHAKSPEARE.

THE year 1855 opened around Sebastopol in all the gloom and sternness of winter. Both the assailants and defenders felt it; and the sufferings to which the English, and the Russian army of Liprandi, were exposed, were truly terrible. The Russians were not discouraged;

they had received reinforcements despite the state of the roads. Their affairs in Bessarabia and Podolia prospered, in consequence of the diligence of their officers in command there. Troops had been dispatched from these provinces, and were gradually arriving, worn, ill,

and frostbitten; but still able, after a little rest and ease, to do duty, either within the lines or in the field. The conduct of the Austrians in Wallachia and Moldavia on the whole favoured Russian objects. The oppressions perpetrated by the Austrian army upon the Dacian population so disgusted the people with the government and nation which that army represented, that they would have hailed the return of the Russians with satisfaction. This led the people of Bessarabia and Podolia to be content with their masters, and to be indifferent to the success of the allies, which was likely to hand them over, as well as their neighbours, to the Austrian robbers. Incursions were made by the Cossacks into Wallachia and Moldavia, who returned laden with forage and plunder. Letters from Jassy declared that pulks of Cossacks every night crossed the Pruth, and "destroyed, burned, and murdered on the Wallachian territory to their hearts' content." The Austrian troops were ostentatiously ordered to advance upon the Pruth; but a report was circulated that private instructions directed that no interference with the Russians should be offered, and facts bore out the report. In the second article of the treaty between the kaiser and the sultan, "His Majesty the Emperor of Austria engages to defend the frontier of the said (Danubian) principalities against any return of the Russian forces, and the Austrian troops shall for this purpose occupy the positions necessary for guaranteeing these principalities against any attack." Thus the honour of Austria was seriously compromised in permitting these razzias. At the beginning of January the commission for regulating the affairs of the two provinces was to have been formed at Jassy, Baron Edward Bach representing Austria, and Dervish Pasha representing the Porte; England and France seemed in no hurry about appointing representatives to the commission, and nothing was done. The Austrians, therefore, continued to grind down the people to the dust,—the English consuls alone offering any opposition, the French consuls rather conniving at their proceedings. This state of things left the chiefs of Southern Russia at ease for their frontiers, and permitted them during December to have troops dispatched so as to arrive at Sebastopol in January, and enable Menschikoff, with increased numbers, to resist the besiegers. The *Soldaten Freund*, which professed to derive its information from Russian sources, related that 30,000 foot and 18,000 horse, from various garrisons in Southern Russia, would be able to reach Sebastopol at various dates up to the 3rd of January, and related that all the great steppe stations in Southern Russia had been filled with corn; while vast herds of horned cattle were being driven from Volhynia and Podolia towards the

theatre of war. The same authority stated that a new plan of defence was to be taken; that twenty-two ships were to be completely equipped in the harbour for a sudden swoop upon such of the allied ships as might remain,—Menschikoff feeling assured that the fleets would never remain through the months of January and February. This assurance was strengthened by the fact of the English sailing ships having been nearly all sent away during the latter part of 1854. Letters from Odessa received in London informed their recipients as follows:—"The Emperor Nicholas is daily expected in the Crimea. The garrison of Odessa at present consists of 30,000 men belonging to the 3rd army corps, which has recently marched along the Dniester; the 2nd corps, under General Panintine, having moved forward towards Bessarabia. General Offenberg, hitherto commander of the Grenadier division of the Imperial Guard, will probably succeed Osten-Sacken as commander of the 3rd army corps. The 2nd cavalry or Dragoon corps is encamped between the Dniester and the Pruth. Its commander, the general of cavalry, Schabelsky, has his head-quarters at Odessa. Up to the 3rd, Eupatoria was shut in by the cavalry division under Lieutenant-general Korff."

Thus Russia was prepared to open the new year with courage, and to spread her eagles above Sebastopol in defiance of her foes. Meanwhile the condition of those foes was terrible; the greater severity of the weather in January intensified their sufferings. The French had managed to dig chambers in the earth, and roof them with waterproof tent covers; they had also stone grates and iron stoves; and the Christmas present of the emperor, of wine, brandy, and tobacco, made them grateful for his care, and as comfortable in their quarters as camp life in such a climate would admit. The British were all but comfortless—supported only by their heroism, sense of duty, and the knowledge that the brave old country at home sympathised with them. Mr. Emerson portrays the state of the English on New-year's Day in these energetic terms, comprehending in a limited compass their whole case:—"Frozen to death in the trenches! Not one, but many. Stricken down by starvation, cold, and disease,—three thousand miles from home,—a remorseless enemy in the front thirsting for their blood,—around them extremest misery and death,—behind them scarcely a prospect of relief! but seven miles from plenty, and yet dying with hunger; but seven miles from warm clothing and medical stores, and yet ragged, frostbitten, and perishing for lack of help! Surely such misery was scarcely ever endured by a great army; surely such enduring courage was never before shown! Wretched death in view, but still obedience and disci-

pline; suffering but not dismay; unmitigated wretchedness, but yet undaunted bravery. The accounts which reached home of the condition of the British army at the opening of the year 1855 were unquestionably exaggerated; but no doubt can exist that there was in them a lamentable amount of fact. The road from Balaklava to the camp was in the most wretched condition, from the constant traffic and heavy rain and snow. By the most strenuous exertions, sufficient rations were conveyed to the front to save the men from actual starvation, though not from acute privation. The horses and mules were fast perishing, and the road was encumbered with hundreds of their carcasses. The crowded harbour of Balaklava was filled with vessels, unable to discharge their cargoes; and on shore a confusion existed among officials almost defying description. The huts which had been sent from England were arriving but slowly, and the authorities had been compelled to appropriate the few which were available as hospitals for the sick, who were daily borne in melancholy procession from the camp. For a time, the few cavalry horses and the private horses of the officers struggled through the almost impassable roads laden with provisions; but by degrees they died off; for days they had no forage, and were picketed in the open air, exposed to the piercing severity of a Crimean winter. The men were ragged and filthy to a degree; and the hospitals at Balaklava and Scutari had not yet benefited by the devoted labours of the lady nurses. The desperate and almost perishing condition of our fine army seemed utterly to stultify the authorities, who might by energy and promptness have alleviated many of the evils. At the very time when deaths were daily occurring through exposure and cold, transports, laden with clothing, and boots and shoes, huts and stores, were bandied about from port to port unable to discharge their cargoes, without proper instructions—the captains uncertain of their destinations, and the officials on land ignorant of the contents of the vessels. So opened the year upon an almost perishing army.”

The troops were also much disheartened by the accounts from home of the spirit in which the government persisted in alleging that all their wants were supplied, and the boast that was made of sending them various things unsought and unvalued; while matters essential to their efficiency as soldiers, and almost to their existence, were either never sent out or lost on their way, or wasted, or purloined, or stored up in inaccessible places. Warm clothing was soon distributed, and continued to be so during January; but the troops had much cause for murmuring at the mode of distribution, and the obstructions presented by the

routine of the service. The quartermaster-general, Airey, had his defence thus set forth for him in the pages of the *United Service Magazine*:—“Sir Richard Airey, discharging the duty which really devolved upon him, adopted every measure for facilitating the issue of stores. To show the absurdity of the stories about routine, it will be only necessary to say that the quartermaster-generals of divisions were ordered to attend at Sir Richard’s office every day at twelve o’clock; and here they were directed to examine a tabular form, showing at a glance every description of article in store, which they had full authority to take in what quantities and what proportions they thought necessary. Let us say at once there was no difficulty, and absolutely no limitation. Every one was to have whatever he needed and whatever he asked. The orders to Mr. Boyd, the storekeeper at Balaklava, were most positive—that his only business was to issue, and not only to make no demurs, but to ask no questions. If a soldier came for a greatcoat, it was to be given to him; if another demanded a blanket, a blanket he was to have. Lord Raglan’s instructions literally embodied the scriptural precept—‘Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow, turn not thou away.’ The difficulty was, how the various articles required, all at the same moment, and by an uninterrupted succession of applicants, could be got at by the storekeeper, as they were packed in a mass in a small house and open yard which constituted the only store. But as fast as hands could ply they were plucked out and delivered, though, from the same eternal want of land carriage, there was no provision for taking them away; and men who came down to Balaklava with their approved requisitions, and actually received the articles specified, were obliged to go back to the camp empty-handed, because the load was more than they could carry. The mystery of the non-issue of the stores is now explained. Let us admit, for the sake of argument, that everything necessary was heaped up at Balaklava—how was it to be brought to the camp? Birnam wood could not move of itself. Yet, in spite of this obstacle, we find, from the official return, that during the month of December a suit of warm under-clothing was issued to each man, and a blanket to every two men. It is asked why there was no issue of rugs, and the reason is plain—the men would not receive rugs, when, by their approved requisitions, they were entitled to blankets, and the complement of blankets was not yet supplied—or, rather, though supplied, could not be taken away. The statement about the greatcoats is of the same character as the other allegations. It is not true that greatcoats were withheld in compliance with a stand-

ing regulation; Lord Raglan, as we have said before, overruled all regulations. Nothing—no regulation, no order, no authority, was to stand in the way of the issue of the stores; and everybody fully understood that he had only to ask and have, or even go and take. We have now gone over the various charges brought against Sir Richard Airey; and his most bitter assailants must admit, on a review of the facts, that they are without a shadow of foundation. The public and the press can have no object in awarding blame where it is far from being deserved.”

The above remarks, taken from the *United Service Magazine*, may have been written by Sir Richard Airey himself, their complexion is so partisan: certainly the testimony of persons familiar with the facts is utterly opposed to the witness borne by the writer of the article. Mr. Russell, writing concerning the state of things (the 3rd of January), especially refers to the state of the men's clothing:—“It snowed all last night incessantly, and this morning the whole of the bleak grey mountains over Balaklava, and of the landscape of valley, undulating hills, rugged ridges, and mountain-tops, was clothed in a sheet of blinding whiteness. The snow lay on the ground to the depth of six or seven inches, and the cold was aggravated by a high wind which blew into one's very bones. If the men were only well clad, this weather would, however, be far more healthy than the wet and storms of rain we have had recently; but, alas! the poor fellows are not properly provided with outer garments to resist the severity of the climate. I cannot conceive much greater hardships than those to which the men in the trenches are subjected, when, at the end of a twelve hours' watch they return half-cramped and frozen to their damp cheerless tents, to find that there is not wood enough to warm their coffee! Our sentries have got an extra greatcoat—a kind of ‘grego’ with a large hood; all our men who are exposed to night duty should be provided with them. What the men require most are warm long boots to protect the feet and legs. Some few boots of this kind have been served out, and have been found invaluable. The mits are also most serviceable.”

On the 8th of January, the same authority affords the following confutation of the advocate of General Airey:—“The arrangements in Balaklava are much better now than they were when I wrote about them some time ago. But let no one at home dream that our troops are in huts, or that they are well clad. It will be weeks ere the huts can be up at the camp. Some have been pitched close to the town for the artillery, and a few suits of warm clothing have been distributed. But hundreds of men have still to go into the trenches at

night with no covering but their greatcoats, and no protection for their feet but their regimental shoes. The trenches are two and three feet deep with mud, snow, and half-frozen slush. Many men when they take off their shoes are unable to get their swollen feet into them again, and they have been seen bare-footed hopping along about the camp, with the thermometer at 20°, and the snow half-a-foot deep on the ground. Our fine patent stoves are wretched affairs. They are made of thin sheet iron, which cannot stand our fuel—charcoal. Besides, with charcoal they are mere poison manufactories, and they cannot be left alight in the tents at night. They answer well for drying the men's clothes at day. There are not many of them distributed as yet, however, so that, such as they are, the troops have not the advantage. On this, the 8th day of January, some of the Guards of her majesty Queen Victoria's household brigade are walking about in the snow *without soles to their shoes*. The warm clothing is going up to the front in small detachments. I don't know how the French get on, but I know this, that our people do not get a fair chance for their lives while wintering in the Crimea—at least, up to the date of my letter. Providence has been very good to us. With one great exception, which must have done as much mischief to the enemy as to ourselves, we have had wonderful weather since the expedition landed in the Crimea.”

Under date of the 11th, he affords the following confirmation of the opinions we express, and refutation of the special pleader in the *United Service Magazine*:—

“Yesterday the weather changed again; the wind chopped round to the N.E., blowing strongly, and at the same time the thermometer fell rapidly from 40° to 30°, and in the course of this morning it marked 22°, from which it rose to 24°, where it now remains. This degree of cold is however, as usual, accompanied by an intensely dry cutting wind of extreme severity and sharpness, which causes water to freeze rapidly, has arrested the thaw, and has hardened the grounds and roads, cut up very much by cart-wheels and horse-hoofs during the two or three wet days previously, so as to make it difficult and painful to walk upon, and all but impossible to ride over. Within this week large quantities of warm clothing have been distributed, bought up at Constantinople or sent out from England, and, as there is no uniformity of cut, or colour, or material, ‘motley is the only wear’ of our brave army. It must not, however, be imagined, that the supplies sent up are at all equal to the demand, or that there is any large proportion of our men provided with extra greatcoats, or with anything more than their usual outer covering,

and perhaps an extra blanket. The sick in the hospital marquees, out on the bleak plains or upon the hill-tops, suffer severely from the cold, and the snow blows into their very blankets. However, such supplies as the men have had prove of the greatest service, and have, no doubt, saved many lives. Some of the warm coats sent out for the officers are far too small, and I have just heard a pathetic story from a stout Highlander, respecting the defeat of his exertions to get into his much-longed-for and much-wanted garment. There is only one officer in the whole regiment that the largest of the greatcoats will fit, and he is certainly not remarkable for bulk or stature. The men are far more lucky, and their coats are of the most liberal dimensions, however eccentric in cut and device they may be."

As late as January the 19th he testifies:—"Many thousands of fine coats, lined with fur and skins, of long boots, and of gloves, mits, and socks, have been served out to the men; but I know of regimental hospitals in the front where the sick men in wet marquees have now only one blanket to lie upon at this very date, if the word of the regimental surgeons and the evidence of one's eyesight are to be believed. For myself, I must say one of the most melancholy subjects for reflection in the world is the sight of our present army." On the same date, recording the aspect of things a few days before, he thus wrote, with that peculiar mixture of humour and pathos so peculiar to his countrymen, and so characteristic of himself:—"On the 16th the thermometer was at 14° in the morning, and at 10° on the heights over Balaklava. The snow fell all night, and covered the ground to the depth of three feet; but the cold and violent wind drifted it in places to the depth of five or six feet. In the morning 1200 French soldiers came down to Balaklava for shot and shell, and the agility, good spirits, and energy with which they ploughed through the snow were alike admirable. The wind blew almost a gale, and the native horses refused to face it, but our poor fellows came trudging along in the same dreary string, and there was something mournful in the very aspect of the long lines of black dots moving across the vast expanse of glittering snow between Sebastopol and Balaklava. When these dots came up, you saw they had very red noses, and very white faces, and very bleared eyes; and as to their clothes, Falstaff would have thought his famous levy a *corps d'élite* if he could have beheld our gallant soldiery. Many of the officers are as ragged and as reckless in dress. The generals make appeals to their subalterns 'to wear their swords, as there is now no other way of telling them from the men.' It is inexpressibly odd to see Captain Smith

of the — foot, with a pair of red Russian leather boots up to his middle, a cap probably made out of the tops of his holsters, and a white skin coat, tastefully embroidered all down the back with flowers of many-coloured silk, topped by a head-dress *à la* dustman of London, stalking gravely through the mud of Balaklava, intent on the capture of a pot of jam or marmalade. Do you wonder why we are all so fond of jam? Because it is portable and comeatable, and is a substitute for butter; and butter is only sent out here in casks and giant crocks, one of which would exhaust the transport resources of a regiment. Captain Smith is much more like his great namesake of the Adelphi, when, in times gone by, he made up for a smuggler-burglar-bandit, than the pride of the High Street of Portsmouth, or than that hero of the Phoenix Park, with golden wings like an angel, before the redness of whose presence little boys and young ladies trembled. All this would be rather facetious and laughable, were not poor Captain Smith a famished wretch with bad chilblains, approximating to frost-bites, a touch of scurvy, and a severe rheumatism. Many of our men have been crippled by the cold, and of our officers, Captain Strong, of the Coldstream Guards, has been obliged to go down on leave, with one foot badly frostbitten. Our men have been seen hobbling about in the trenches and in the camps, barefooted, and yet ankle-deep in snow. They could not get their frozen boots and shoes on their swollen feet."

At last, when the trying month of January was in its fourth week, Mr. Russell bears witness to the efficient distribution of warm clothing:—"Warm clothing is arriving in great quantities, and the remnant of our army will soon be all comfortably clad, or it will be their own faults. The greatcoats, boots, jerseys, and mits furnished by the government to officers and men, are of excellent quality, and the distribution, though late, is most liberal. A fur cloak, a pea-jacket, a fur cap, a pair of boots, two jerseys, two pair of drawers, and two pair of socks, are to be given to each officer, and several of them have received the boon already. Still it is a fact that, at this moment, there is but one hospital marquee in the whole of the second division camp."

It would be easy to quote other authorities to sustain Mr. Russell, such as Mr. Woods, Mr. Layard, Colonel Hamley, Mr. McCormick, and various officers and civilians whose word was beyond doubt. It would be needless to pursue this theme further; nothing but wilful ignorance or deliberate misrepresentation could ever lead men to describe the English army as well clothed during the winter of 1854-5 up to the last week in January, or allege that where deficient the fault was their own, the quarter-

master-general's arrangements assuring them such supplies as they would take the trouble to accept.

The sufferings of the soldiers from the severity of the climate would have been great, however well supplied with food, clothing, tents, huts, and every other camp requisite. The French, who were well supplied, lost many men; but to the neglect or incompetency of the officials at home, the commander-in-chief and his staff in the Crimea, and the British ambassador at Constantinople, the heavy losses of January are to be attributed, as well as those of the previous winter months. Lord Raglan assigned to the small army under his command an equal amount of trench-work and siege duty to that undertaken by its allies, whose numbers were so much greater. Long after it became evident that his army was unequal to the toil, he persevered in maintaining the ground he originally occupied, and performing the labour which he originally undertook. His coldness and apparent indifference to the wants of the men left abuses unremedied, and withheld that stimulus from inferior officers that the presence of a commander-in-chief, in whose hands are rewards or punishments, cannot fail to inspire. This is obvious from the testimony of every one who has written about events in the Crimea during that winter, and by the private letters of numerous officers, non-commissioned officers, and soldiers. It is made further manifest by the fact that when, in the more advanced portions of the month of which we now write, his lordship showed some activity and personal superintendence, the effects which followed were of immediate advantage. Mr. Russell, writing on the 18th, says, "Lord Raglan came down to-day to Balaklava. General Airey also came down, and inspected an attempt to prepare sleighs for carrying up shot to the front. Lord Raglan visited Lord Lucan, and went over the cavalry camp, which he had not seen since it was formed here. Lord Raglan gave several orders calculated to promote the comfort of the troops, and his unusual presence among the officers and men has been attended with the best effects, and has stimulated every branch of the service at Balaklava and at the depots." Again, on the 20th, he alludes to that visit of his lordship as producing beneficial results:—"The visit of Lord Raglan to Balaklava last Thursday seems to have had considerable effect in improving the state of the place. Men are at work throwing stones down into the most Curtius-like gulfs in the street. Major Fellowes is now off on his expedition to organise a waggon and transport train at Constantinople or elsewhere."

There can be no doubt that such visits paid earlier to the different departments of the army would have averted many catastrophes. It has

been alleged that Lord Raglan's years and state of health rendered him inadequate to the task imposed upon him. To this the just reply is, that in such case he should never have accepted the command, or, having underrated its requirements, as soon as he discovered it to be beyond his strength or capacity, he ought to have surrendered it.

From all the causes noticed in the foregoing pages, sickness continued to prevail to a frightful extent. The havoc made among the troops was appalling. Two regiments were so disorganised that the relics of them had to be sent away to Malta to be re-formed. Some regiments were reduced to the strength of a single company. The loss of the Guards was so heavy that the recital produced a great shock to the English public, and strengthened its determination to have the causes of such fearful waste of life investigated. On the 5th of November the brigade lost forty per cent. killed and wounded; and there was a considerable loss at the battle of the Alma; but with these exceptions the sacrifice of men by battle was not great. The brigade left England 2500 strong; the reinforcements sent out afterwards amounted to 1500, making a total of 4000 men sent out up to the end of 1854. At the end of January they mustered about 900. In ten weeks the brigade had lost by work, weather, want of food and shelter, and the sickness entailed by all these causes, 1000 men. Reinforcements for the army arrived out in January, as well as in the previous month, but they generally consisted of mere boys—almost children in some instances; and they were, to use the expressive phraseology applied to them in camp, "washed away" by the rains, or "snuffed out" by the excess of labour, or frostbitten. Those poor lads perished in large numbers almost as soon as they landed. At the close of January the British army could not muster more than 23,000 bayonets, although the representations made by the government at home would lead the country to expect that 55,000 men were able to ply the siege or take the field. During seven weeks previous to the 20th of January, 8000 men went down sick and wounded to Balaklava; of these literally none returned. The illness of the men was aggravated by a peculiar languor which unfitted them from helping themselves in the least. A desire for *rest* at all costs and consequences pervaded nearly all the invalids. How dreadful the impression must have been in the camp when such facts as these were entered in the journal of one who witnessed them:—"About a thousand sick were sent away last week. . . . Three ships will sail with cargoes of sick to-morrow. . . . There was a white frost last night. To-day the thermometer is at 42°. The activity of the heads of departments,

which has been recently observable, is becoming more largely and beneficially developed every day. A large number of sick, and, I fear, dying men, were sent into Balaklava to-day on French mule litters and a few of our bât-horses. They formed one of the most ghastly processions that ever poet imagined. Many of these men were all but dead. With closed eyes, open mouths, and ghastly attenuated faces, they were borne along two and two, the thin stream of breath, visible in the frosty air, alone showing they were still alive. One figure was a horror—a corpse, stone dead, strapped upright in its seat, its legs hanging stiffly down, the eyes staring wide open, the teeth set on the protruding tongue, the head and body nodding with frightful mockery of life at each stride of the mule over the broken road. No doubt the man had died on his way down to the harbour. As the apparition passed, the only remarks the soldiers made were such as this—‘There’s one poor fellow out of pain, any way!’ Another man I saw with the raw flesh and skin hanging from his fingers, the naked bones of which protruded into the cold air, undressed and uncovered. This was a case of frost-bite, I presume. Possibly the hand had been dressed, but the bandages might have dropped off. All the sick in the mule litters seemed alike on the verge of the grave.”

Some of the medical men did not show as humane a disposition as might be expected from their noble profession. A poor marine was taken ill of cholera, and when application was made for his admission to the hospital at Balaklava, the doctor, who was in bed, would not rise, alleging that it was contrary to rule for a marine to be admitted there. It was urged that the man would die, but this did not shake the resolution of the medical man in favour of routine. Lord Raglan issued some heavy censures upon one or two medical delinquents, but his lordship could not be prevailed upon to follow the matter up—he was indisposed to carry either his severity or interference “too far.”

The want of medical stores and medicine continued throughout January, as in the earlier months, to aggravate the sufferings of the sick, and impede the labour of those zealous physicians whose professional pride and personal generosity led them to make every possible exertion for the men. Mr. Russell relates two shocking instances to this effect, and these were but specimens of many. The correspondents of the *Morning Herald* and *Morning Chronicle* added other instances equally painful in proof of the allegation.

Jan. 25.

“A circumstance occurred in Balaklava to-day which I will state for the calm considera-

tion of the public at home without one single word of comment. The *Charity*, an iron screw steamer, is at present in harbour for the reception of sick British soldiers, who are under the charge of a British medical officer. That officer went on shore to-day and made an application to the officer in charge of the government stoves for two or three to put on board the ship to warm the men. ‘Three of my men,’ said he, ‘died last night from choleraic symptoms, brought on in their present state from the extreme cold of the ship; and I fear more will follow them from the same cause.’—‘Oh,’ said the guardian of the stoves, ‘you must make your requisition in due form, send it up to head-quarters, and get it signed properly, and returned, and then I will let you have the stoves.’—‘But my men may die meantime.’—‘I can’t help that, I must have the requisition.’—‘It is my firm belief that there are men now in a dangerous state whom another night will certainly kill.’—‘I really can do nothing; I must have a requisition properly signed before I can give one of these stoves away.’—‘For God’s sake, then, lend me some; I’ll be responsible for their safety.’—‘I really can do nothing of the kind.’—‘But, consider, this requisition will take time to be filled up and signed, and meantime these poor fellows will go.’—‘I cannot help that.’—‘I’ll be responsible for anything you do.’—‘Oh, no, that can’t be done!’—‘Will a requisition signed by the P. M. O. of this place be of any use?’—‘No.’—‘Will it answer if he takes on himself the responsibility?’—‘Certainly not.’ The surgeon went off in sorrow and disgust. Such are the ‘rules’ of the service in the hands of incapable and callous men.

“Here is a special fact for Dr. Smith, the head of the British army medical department. A surgeon of a regiment stationed on the cliffs above Balaklava, who has about forty sick out of two hundred men, has been applying to the ‘authorities’ in the town for the last three weeks for medicines, all simple and essential, and cannot get one of them. The list he sent in was returned with the observation, ‘We have none of these medicines in store.’ To-day this poor surgeon, too, came down with his last appeal:—‘Do, I beg of you, give me any medicine you have for diarrhœa.’—‘*We haven’t any.*’—‘Anything you may have, I’ll take.’—‘*We haven’t any.*’—‘Have you any medicine for fever you could give? anything you can let me have, I’ll take.’—‘*We haven’t any.*’—‘I have a good many cases of rheumatism among my men, can you let me have any medicines for them?’—‘*We haven’t any.*’ Thus, for fever, rheumatism, and diarrhœa, the most prevalent complaints of the army, there were no specifics whatever, and the surgeon returned up the hill-side with the

bitter reflection that he could give no aid to the unfortunate men under his care. Can any one of the '*facts*' I have stated be denied? Certainly not by any one who regards the truth, and who is not a shameless utterer of falsehoods. Dr. Smith can prove, no doubt, that there are granaries full of the finest and costliest drugs and medicines for fever, rheumatism, and diarrhoea at Scutari, but the knowledge that they are there little avails poor fellows dying here for want of them."

The influence of Dr. Smith over the unhappy state of the hospitals and the dispensaries connected with them was dwelt upon with stern severity by Mr. Macdonald, the *Times'* commissioner at Scutari, so frequently referred to in previous chapters:—"For the defective state of the military hospitals in the East, the chief blame must be attached to Dr. Andrew Smith, the director-general. He it was who brought his department into a position which deprived it of all that authority and force requisite for its efficiency. The servile subsmissiveness of its *régime* has prevented its chief officers from protesting with the requisite energy when its free action was impeded or interfered with. While every other department of the service victimised it, the stringent rule of the director-general had destroyed all zeal and independence of spirit in the mass of his subordinates; and when the hour of trial came, it was found that neither in the Crimea nor at Scutari had the principal medical officers the power or the courage to secure from other quarters the co-operation and assistance which were indispensable to them. They were thrown over by the naval authorities, by the quartermaster-general's people, by the commander-in-chief, by, in fact, everybody with whom they came in contact, or upon whom they were dependent; and to complete their humiliation, and the weight of responsibility resting on their chief, they would have submitted in silence and drawn a veil over the horrors of the military hospitals, had these not been disclosed by the press. Such are the miserable results of having at the head of an important department a man whose only qualifications for that office are blind subservieney to his superiors, and a stern terrorism over those placed under his own control."

The government at home, and their abettors in parliament and in the press, made the great storm on the 14th of November an excuse for every neglect. Whatever was deficient was said to be so because the supplies were lost in the *Prince*, or some other ship of the transport squadron. We have shown in previous chapters that the misgovernment which prevailed at Balaklava in connection with the Admiralty appointments, and the contradictory and vacillating procedure of the military head-quarters occasioned this loss. The admirals ought not

to have been exempted from blame; had they studied the probability of such gales in the situation of the ships, and issued orders to the transports accordingly, they might have been better prepared for such an emergency. Admiral Dundas persisted in declining all responsibility connected with the transports, in spite of the urgent solicitations of the Duke of Newcastle. The following extract describes the atmospheric phenomena which precede the tempests of these latitudes:—"The law of storms as defined by the researches of Reid, Piddington, Maury, and Redfield, teaches us that north of the equator rotatory storms commence with a high barometer and light airs from the southward, succeeded immediately by a rapid fall of the mercury, the gale commencing at S.S.E., or S. by E., veering to S.S.W. and W., and ending at W.N.W. or N.W., while the path of the centre of the storm moves from the westward in an easterly direction. Hence it was clear that the greatest danger to our fleets arose from the certainty that the most furious part of the gale would find the vessels anchored on a lee shore, with bad holding-ground. What, then, should have been done? Undoubtedly, every ship should have been signalled to put to sea as soon as the fall in the barometer and the veering of the wind indicated that a severe rotatory gale had commenced. The ignorance which prevented this, or the apathy which omitted it, has led to our dreadful losses, and to the sufferings our brave troops are now enduring from the loss of their winter clothing and other necessities and comforts in the *Prince*."

When the wretched state of the harbour at Balaklava and its management were agitated in the press and the parliament at home, as one of the chief causes of the destitution of the troops throughout January, as well as earlier, the arguments of the press and the inquiries of independent members of parliament were met with the most mendacious statements, "cooked," as the coarse phrase current expresses it, to meet such discussions and inquiries, so as to keep the public quiet. The following is a specimen of this mode of procedure in the House of Commons, February 5:—

"Mr. Deedes said that, seeing the honourable and gallant admiral who was a member of the Board of Admiralty in his place, he begged to ask him a question of which he had not given notice. It having been stated, not only by private channels of communication, but in the public journals, that very great confusion and mismanagement existed at Balaklava among the shipping, and that no arrangements were made for the landing of the cargoes when the ship arrived there, he wished to ask the honourable and gallant admiral whether any information had been received by the Admi-

rality on the subject, and whether the case was as stated; and, if so, whether any and what steps had been taken to put an end to such a state of things?

“Admiral Berkeley said, the honourable gentlemen having intimated to him his intention to put the question which he had just done, he had prepared himself with the means of answering it, he hoped, satisfactorily. He would first read an extract of a letter from Admiral Sir E. Lyons, dated the 13th of January, 1855. That gallant admiral in the course of his letter said:—‘But to revert to the inside of the harbour, the responsibility for the first three weeks rests with me, for I had the superintendence, and all I will say of myself is, that I naturally did my best to promote the success of an object I had so much at heart; but, of my assistants, I may say that no man ever had a more able one than I had in Captain Mends for the details of landing the cargoes, or a more efficient one than I had in Captain Heath for all the duties relating to the ingress, berthing, and egress of the shipping. Thanks, in a great measure, to the zeal and foresight of Rear-admiral Stewart, boats were not wanting, and their lordships may be assured that the best use was made of them by Captains Dacres and Heath and Commander Powell, whose praiseworthy conduct has won for them the admiration of the army and the goodwill of all. I observe that it is alleged that quantities of hay and firewood were allowed to float about the harbour when both were in much request, and I freely admit it must have appeared so to passers-by; but the truth is, the hay had become so saturated with salt water in the late hurricane that the animals would not eat the innermost part of the trusses; the wood was only fit for firewood, and it was considered that the best means of preventing its being pilfered was to let it float out of the reach of the strand until measures could be taken for collecting and distributing it.’ The next extract was also from a letter by Admiral Sir E. Lyons to the secretary of the Admiralty, dated the 22nd of January, off Sebastopol. ‘With reference to your letter of the 18th ult., addressed to my predecessor, and to mine of the 13th inst. in reply thereto, I beg to transmit some documents which I have received from Captain Heath, of the *Sanspareil*, by which their lordships will observe that many of the accounts of the confusion in Balaklava harbour, if not altogether untrue, are at least greatly exaggerated.’ He would now read the answer returned by thirty-six masters of transports to Captain Heath:—

Balaklava Harbour, Jan. 13th.

“‘SIR,—It is with much pleasure that on the eve of your departure we bear testimony to your unceasing endeavours to regulate the

berthing and insure the safety of the ships in this harbour. We are, &c., (signed by thirty-six masters of transports).’

He (Admiral Berkeley) had several other answers to the statements referred to by the honourable gentleman, couched in equally strong language. The following was an extract from a report of Captain Robert Methden, of the steam transport *Columbo*, of 1800 tons:—‘The gale threw everything into confusion; but by great exertions a re-arrangement was effected, and since then the most watchful care of the shipping, in all cases which seemed to require interference, seems to me to have been afforded. The pilotage of the port, under Captain Powell, requiring the largest ships to be handled under critical circumstances, has caused me repeatedly to express my most unqualified admiration. This duty has called for incessant labour, and it has been bestowed with the most untiring zeal, temper, and cheerfulness, and with an ability not to be surpassed by the most practised hand. On such occasions, when Captain Powell could not himself attend, or when two heads were better than one, I observed that Captain Heath was himself always present. For some weeks past (say four) large bollards have been placed for securing moorings of a light description; and in other respects, having three times entered and departed from this port, I have to state that every application for assistance to either Captain Heath or Captain Powell has been responded to, and I consider the present state of the harbour a marvel of exact arrangement (*laughter*), and the amount of accommodation afforded only to be exemplified by one of the crowded docks of Liverpool.’ (*Ironical cheers.*)”

Admiral Lyons is a politic man, and his replies were free from the glaring attempts to please the Admiralty, which characterised the letter of Captain Methden, which was heartily laughed at in the house and “out of doors.” But by whom did Admiral Lyons fear that the timber would be purloined? The Greeks had been driven out of Balaklava, and the only persons who could have stolen the timber were those who ought to have received it—the sailors and marines serving on shore, and the cavalry while quartered near Balaklava. The trusses of hay which were soaked with salt water could have been easily saved; horses are fond of salt, and would not have refused the hay when dried, because of its having the deposit of salt left by the evaporated water; at all events, horses that devoured their own pack saddles and their neighbours’ tails would not have been so nice about hay with a deposit of salt! Had Admiral Lyons attended to these matters while he was amusing himself in the camp with amateur soldiering, or enjoying the

society of Lord Raglan, he would have better served his country. The foregoing pages do justice to the professional skill and personal courage of the gallant sailor, of whom his country has been proud, and by which he has been sufficiently rewarded; but the toadyism of the admiral, now Lord Lyons, as shown in such letters and despatches, and subsequently before the court of inquiry in Chelsea Hospital, seriously lowers the proud feelings with which the country regarded him. It is scarcely necessary to add that the representations of the Admiralty and Captain Methden did not comport with fact. Improvements at Balaklava did take place during January, but it was still a scene of wretched mismanagement. The man who was most fitted to infuse order into the chaos on shore and afloat, Captain Christie, was aspersed, persecuted, superseded, and ultimately died of a broken heart.

The testimony of Mr. Woods is very conclusive as to the state of the harbour of Balaklava, and it places Admirals Lyons and Berkeley in no favourable light in reference to the above statements:—"A depot for provisions began to be formed at head-quarters when the necessity for such an accommodation had almost ceased to exist; and an immense number of idle vagabonds, the refuse of the Levant, were hired by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe at three shillings and sixpence a-day and their rations, and sent up to make roads. The harbour of Balaklava which, soon after the gale of the 14th of November, had been placed under the charge of Captain G. L. Heath, had been in a most frightful state all through the winter. For a long period none knew who was harbour-master, and very few could be brought to believe that such a functionary existed at all. Vessels came and went as they liked, and anchored where they pleased. On one occasion, when a ship was required to change her berth, she was obliged to slip her cable, as from the numbers of other vessels that had anchored across, it was impossible to get it up. The 'higgledy piggledy' system was perfect: everything was at once in the way and out of the way. No guards were mounted over powder-ships, and two fires occurred on board such vessels laden with ammunition. On one of these occasions, when an inquiry was instituted, it was found that the master and many of the crew were constantly drunk, that lights and fires were kept up all night, and even that firearms had been discharged in the cabins. In other cases, powder-ships were moored side by side with private ships sent up by Maltese and Greeks, on which spirits were sold at all hours of the night. No attempt was even made to separate such floating magazines from ordinary ships; in fact, all did as they liked and left others to

do the same. When at length the transport captains began to murmur, and the accounts of the frightful state of the harbour reached England, Captain Heath at last appeared as harbour-master, and tried to induce the masters of transports to sign a paper to the effect that all was carried on with order and regularity—but the attempt was a signal failure. It was then that Admiral Boxer came up as senior officer, and toiling night and day soon showed, by the altered appearance of the place, what a little well-directed energy could effect."

The fear of incurring responsibility deterred good and intelligent men from attempting anything in the harbour or the camp. The private correspondents and toadies of the Admiralty, the Horse Guards, the medical authorities in London, or the government, would at once have fallen upon them, and they would have experienced the fate of Captain Christie. Returning to the condition of the sick on the plateau we see this painfully exemplified.

Mr. Layard, in a speech delivered in the House of Commons, thus accounted for the neglect and incompetency which prevailed:—"I will tell the house where the mischief lies. There is a general fear of taking any responsibility; every one is afraid to act with vigour; and, with the permission of the house, I will illustrate my position. One day, as I was going up to the lines of the army, in company with a gallant officer, we met a number of carts containing men suffering from disease and wounds, some of whom, I believe, died on the passage down; and with that convoy there were only two or three guards, privates of the line. I was astounded that there was no medical man in charge of so many wounded and sick men, and I went to Lord Raglan, and he was brought to see that convoy. Lord Raglan expressed that indignation which every honourable and humane man must feel at such a circumstance, and he instituted an inquiry. It was found that the medical men and officers had neglected their duty; and Lord Raglan published a general order, in which he stated that the conduct of certain persons had been disgraceful; but he added, that he would spare their feelings, and not mention their names. I can honour and reverence these feelings in a man, but I cannot honour or reverence such feelings in a general."

A medical man, resident in London, who had just returned from the East, made the following comments upon the dietary of the army in January and the winter generally, as one of the most potent causes of the physical deterioration of the troops:—"For months past the camp and hospitals of the East furnish us daily with long lists of deaths, occasioned by dysentery and diarrhoea, and, indeed, up to this hour, no one seems to inquire into the real

cause of this sad calamity. Has a medical board been held and strict inquiry made regarding the remedies used in our hospitals in the East, and how far they have succeeded or failed? During my visit to the Lazaretto in Sebastopol, I learnt that the cases of dysentery and diarrhoea, though malignant in their nature, produced only three fatal cases out of twenty. The doses administered were most powerful, and contained chiefly the tincture of catechu in a mixture of cretal, spirit ætheris chlorici and tinct. opii. I have, however, here to observe that the opinion of the local medical staff of Sebastopol was divided as regards the last-named narcotic. Oil of peppermint, rhubarb, and camphor, were used with much caution. The application of hot baths was found to relax the patient too much, and hot tiles were used instead. The temperature of all the wards was kept up to a degree fixed by the board of surgeons, held once or sometimes twice a-week at the lazaretto; the rooms were well ventilated, the charcoal fires at each end consumed the foul air, and the floors were frequently sprinkled with chloride of lime and vinegar. On inquiry, several of the medical gentlemen assured me that the chief cause of the dysentery and diarrhoea was not so much arising from the weather, but from their half-baked sour bread, mouldy biscuits, salt meat, bacon, onions, &c. They found the bread and salt meat 'relaxing,' the biscuits creating maggots, and even rice, arrowroot, sago, &c., served up 'watery,' disordering the system. Each medical gentleman had to lay (once a-week) before the weekly board a minute account of each individual case.—Our army in the East is still supported by salted provision and biscuits! No human frame can stand the present diet, as served, for more than four months past, to the defenders of the right; and I repeat again, that had our troops been supplied with fresh beef or mutton and thick boiled rice only twice a-week, the lives of thousands would have been saved; biscuits would only occasionally be wanted, and rum given without danger. The price of oxen and sheep for hundreds of miles around the Crimea is even now, in time of war, twenty per cent. to thirty per cent. cheaper than in England, and fifteen per cent. to twenty-five per cent. lower for slaughtered meat than the price charged by the contractors to our government for salted loins of pork. The sheepskins would supply our poor soldiers with excellent blankets, the oxhides afford a good shelter for our ill-provided horses, a flooring of the pit-like tent, or a waterproof covering for provisions, ammunition, &c., stored in the open air."

Others, acquainted with the state of the camp and of the army, attributed much of the prevailing sickness to the use of alcohol. Mr.

McCormick, of New York, thus informs his fellow-citizens on this head:—"If I were to attempt an enumeration of the causes tending to the great mortality among the English troops, I should unhesitatingly give prominence to one point which appears to have been generally overlooked—viz., intemperance. In addition to three rations of rum of very high proof, allowed the men every day, they were frequently known to drink two or three or more glasses on their visits to Balaklava. I saw very many poor fellows so much overcome by excessive drinking that they could not walk erect.—I shall not readily forget a scene which came to my notice as I happened to be walking a little way out of the village on one of the coldest days of the season. A careless Tartar driver of a commissariat pony had chanced to drop a keg of rum by the road-side, and passed on without noticing it. It was quickly seized upon by a passing company, composed chiefly of Irishmen, who speedily rolled it to a dry spot, ended it up, forced out the bung, and began to fill their tin drinking cups, and imbibe the raw liquid as a Knickerbocker would well-iced Croton under an August sun. I asked to whom the keg properly belonged, and why it was not returned to its owner; but already half frantic with excitement and revolting glee, they imagined that I wanted a share of the spoils, and instantly a half-dozen great cups and jugs were pushed into my face, while, with riotous frenzy, I was urged to help myself. I respectfully declined the invitation, but loitered for a few moments to see the termination of the scene. The crowd thickened. An officer demanded to know where the keg came from, and to whom it belonged, but to no better purpose than I; and in a few moments the last drop of liquor had been drained out, and the rum-saturated throng went staggering away, clamorously intimating their desire to meet 'another prize of the same glorious sort!' It was thought by many that the profuse supply of ration rum had been productive of much injury. One fine fellow, with a rugged look, in writing to a friend at home concerning his manner of living, said, 'I have not slept even one night in bed, but mostly on the ground, or on the deck of a ship, and still I am as well as ever. I owe it, I think, to my teetotalism. Those of our men who drink are most subject to illness; and the majority of those who have died were hard drinkers.' While the officers were nearly unanimous in their belief that grog was of the utmost importance to the men, not a few intimated that the quantity which they received had been the means of serious injury in numerous instances."

A blue-book of 100 pages, published since the termination of the war, contains a general and special report by Dr. Lyons (the chief of

the Smyrna hospital) concerning the pathology of the diseases of the army in the East, addressed to the secretary of war. A short abstract of the result of his inquiries will hardly fail to interest many, even of our non-medical readers, and enable them to form some judgment upon the character and causes of the sickness which prevailed. There appears to have been two principal causes inducing the invasion of disease in the Crimea during the winter of 1854-5; these were the fatigues and exposures of trench duty, and the singular and rapid vicissitudes of the climate. The operation of youth and immature physical development is next noticed in the induction of disease among the troops. The joint number on the occasion of the assaults on the Redan, in the summer and autumn of 1855, received into one hospital in the field were 664, embracing all varieties of gunshot wounds of the very worst kind. Of this number of men the average age was twenty-four years and a half, but more than one fourth of the whole were actually only twenty years old and under; and altogether there was a high proportion of immature youth, such as (Dr. Lyons has no hesitation in affirming) it is not consistent with any sound physiological principles to expose to the severe trials and hardships of actual war. The doctor does not object to early enlistment, but he urges the necessity of the gradual training and preparation at home, or on secondary foreign stations in favourable climates for the severer ordeals of warfare. He expresses his unqualified opinion that no soldier under twenty-one years of age should be sent out to the Crimea, or any other seat of actual war, and not even then without a previous training and gradual acclimatisation in suitably selected secondary stations. The various morbid agencies at work in the Crimea induced sensible modifications in the constitution of the soldier, and some of the effects, such as premature appearance of age, were sensible to the eye. The powers of the system, and consequently the vitality of the soldiers were below par, and this was especially manifested in some of the prominent and distinctive characters of the prevalent diseases. A general scorbutic state was recognisable in the soldiers' constitution, and this lent a decided influence to, and even sometimes distinctly modified, the characters of the other diseased processes so commonly prevalent. The abdominal viscera were the organs in which disease was most commonly manifested, and it may be said that the main features of the pathology of the eastern army were embraced in the two great classes of the fevers and the fluxes, and of the latter no small proportion owed their origin to the former. Dysentery was the most prevalent of the true fluxes, and when established as

chronic, it evinced a marked tendency to induce other morbid states in the system. The results of the surgical were fully corroborative of the medical pathology. As a general rule, low forms of diseased action attended the graver surgical cases, and the Russian prisoners exhibited a tolerance of the effects of injury and of surgical operations far superior to that of the allied soldiers, except, perhaps, the Sardinians, when they came upon the theatre of conflict.

The sickness of the troops, the wasted condition of the horses, and the state of the road or track during January, mocked all efforts at getting up sufficient supplies. Happily, the frost made the track very firm for the greater part of the month, or the army in the lines must have positively perished. Lord Raglan and General Airey's neglect of Commissary Filder's proposal, made at the opening of the siege, for the formation of camp depots, told against the army through the whole winter. Their neglect of road making, while that was practicable, was attended by similarly fatal results. But the heads of the army at home and abroad, and those members of government upon whom the efficiency of the army depended, were either indifferent, or had wholly neglected those studies which were essential to qualify them for their situation. The following remarkable speech was delivered by the Rev. J. C. Bruce, LL.D., before the Archæological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland, at their meeting in Edinburgh, some time after the tidings of the sufferings of January and February of 1855 had added to the horrors with which the news of 1854, of a similar kind, had filled the public mind:—"If any one had said to the prime-minister of England, when he declared war against Russia, 'My lord, let me advise you, before you take a single step in the prosecution of this momentous enterprise, to spend at least one week in the study of Roman antiquities,' what would have been thought of him? And what would have been thought of the minister who, in a time of such pressing emergency, should forsake the cabinet council, neglect his despatches, and leave couriers and clerks to stare at one another while he took a run down to the north to examine walls of Hadrian and Antoninus? What would have been thought of him? And yet, if we look into it, the suggestion is not so supremely ridiculous as at first sight it appears. Supposing Lord Aberdeen had come into Northumberland, and had placed himself under the guidance of our local society, what could we have shown him there that would have aided him in directing the warlike energies of this great nation? The first thing, probably, that we should have done would have been to show him the Watling Street, or some of the other lines of Roman

road which there exist in a state of considerable perfection. After we had walked his lordship for some miles over the stones that had been laid in their present bed nearly 1800 years ago, we should have said to him, 'You see here the practice of the Romans. In advancing upon an enemy, they uniformly made the construction of a road keep pace with the progress of the army. This they did, not from cowardly motives, but in order to keep up the communication with their reserves in the rear, that their supplies might be duly forwarded; and that in the case of sudden disaster they might make good their retreat. Here you see how Agricola acted when, in the year 80, he marched against the Caledonians. He made roads. Be sure that in directing the energies of the modern Caledonians against the Russians you impress upon them the necessity of making roads. Let this be one of the first things to be attended to.' Unfortunately, however, the prime-minister of that day was too busy to study antiquities. It was not until after our army had suffered the severest calamities that a road was made from Balaklava to the camp. Again, we should probably after this have taken him to some of our Roman stations on the wall, and shown him the care with which a Roman army intrenched itself when it rested even for a night. At Boreovicus, we would have furnished him with proofs for believing that when the army sat down there to build the wall the first thing they did was to erect the thick stone walls of their own camp, and to rear the stone barracks which were to form their own habitations. We should have confirmed this opinion by referring him to the sculptures on Trajan's column, which represent the soldiers employed in the Dacian campaign as being very extensively employed in building stone dwellings. We should then have pressed upon his lordship the necessity of securing strong and warm habitations for the army the moment that they had reached the ground which they were to occupy even for a moderate length of time. But what is the use of studying antiquities? what is the use of profiting by the experience of past ages. So at least some have thought, for, though the frames of our soldiery are not more hardy than were those of the Romans, they were exposed on the heights of Sebastopol in a way that a Roman army never would have been. Further, we should probably have drawn his attention very particularly to the Roman method of heating their apartments by hypocausts; and we should have suggested to him the adoption of a similar method of enabling the army to endure the rigours of a Crimean winter. When fuel is scarce, what more effectual or economical way can be employed than by making the heated air to pass beneath the floors of the

rooms? One small fire will in this way heat whole suites of apartments. But there was not time to study antiquities; and our army was left to bear up against the rigours of winter as best they could. As to the commissariat of the Roman army, our stations on the lines of Hadrian and Antoninus do not teach us much, but the instructive coil around the column of Trajan makes up for the deficiency. We should have called his lordship's attention to the important fact that foremost in the preparations which Trajan is there represented as making for his campaign in Dacia is laying in a store of hay for his horses. There the haystacks stand to this day. Doubtless, if the horses were cared for, the men would not be neglected. We should have said to him, 'My lord, let your commissariat be complete to the most unimportant article—be sure that you have hay for your horses.' But no; our rulers had not time to throw away upon the study of antiquities, and our noble horses were left on the heights of Sebastopol at a temperature not much above zero, to eat one another's manes and tails. Perhaps by this time it will appear that the idea of even a prime-minister paying a little attention to antiquities is not very absurd. If the evils to which I have referred had been avoided by the adoption of the experience of the Romans, as taught us by the monuments which they have left us, half a year's income-tax would have been saved to this country, and this surely even utilitarians will consider as a thing of real importance."

The spirit and bearing of the men, under all the dreadful privations and hardships of January rose with the occasion. The only discontent they evinced was the way the supreme command, and the business of the staff were conducted: they were unrepining, generous to one another, full of sympathy and self-sacrifice to their officers, and magnanimous to their foes. The Irish soldiery were generally supposed to be more hardy than their British comrades, but this did not prove to be the fact; the Scotch were the most enduring soldiers beneath the winter's skies of the Crimea. The Irish were certainly the most cheerful under every privation, and they were alone able to cope with the Zouaves in their own peculiar way. They were alternately the most mischievous and the most obedient soldiers in the service. "Sure," said an Irish light company man to a countryman of his, a naval officer who went up to the lines, "those Zouaves are very clever at foragin', an' stalin', an' fightin', and divilment of all kinds; in troth, yer honour, they are nearly as bad as ourselves." Whether the middy took this as a compliment, his hearty laughter gave token that he was not without a disposition for allowing a very general application of his country-

man's estimate of the national propensities. Mr. McCormick, already quoted, bears amusing testimony to their good humour, hilarity, and ready wit, and relates various anecdotes which he heard in the lines or at Balaklava to this effect. The following will suffice for specimens:—"In a sortie made by the Russians one night in December, the guard of the 50th regiment was killed, and the enemy took possession of the picket, only to remain for a short time, however; for the rifles, hearing the alarm, soon came up and slaughtered the intruders without mercy. A patrol officer coming along some time after, and finding an Irishman of the rifles on guard, addressed him, 'Well, my man, what are you doing here? You do not belong to the 50th.'—"May it please yer honor," said Paddy, 'the Rooshins relieved the 50th, and we relieved the Rooshins.'—A Scotch friend who had his lodgings in Balaklava, was aroused by the violent ringing of bells, and general confusion throughout the harbour on the demise of the old and the inauguration of the new year. Forgetting the occasion, he sallied forth into the dark cold streets, thinking that there must be a fire somewhere. Soon convinced of his mistake, but ready and anxious as ever (the wicked fellow!) for a bit of fun, he carelessly said to a shivering Erinite whom he found standing on guard, 'Well, sentinel, if a fire should break out here, what should you consider it to be your duty to do first?'—"Indade, sir, I should think it my first duty to warm myself," was the off-hand and witty reply.—A recruit was reproved by an officer for daring to whistle in the ranks while going on duty. Just as the officer spoke, one of Russia's balls came whistling over the ravine. Pat, cocking his eye up towards it, quietly said, 'There goes a boy on duty, and, by jabers, hear how *he* whistles!'"

Never did men bear up more gallantly under fatigue, deprivation, wounds, frost-bites, disease, and neglect; never did men more nobly die for honour and for country. Mr. McCormick testifies this in terms which it is most grateful to peruse from the pen of an American:—"Lieutenant Edward Wyld, R.N., an active and intelligent gentleman, who had the arduous duty of superintending the embarkation of the larger portion of the sick and wounded, ordered to the hospitals at Scutari, related to me many remarkable instances of the wonderful *esprit de corps*. In assisting one poor fellow, who had lost a leg, and had been shot through the thigh as well as through the breast, but who was very coolly smoking his pipe, he remarked, 'Well, my good man, I see that you keep your spirits up in the midst of your trouble.' 'O yes!' said the sufferer, with a smile, 'I never allow such trifles to put out my pipe. I paid the Russians for damaging

me, I can tell you. No sooner was my bayonet into one fellow before I jerked it out and drove it into another, and so I went on to the tune of a dozen of them! and if I ever get well and have an opportunity, I'll be at the beggars again, you may be sure of that.'"

In the debate in the House of Commons, upon the vote of thanks to the allied armies, already referred to, Mr. Layard made the following speech illustrative of the spirit of the troops, and the way in which the country should deal with that spirit:—"In the vessel which conveyed him (Mr. Layard) homewards, there was a large number of French soldiers who had been wounded in the battles of the Crimea, and among them he saw many privates and non-commissioned officers, bearing on their breasts the order of the legion of honour and other orders of merit which had been conferred on them for their bravery. As these men stood before him, evidencing the pride with which they regarded the honours bestowed on them, he could not help feeling a deep regret that we had not some similar mode of testifying the country's approval of such services. It then also occurred to him that there were men in our army who, though but its rank and file, would feel as proud of orders of merit, if given to them, as the officers who commanded them could be. It occurred to him that men who returned wounded or disabled to this country, with orders of merit on their breasts, would be more likely to have their future course in life beneficially shaped, and influenced by sentiments of honour and of a just pride, than men who were hastily or indiscriminately rewarded in the field by small pecuniary donations and gifts of that kind; and he therefore earnestly hoped that some higher mode would be adopted by the government for acknowledging the prowess of our soldiery. In conclusion, allow him to say, that he was one of those few who thought that the time had come when, without questioning its political necessity, and however great might be the sacrifices imposed by a struggle of this character, war was almost necessary for our national safety and our national honour. There had been many who believed that the people of this country had relapsed into a state of effeminacy; that a long peace of forty years' duration had destroyed that British spirit to which we owed our liberties and our high position in the scale of nations. The recent events in the Crimea must, however, have dissipated all such gloomy apprehensions. Would that that great captain who had been the noblest exemplar of the true British soldier had been permitted to tarry a little while longer among us, that he might have seen that the British soldier had not degenerated! The feelings with which he

joined in the vote of that evening were greatly increased by the recollection that, united with the vote to the British army, was a vote to the brave troops of our French ally, and he trusted that that friendship which had been cemented between the two armies in the field of battle, might be still further fostered by sentiments of mutual admiration, confidence, and respect, and prove of lasting benefit to the civilised world."

Sir Charles Napier spoke to the same effect on the hustings at the Southwark election, and passionately urged upon the government, from that influential position, the adoption of bold measures to satisfy the country and the army:—"He was sorry to be obliged to remark upon a matter which he believed it to be his duty to touch upon—it was that of officers coming home upon 'urgent private business.' He regretted that the general in command had given one single officer leave to come home on private business; and he trusted that no leave would be given in future to officers, unless privates also were permitted to return home on 'urgent private business.' When an officer went to the Crimea, he went there of his own free will, and nothing should permit him to come thence but severe ill-health. No business, in his opinion, could be so urgent as the business of one's country, and every man who went to the Crimea should remain there till the war was finished, when he could return home and be received with honour and gratulation by his country. Upon these points he agreed completely with that great commander the Duke of Wellington; and he confidently asserted that if we carried on the war in a pitiful and peddling way, we should only be spending money without effecting any object. Upon the question of promotion in the army, the gallant admiral observed that he had seen absolutely children going to the depots to be sent to the war. The fact was, that there was a lack of good men volunteering for the army, and this was because the British soldier was not sufficiently encouraged. When a man entered the army, the utmost he could expect was to be made corporal or sergeant, or it might be an adjutant. But what encouragement was that? We had grand-crosses, knights-commanders, and companions of the Bath, and he saw no reason why this order of distinction should not be extended to the common soldier, who might be called, for instance (when worthy), an 'Associate of the Bath.' When a man had attained to that rank, and had the right to hang a red ribbon to his button-hole, he would give him something substantial along with it—something like a pension—say of £25 a-year. That would be the cheapest way of getting soldiers, because the effect which a man would have on returning to his own neighbourhood

with a 'red ribbon' and a pension of £25 a-year would be enormous, and fifty stout young fellows would volunteer where not one had offered himself before."

Mr. Layard's disapprobation of the way in which the heroism of soldiers in the field was rewarded by small pecuniary gifts met the hearty approbation of the country;—sometimes a sovereign, sometimes two sovereigns, and occasionally a donation of £5, was Lord Raglan's measure of reward for deeds the most dauntless and chivalrous. But what mark of approbation was given, or even proposed, for the quiet manly endurance of such great sufferings? What requital did the poor man ever get for the loss of members by frost-bite, which they would not have incurred had mits, hose, and boots been timely served out? The severe censures by Sir Charles Napier against the officers for returning home on "private business," and on the general-in-chief for permitting it, were read and extensively commented upon in the camp by the soldiery. When officers retired invalided, they were objects of the kindest sympathy and respect from the men, but the retirement of those who had only "private business" excited the sneers of the soldiers, and satirical allusions to them passed from bivouac to bivouac, and trench to trench, which indicated how much the service was injured by those selfish withdrawals. Officers who would have led their men sword in hand upon the enemy, however disproportionate the numbers, shrunk from the privations of the camp and the trenches, and returned home, where they were received as heroes, and promotion was obtained by them at the expense of those who remained before the enemy. Still, nothing daunted or shook the loyalty of the noble soldiers of England. They had, even in sickness and hunger, a desire to meet the enemy. This is no exaggeration, no rhetorical flourish, but a literal truth. When the drum beat to arms, or the trumpet's call echoed among the deep ravines, the wet, weary, hungry, sick man went forth exulting, having no apprehensions except that the foe might possibly not come on. Never did Greece, in the glory of her most heroic days, nor Rome, while yet the splendour of her gifted and stern soldierhood shed a halo over the greatness of her empire, display such fortitude as the legions of England on the plateau before Sebastopol. Briton or Gael—English, Irish, or Scotchman—men of gentle blood, or those whose veins were filled from fountains which flowed in humble hearts like their own; all, all were one in indomitable will, in loyal fealty to the land which gave them being, in proud soldierhood, in lofty aspirations for victory, in generous contempt of death and suffering, if the cause for which they incurred either or both triumphed by

their ruin. The raw recruit emulated the old soldier; the lad fresh from home entered the tide of battle with the placid courage of the veteran, or the enthusiasm of the man who had before fought and conquered. Over all the gloom which threatened our country's greatness, and through the tears we wept for the fallen brave, their valour shone an iris of hope: England could not be vanquished while such hearts were her ramparts,—could not sink in renown while her children thus knew how to suffer and to die,—could not recede from her position while she had sons who performed such

actions as challenged all past chivalry, and set a new example for the ages of futurity. Exposed to the tempest, advancing beneath the still more terrible storm of battle, watching in the snow-choked trench, toiling up the mud-impeded steep, sinking with fatigue within the deluged tent, pining away in the pest-house, they retained the same majestic manhood; it was for "England, home, and duty" they dared and died. As the gem, shattered, dispersed and trodden under foot, retains to the last its lustre, so the spirit of England's army gleamed through every transition of adversity.

CHAPTER LVIII.

LETTERS FROM OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS DEPICTING THEIR SUFFERINGS.—IMPRESSIVE LETTERS DIRECTED TO THE ENGLISH PRESS BY COLONEL NAPIER AND THE HON. S. G. OSBORNE.—LOSS OF THE HORSES IN THE CRIMEA.—ANOTHER GLANCE AT THE HOSPITALS OF THE BOSPHORUS.

"— The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and duly ruminate
The morning's danger; and their gesture sad
Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts."

SHAKSPEARE. *Henry V.*

THE motto selected might have been written for the occasion to which this chapter relates. "The poor condemned English sat patiently" before Sebastopol. Each night brought its sufferings, and yet amidst them every soldier might well "ruminate the morning's danger." The words of the great poet, alas! picture too truly their lorn and sorrowful condition.

A few letters from the camp will illustrate the spirit and character of the soldiery, and their dreadful condition, better than any narrative which could possibly be given. In these letters they are autobiographers, and the historians of their comrades and regiments. The home-spirit which is blended with the heroic is pleasing, although our men did not die of home-sickness, as the French not unfrequently did. A single instance of such a death in the month of January is the only one of which any evidence can be procured; yet it is not unlikely that silently the heart sank when the men felt how far they were away from wife, mother, sister, or betrothed.

The following simple-hearted letter was published in the *Bucks Advertiser* in Feb., 1855:—

Camp before Sebastopol, Jan. 9.

"DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—I received your kind and welcome letter, and was very glad to hear that you were all well, as this leaves me at present in good health. My faith has not failed me yet, and I live in hopes it never will; for I think, after escaping through the last fighting-day, I am almost ball-proof, as the saying is among our division, on Shell

Hill. I wrote a letter to you on the 29th of last month, but had no room to tell you much about Tom, for the 5th of November and its doings filled the sheet. Dear sister, guess my surprise on Christmas-day (at night), about five o'clock, as I was cooking me a drop of coffee for supper, and thinking of the happy evening you were all enjoying at home, and I the only unfortunate and disobedient runaway of the family, when, who should come to where I was cooking but my comrade, and says, 'Corporal, have you got the kettle boiled, for we have a young man come to tea with us, as it is Christmas?' I replied, 'I am sorry we have not a glass to give him; who is it?'—'Well, Edmund,' says he, 'how are you getting on?' and there stood Thomas, in the uniform of her majesty's 71st Highlanders. I could not answer him for a few seconds, for the unhappy part of my brother broke on my mind more than ever it did before. The first thing I said to him was, 'if you knew of him enlisting?' He said he wrote to you from Canterbury before he came on board ship. I told him I was sorry to see him in this miserable country, although he had as much right to act the fool as I had. 'Ah!' says he, 'I only came to bring you a clean shirt, for I thought yours was worn out.' So when I saw he had four on at the time, I took one of them, which was very acceptable. He stayed with me till the following morning, and then went back to his regiment, which is six miles from mine, down at Balaklava. I intend to go down to see him about the 20th, when I get my pay,

and see how he likes his new life. He appeared to me to be very well contented, considering the circumstances. I intend to get him transferred to the 49th, which I think will suit him best; he wants to come now, but I know the difference between lying along with the commissariat stores and the second division, which is the worst we have out here, as our flank is too hard for him yet; for this country goes very hard with fresh troops, and I consider it better for him to remain where he is until he gets a little seasoned to the country, and likewise his work, which it is better for him to come into by degrees. I hope you will excuse this simple talk, as it is just to let you know of our meeting with each other, and nothing to offer each other but a piece of salt beef, as hard as an oak-tree, and a biscuit, so we drank each other's health with our drain of ration grog mixed with a little coffee. Dear father and mother, sisters and brother, I hope you will not see my name in any of the list of killed and wounded; but if you do you can say, 'Well, Edmund, you died the death you never feared,' for there is not a Russian in Sebastopol I fear, for if once I could get in sight of them with my rifle or bayonet I would not fear them. There is nothing fresh occurred here since my last to you. When you see anything of the second division in the paper, remember I am in that, and Tom is in Balaklava with the Highland Brigade; and now I must conclude, with my kind love to all friends and relations, for time is precious, as I am off to the trenches as one of a covering party; so no more from your affectionate son,

"EDMUND POLLARD,

"Corporal, 4th Company, 49th Regiment, Crimea."

As an example of the cheerful spirit in which the miseries of camp life were met, by many of those whose previous social position and habits had been the very opposite to that which the necessities of war compelled them to endure, we insert the following letter from Mr. George Fair, at that time serving as an assistant-surgeon in the 55th regiment, whose services during the worst period of the siege obtained for him not only the approbation of his superiors, but also the decoration of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour from the French government.

Camp before Sebastopol, Jan. 2, 1855.

"MY DEAR M—, This 'comes hoping' you are as well as I am myself—in bed—under a shower bath—in a tent—in the mud—in the camp before Sebastopol. Next, having informed you of my present and pleasant situation, allow me to wish you a happy new year, and many happy returns of the same.

"Let me explain the heads of my opening remarks. Firstly, I am well and jolly. Secondly, I am in this institution, in bed (which,

in my case, consists of an old sack attached to four poles). I daily retire at the early hour of four, and in most instances it immediately begins to rain, as it is just now doing, and as it only knows how to do in the Crimea, which explains the third and fourth heads. Tents not being calculated to exclude the rain, it comes through in a very interesting manner—although, on the whole, I have little reason to complain to-night, as, having obtained an old tent, which I have placed over my own, I am not now obliged, as formerly, to dedicate all my time to the study of drainage, on the site of the Mackintosh coat barely covering my bed. Mud! most illustrious sir! you are quite ignorant of what mud is. Here, sir, mud is mud indeed—mud which in many cases comes up to your knees—mud which rapaciously pulls off and retains your boots—mud which will never dry or wipe off—mud the half of whose properties I cannot enumerate.

"In the 'Camp before Sebastopol' requires no explanation. I am on the field of Inkerman, close to the Tchernaya, opposite the caverns, in sight of the army of Liprandi, within hail of the Cossack sentinels, and last, not least, within reach of a battery which the brutes have opened for the first time to-day. I may add, within a near sight of Sebastopol, and within hearing of its bells—cannon permitting.

"To let you see my mode of life, I will give you an account of yesterday's doings. I awoke as usual at about half-past five; did conversation disjointedly with B— (the head-surgeon, whose tent I share) from beneath the blankets till the servant brought in the decoction of beans, of which I drank a pint, with rum for milk; went up to hospital tents. There *is* a sight! We have twelve quite full, each containing twelve or fifteen men lying on the ground in mud or frozen to it. I have actually seen a dead body cut away from the place where the owner of it died. These huts are full of holes. I should have told you that, on issuing from our tent in the morning, we found snow at least a foot deep. We sent away twenty-three cases to Scutari by means of the French mules, to which we are always indebted for the removal of our 'cases.' The snow was heavy, and the wind bitterly cold. Three men died on the mules before reaching Balaklava—a distance of five miles over the hills—how many more since! I went round my remaining cases, and home to breakfast and to bed.

"To treat our cases we have often no medicine—indeed, seldom have any. Nothing but salt pork to feed them on, which they can't eat: so when we can get them, we boil biscuit and rice together, when we can get a fire. Nourishing food, eh?

"As I said, I went to bed, where I remain on bad days (except to go up to hospital), with

all my clothes on, of course. I have only had my trowsers off once within the last month. I went out for a quarter-of-an-hour, but not enjoying it much returned, and took a dose of calomel.

"At three, went and had a look at the miseries; then home to bed and dinner. Salt pork of course; but I must not complain, as my servant got some stunning potatoes for fourpence—all at Balaklava. After dinner, a smoke; and, being turned and tucked, as I fondly hoped, for the night, was waiting the last decoction of beams, when, lo! footsteps at the door. 'Is Dr. Fair in?'—'Yes.'—'You're wanted for picket, sir, and the regiment is on parade.' So up into my wet boots, on with my greatcoat, and off to the parade ground. But the regiment had moved on, and I trotted after them through the snow a distance of full two miles. Now picket is a nice amusement; but as my fingers seem inclined to be brittle, I will defer telling you about it till another night.

"*January 9th.*—Since I wrote the preceding, I have been twice on picket, which now only lasts twelve, instead of twenty-four hours. I don't know that it is an improvement, for I always manage to get the night hours, and am out about every third night, instead of once a week. I came off this morning about seven, after a very pleasant night, as you may suppose, when the snow was deep on the ground, and it was pouring into our tent with rain, making a nice mixture to lie down and sleep therein. However, night is safest, and there is seldom much firing, and you can see shell coming by their burning fusces. The education received in pickets consists in learning to recognise the different sounds made by shells and bits of them, and of round-shot, grape, &c., the direction of their flight from their sounds, the art of rapidly flattening yourself on the ground when a shell falls near you, and of 'bobbing' the pieces and round-shot. Shells fired from mortars whistle beautifully. I fancied I heard one at 'God save the Queen' the other day, but, being a 'Roosian,' it *must* have been fancy or perturbation. You learn also the art of making fires and cutting sticks to do your victuals on; also the art of lying and sleeping on the ground, and of becoming insensible to the effects of being soaked with rain. My usual picket station is at the parallels making on the hill beyond Shell Hill. On the night of the last (picket) I managed to get into a tent; and having foolishly taken off my boots, I found it perfectly impossible to get into them in the morning—they were so frozen. So I had to shiver and look at them till my servant, disturbed by my long absence, came out, lighted a fire, and thawed them.

"My duty in the trenches is to look after every one who is wounded; and much good I do, seeing all I *can* do is to put them on a

stretcher, and send them to camp. Some nasty smashes one sees—heads knocked off, &c. One poor fellow yesterday got all one side carried away, and died in two hours. How he lived so long I don't know. The whizz of a rifle-ball is nasty. I got nearly potted the other day in the Tchernaya, a valley where I was wandering for my amusement. I was standing near an old wall, when crack went a rifle, and a bullet struck the wall not a yard from my head. Then came another; but this time, I guess, I had the wall between the bullet and me. It was fired by some wretch concealed in the caves of Inkerman, and a very good shot it was for about 2000 yards. It has cured me of promiscuously following my nose. I must go up to hospital now, and see a man whose head met a piece of shell to-day.

"*January 11th.*—I don't know what to tell you about now: I can give you no news of the war. There was, they say, a council of war last week, at which Omar Pasha was present. The men all seem to expect something to be done to-morrow. I am afraid not, however: it is the Russian New-year's Day. We have been getting more fresh beef last week, but no rice, &c., which I see the papers say we do; *nor fur coats, gloves, &c.—all, all imaginary, like the huts.*

"It came on frost again last night, but not hard; it is rather slushy still. Blake is ill, and I have a great deal to do. There were two deaths in our hospital last night. One was supposed to be asleep, till I went and felt his pulse, and he was dead. I left one dying when up to-night. It only puzzles me how so many live. My beard and moustache flourish apace. I look rather queer, you may imagine, as I have only been able to get water once since the first of January. I may mention that my honoured parents are ignorant of the dangers to which their '*illegant*' son is exposed, and I wish them to remain so. I was busy all to-day doing amateur cooking on a charcoal stove in Milroy's tent. I composed gingerbread from flour, sugar, and pepper, and we devoured it on the spot. I tried pancakes, but failed—eating the failure notwithstanding.

"I must finish this letter to-night, or I shall never get to the end of it. Write soon a *newsy* letter, and believe me, dear chief,

"Yours, very sincerely,

"G. F."

It will be seen from the doctor's letter that the want of warm clothing which prevailed during the first three weeks in January was one of the chief causes of suffering and disease. The following remarks by "a practical man in a question of cold," points out what ought to have been the remedies:—"In Canada and all the northern parts of America buffalo robes are in constant use in winter as

sleigh wrappers, &c., and they are equally well suited for bedding. There is only one article with which I am acquainted (except what is too expensive) better; this is a robe made of reindeer fawn skins, which, at the same time that it is equally warm, has the advantage of being much lighter; but these cannot be obtained in sufficient numbers for our soldiers. The best covering for the hands are mits made of buckskin, or other soft leather, lined with thick blanketing. These mits should be attached to each other by a cord, and slung over the neck, and ought to be large enough to allow of the hand being inserted or removed with the greatest ease. There ought to be no divisions in the mit, except one for the thumb, as by this means the remainder of the fingers are left in contact. With such mits as those described above, the Indians and other residents in America are enabled to shoot and hunt in all weathers, by removing the right hand from its covering when they are going to fire, and, when they have pulled the trigger, replacing it. A glove may be worn inside if requisite. I have no experience of sheepskins as winter clothing, but we can have no better guide in the matter of clothing than the usage of the enemy, who are natives of the country (perhaps of a more inhospitable one) where our army are fighting under great difficulties, and performing deeds of heroism unsurpassed—probably unequalled—in any former war.”

The following is from a non-commissioned officer :—

Before Sebastopol, Jan. 12.

“Here is nothing but misery; for, even though in health, to live in a canvas tent in frost and snow keeps one in constant pain from sheer starvation. Talk about ‘returns,’ why my very ink has been so often frozen that it has become so pale I can scarcely see it. I suppose there are scores in the hospital frostbitten; no man is well. On every side are cholera, dysentery, diarrhoea, rheumatism, catarrh, and scurvy. The army is covered with dirt, vermin, and rags. You would not know what nation they belonged to. Some wear long boots similar to the Americans, taken off dead Russians; others old sacks stitched round their legs; others have made gaiters of their knapsacks. I saw one wearing a sky-blue jacket, with yellow facings. On going up to him I found it to be Tom Barnacle, dressed as a Cossack. I am now wearing a Russian officer’s surtout—dark blue, scarlet lining and collar; the gold epaulettes have been torn off, but I have got the two little straps which secured them. I receive your letters very regularly now. Continue. The way I am situated prevents me writing every mail, but I write pretty often nevertheless. The night before last I sat up every hour making out rolls for

the medals and honours, ‘Alma’ and ‘Inker-man.’ If it please God to spare me to return, I shall feel very proud to wear such names on my breast, but they are dear bought. B—— is recommended for a commission, M—— to be quartermaster, and R—— an annuity. D—— is away sick. Forty sick have been sent off this month, and five wounded, two killed, and about twelve dead. We cannot muster 400 duty men, although we came out 911, and have received two draughts; making about 1100 in all.”

A non-commissioned officer, a native of Norfolk, thus wrote to his friends, under date of January the 16th:—“There has been no attempt made to get up the wooden houses, and we are living in tents covered with snow. In Canada there are snow carts provided; if we had two or three per regiment here we could clear away the snow from the camp in a couple of hours every morning. As it is, there are between two and three feet of snow in the camp, and there is no means of removing it. We are obliged to make paths through the camp, and can get about pretty well in the day time, but at night we get up to our knees in snow. We are almost afraid to think of the thaw. I have not received any of my parcels yet, but am anxiously looking out for them. The men are gradually getting their warm things, but what they want most is good boots. There is a great deal of sickness, and some of the regiments are very weak. I really think that if the men were housed, properly clothed, properly fed, and not worked beyond their strength, which they have been, there would not be more sickness than in most garrison towns, but the commissariat arrangements have been of the worst description. The men have been in rags till lately, and the houses are at Balaklava, and I cannot see how they are to be got up. Sixty men were sent down the other day to bring one hut up for the hospital, and they have only brought up a third of one. It takes 180 men to carry one. . . . I must tell you a good story that is told here. When Sir C. Campbell went to meet a flag of truce after the battle of Balaklava, he was asked who the people were who fought in petticoats. Sir Colin answered, ‘They are the wives of the men who ride the grey horses.’ I think that charming.”

The following was sent from Scutari, whither the writer had been sent from the Crimea early in January. He had the good fortune to come under Miss Nightingale’s immediate cognisance, and the good results are depicted in the satisfactory tale he tells of his convalescence. It is necessary, however, to remind the reader that at this very juncture men in other corridors were starving, and that the rate of mortality was most distressing.

Scutari, Jan. 16.

"DEAR MOTHER,—I received William's letter, dated the 29th of last month, and was very glad to hear of your all enjoying good health. When the letter arrived it came to me on a sick bed. Two days before Christmas I was seized with a violent fit of ague, and the following day I was laid up with a fever. I dare say you all thought of me on Christmas-day; I know I did, comparing the difference. This Christmas nothing entered my lips but a drop of tea; so, you see, although you may not have been the best off, I was in a worse state than you expected. I got over it, and was discharged from the hospital on Saturday, the 7th of January, but I had not been but a few minutes in barracks before I was seized in a similar manner, and I was taken back to hospital a great deal worse than ever. I was very bad, and I certainly thought that my last hour had come; but, thank God! I am again recovering fast. I can walk a little now, but my legs are very weak. I get everything I fancy here—fowl, wine, milk—in fact, anything I wish for. Miss Nightingale with some ladies and nuns are always going round with something nice; but I manage my potatoes and mutton now, and I get a pint of porter every day. If I do not get strong soon, I expect I shall be sent to Malta or Corfu, or some warm island in the Mediterranean, until my health is restored; but I expect I shall be all right again soon, and be able to join my regiment in time to be at the storming of Sebastopol. My wound I received at Inkerman has never been any trouble to me, but God knows I have suffered severely enough without that troubling me any more. I suppose George is all right now, busy enough with his soldiering. I hope he does not forget you. As for John, he can have no feeling for any one but himself; he might have sent another playbill, at any rate. If Dick feels inclined to go to sea, I don't think there would be any difficulty in getting him a ship, as he is a fine, hearty boy. I like him well; give my love to him. I am glad Tom is getting on well at school, and I hope he don't come home at night with his books covered with mud. As for Sammy, tell him he must pray for poor brother Jim, lying sick in a strange country, surrounded by people whom he has never seen before. I am lying on my back writing this. I have managed to scrape together a sovereign, and as there is a gentleman here who kindly transmits money home for sick soldiers, I shall take advantage of the chance and send it to you. I got nine shillings pay as orderly in hospital before I was taken sick, and when I assure you all the pay I have drawn since I left England has been seven shillings and sixpence and fifteen-pennyworth of tobacco, you may be sure it is

with great contrivance I have been able to manage; but I have it, and I send it with as free a heart as ever aught was sent; only all I hope it will be put to good use, and I am sure it will do good and keep you going until the war is over. Good-by, and God bless you all, is the prayer of your own,

"JAMES CAMPBELL."

"Don't send any more postage stamps, as they are sent out by some fund in London for our use, and Miss Nightingale stamps all letters for the sick and wounded."

The tone of family love which pervades the above was characteristic of the letter-writers of the Crimea and Scutari.

The letter which follows was addressed to the *Times* by an army-surgeon. It was dated the 15th of January, at which date it will be perceived there was no ambulance corps, although all England rang with the complaints made on that subject by the correspondents of the press, from the arrival of the news of the 20th of September, to the close of the year 1854.

"SIR,—We have heard much of the wooden houses which were to be sent out as winter quarters for the troops. They have not yet arrived, and, having got so far through the winter, we shall, no doubt, be able to manage without them; if they did arrive, we possess not the means of bringing them up to these heights, and we could scarcely ask our allies to bring them up for us as they did our ammunition.

"Time, however, is passing away, and when fine weather returns, and fighting recommences, the British army will again be found without an ambulance corps, and then our fine fellows will suffer over again what they endured at the Alma and Inkerman. I therefore write to entreat you to use your powerful interest to stir up the nation to insist on the sending out as speedily as possible an efficient ambulance corps; otherwise we shall, as before, lose half the wounded. We cannot have a better than that of the French. One of their mules carries two wounded or sick men, and is far superior to our bad waggons, mules, and pensioners, which have proved totally useless. Do, sir, for the sake of the poor men, bring this matter before the public. For the last three months we have been dependent on our allies for the conveyance of our sick and wounded, and each time that they came to render that assistance to those under my care I cannot tell you how how much ashamed I felt for my country.

"The want of an ambulance corps is entirely the fault of the quartermaster-general's department, and not of the medical department."



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